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"We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth."—Dr. Johnson.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Strictures *upon the* London Review *of* Richard Cumberland.

[*Continued from p.* 197.]

Sir,

THE admission of my last letter is, at once, a sanction to my undertaking, and an incentive to its prosecution. I pledged myself to a continuation of my strictures, before I was certain that they would find a place in your pages; and I now hasten, with pleasure, to the discharge of this self-imposed obligation.

The next article in the "London Review" is an account of a German Epic, entitled *Donatoa*; and it is written by a *Mr. Boileau*.

"Stat *nominis* umbra."——*Lucan.*

This gentleman commences with a curious argument, that because *Donatoa* was written during the existence of wars, commotions, and civil broils in Austria, *ergo*, it is additionally probable that we should never have seen the Paradise Lost of Milton if Charles I. had not been beheaded and Cromwell been Protector! For, in the very spirit of this gentleman's reasoning, the appearance of an "equally sublime poem" (i. e. Donatoa) could not have happened upon any other admitted principle of events. I leave your readers in full possession of the ingenuity of this argument.

The style of this *Mr. Boileau* is not much inferior to that of Mr. Cumberland. The latter, in aiming at simplicity and ease, becomes mean and vulgar: the former, in striving to be concise and energetic, renders himself turgid and fantastical. The beautiful abruptness of the following may be admired:—

"He lived but for his poem. He glowed with the most ardent love of literary fame. He wrote for immortality." p. 67.

"He leads them on in pompous array. Alphaod vainly opposes their passage. The Stygians prevail." p. 68.

"Abdul persists in his own plan. Hell rejoices. Donatoa spreads terror over the capital." p. 72.

The "brevity" of the "honorable Roman" himself, scarcely excelled these half strangled periods. But Mr. Boileau is equally happy in other peculiar beauties of phraseology. He does not even disdain Hibernian imagery, when he talks of "*re-echoing*" a sound (p. 65), and in other felicities of expression he is very copious.

"No suspicion of flattery *can reach us**," &c. p. 65. by which he means, I suppose, that if any suspicions do arise, he is beyond their reach, from a happy obduracy of sensibility.

"As the first six books *only* of Sonnenberg's poem *have found their way to England*," &c. p. 67.

By the position of the adjective, the sense of the sentence is obscured.

"Mammon excites Mordal to ruin Allwill, and to be *beforehand* with Egol." p. 71.

"Poesy is the *darling* offspring of genius," &c. p. 72.

A remarkable discovery.

* Why is the plural pronoun retained, that abominable sign of anonymous criticism? Mr. Boileau can be regarded only as an individual critic, unless the associated brethren are mutually responsible for their opinions.

The critical sagacity of Mr. Boileau is next to be considered, by which we shall learn how far he is entitled to the confidence of his readers as an arbiter of taste: and, indeed, if his own assertions may have weight, there can be no doubt upon the subject. Without any hesitation, he "inscribes" the name of the author of Donatoa upon the same "tablet of epic fame, which holds the hallowed names of Homer, Virgil, Milton, and Klopstock." I have no objection to the equality of the last author with *Baron Sonnenberg*, (the author of Donatoa); but let his right to Homeric, Virgilian, or Miltonic fame, be estimated by his own performances. The following, which is quoted by Mr. Boileau, may help to decide the question. It is an harangue of the Devil's to *Allwill* a demagogue:

What, man! If Mammon be your god, behold
A forest waves with vegetable gold:
Look how that tree invites you to suspend
Your votive carcase where its branches bend.
Hang yourself, miser, on that tempting bough!
The first friend that you meet will shew you how:
Why, 'tis a deed as pleasant as to weep
O'er your spent shilling,—easy as to sleep
On your coarse pallet! Come, apply the rope;
'Tis my prescription, and your only hope;
There in your leafy hammock as you swing
Sweet Philomel your requiem shall sing;
While Zephyrs waft you to the silent shore
Of that calm lake where Charon plies the oar:
Your haller there, the garter of my knights,
Shall put th' old wrangling ferryman to rights:
Shew him your neckcloth; that at once shall be
Your passport, and he'll waft your o'er to me.

I have disdained to mark any parts of this in italics, as indicative of its errors, for it is all contemptible and absurd. It will perhaps be replied, that it is read to disadvantage, being first literally translated, and then versified by Mr. Cumberland. I have a ready answer. I will not cavil at the language; but if the *sentiments* are Sonnenberg's, I need no other proof of his epic talents. Such unmeaning ribaldry is very well for a German youth to write, and very well for Mr. Boileau to praise. The author and the critic are equal. The latter, in the fervour of his admiration, selected, of course, the passages which he thought most expressive of his author's genius. From this, however, we may judge what respect is due to his opinion, when he talks of the "admirable genius" of Sonnenberg, p. 66; declares that "his Hell is still more terrific than Milton's!" p. 68; and pronounces Donatoa "one of the most astonishing productions of the age!!!" But when he wrote this last he surely forgot his own critique. The design of the poem (as far as I can judge from the obscure and confused analysis which is given of the first six books) is sufficiently ingenious; but he who knows any thing of the operations of the human mind, knows, that it is easier to project undertakings than to complete them.

We are promised a more copious account of this work when it is "regularly imported," provided the "London Review" should exist till then.

I fear it will be objected to me, that in thus minutely criticising the language and opinions of such writers as *Mr. J. Smith, Mr. Boileau (cum multis aliis)*, I am exalting them to a dignity to which they are not entitled. But I separate the man from the work. Mr. J. Smith, or Mr. Boileau, in any other capacity, would be quite secure from my animadversion: but, as writers for the "London Review," as a part of an establishment which is to produce wonders, they have a claim to notice which they *could not have* from their individual merits. By ascertaining their qualifications, we shall best know how far they are competent to effect what they intend. If Mr. Cumberland had chosen to admit the bellman of his own parish as his coadjutor, that bellman would have an equal right to my notice. If a society of barbers were to announce a plan for shaving without soap or razors, they, as a body, would be entitled to the examination, to the censure, or to the approval of all the barbers in the kingdom. It is of great importance

not to confound intrinsic with extrinsic excellence; not to confound the man with the office he may happen to bear. It is with reference to the latter only that I have thought these associated reviewers entitled to my notice.

The next article in this Review is written by Mr. Cumberland, upon a work not yet composed, and, consequently, not yet published. I am willing, however, to allow that this deviation from customary practice is well warranted by the singularity of the circumstance; and though I am not quite so sentimental as Mr. C. the feelings of whose heart were allowed to overbalance the dictates of his judgement, yet I cordially approve of his proceeding. I do not, however, think that he establishes Mr. Townsend's claim to originality*, for *Donatoa* was published in 1806, but at *what period* Mr. Townsend communicated his plan to Mr. Cumberland is *not* stated. Upon such evidence therefore as is given, the fact intended to be established, is left doubtful. It may perhaps be in Mr. Cumberland's power to remove all suspicion, by a reference to dates, and if he can, I hope he will: for here, at least, I agree with him, that the conception of *Armageddon* is grand and sublime, and nobly calculated for the display of a lofty genius. I have read the arguments of each book with delight, and sometimes with astonishment; and nothing diminished the satisfaction which I felt, but the mortifying reflection that it is easy to project what it is *not* easy to complete. The deliberative and executive powers of man are frequently disjoined by an infinite space: the unbodied conceptions of the mind often soar beyond our own powers of adequate delineation. It is not paradoxical to assert that many Homers and Virgils and Miltons have been, and are now, in existence, possessing all the force of conception requisite to great undertakings, but without the faculty of performance. And in this predicament it may be feared that Mr. Townsend stands, judging from the specimens brought forward by Mr. Cumberland, which do not contain any appearance (however faint) of that power of language, loftiness of imagery, or metrical skill, which must be found in a successful candidate for epic fame. But to pass from the author to his critic.

It might have been expected that, in a task so simple as the one which Mr. Cumberland has here imposed upon himself, he would have executed it with humble accuracy. I wish I could say he has done so: I wish I could say that he is not inferiour to any of his coadjutors. In the vitiated character of his style he is alone. I disdain the collusion that may lurk beneath general censure. I shall therefore support *mine*, by illustration: your readers may then absolve or condemn with perfect impartiality.

Speaking of Mr. Townsend's taste, he tells us it was "badly grounded on a bad choice of models," p. 75.—Can Mr. Cumberland inform me how his author could have grounded a *good* taste upon bad models?

The follow is expressed with much obscurity:—

"Of his recitations I was soon presented by him with specimens to a considerable extent: of his written poems I had only a very few copies, which I caused him to transcribe for my better understanding of them, as his manner of reciting is by no means good." ib.

I think Mr. Townsend must feel sensibly abased when he reads the following:—

"The doctrine (i. e. to attempt a great work) suited his innate ambition, and *his expressive countenance, at a glance, convinced me that even then the* FERMENTATION *of his genius had*

* As every reader of the Universal Magazine may not have seen the "London Review," it will be useful to state, that a Mr. Townsend has happened to employ his mind in the composition of a poem entitled *Armageddon*, which takes, for its subject, the very same event (i. e. the final destruction of this globe) as that of *Donatoa* by Sonnenberg; and Mr. Cumberland's motive for noticing it even before it is begun, is, that when it appears, hereafter, Mr. Townsend may not be suspected of having borrowed from the German author.

begun. In a short time after, he *burst upon me with his* SUPER-HUMAN *project of the Armageddon!*" ib.

Whoever has read Mr. Cumberland's *Memoirs of himself*, must know, that he has the art, beyond all living authors, of composing fawning panegyric. The lulling strains of his adulation soothe all alike; and to him may be said, what his friend Dr. Johnson once said to a lady who was servilely harassing him with eulogies: "Madam," said he, "consider what your praise is worth before you bestow it so liberally." Manly commendation, directed to manly attainments, is honourable to the giver and receiver: but an old man, frisking before a youthful writer, and telling him of his "expressive countenance," is something so ludicrously contemptible, as makes me feel for Mr. Townsend, if he possesses a dignified and ingenuous mind. He will be absolutely ashamed to carry his "expressive countenance" into society.

But if the preceding abases, the following degrades him:

"I did not dare to say, 'Go on! Adventure into worlds unknown: make a new language; and give names to things that have no name in any language that man ever spoke: and let your genius *find a resting place* whereon to raise a trophy to your fame, *when all created matter is dissolved!*'" p. 76.

One half of this is unmeaning hyperbole, and the other half incomprehensible nonsense. Where Mr Townsend is to find a resting place, when "all *created* matter is *dissolved*," may be known to Mr. Cumberland, and the disclosure of it would instruct the whole world, and none more than myself. It reminds me of the Indian philosopher, who maintained that the globe rested upon the shoulders of a tortoise, and the tortoise stood—I suppose, where Mr. Townsend's "trophy" is to stand.

"After his invocation, he *locates* Armageddon," &c. p. 80. This is an unauthorized word.

The next article in this Review is an account of Mr. Scott's *Marmion*, written by a Mr. Twiss; but whether the same gentleman that published Travels in Ireland, and whose name the offended Irish have immortalized by a distich and graphic illustration, which it would be indecorous here to repeat, I know not. It is sufficient for my purpose that his name is *Twiss*.

Upon an impartial consideration of the contents of this number, I am inclined to consider this as *the* best in it; and if this praise (which I confess is very humble when I consider the standard of comparison) can gratify Mr. Twiss, he is welcome to it. His opinion indeed of Mr. Scott's powers is greater than my own; but it is not expressed with that lavish exuberance of praise which is too often the shelter of an imbecile mind. He shares, however, with his coadjutors, the claim to inaccuracy of judgment and of language.

It would not be very easy to define the signification which Mr. Twiss affixes, in his own mind, to the epithet *public spirited* (p. 82), when he speaks of a reader, imbued with that quality, sitting down to inquire why Mr. Scott adopted the vicious style of composition which he has. How this last gentleman's fantastical notions of style can be connected with patriotism, I am at a loss to discover.

I cannot help thinking that this Mr. Twiss must be the gentleman who travelled in Ireland, for I find, in his critique, so many ·licities of argument, that nothing but long intercourse with the gentlemen on the other side St. George's Channel, or being a "native, and to the *manner* born," could endue him with such proficiency. I shall note these, because (still remembering the avowed principle of the "London Review") they will serve to show what is to be expected from obscure individuals thus erected into the chair of criticism, and who rest their only superiority upon having less modesty than other men, by boldly affixing their names to *such* labours. There are, *I know*, persons of acknowledged literary eminence and of extensive learning and genius, who feel no reluctance in dispensing their acquirements, shrouded beneath the veil of anonymous criticism, and who willingly leave to inferior minds and humbler

names the ignoble fortitude of avowing their own imbecility. Precepts derive their authority from those who promulgate them when the promulgators are known; or they are received from their intrinsic propriety when we know not whence they proceed. But we always refuse our submission to the dictates of him whose insufficiency we know. I return to Mr. Twiss.

Speaking of the first reception of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," he says, "many of the persons who, at first, were its warmest admirers, have found that its *tripping irregularity*, which is *so easy writing, is easy reading too*." p. 84.

A wonderful discovery! It was reserved for this gentleman to announce the mighty truth that what is easily written may be easily read. The meaning of "tripping irregularity" I am too dull to understand.

"There seems to be no reason why one man should be distinguished for doing what a *hundred of others** can do likewise; and though nothing is meritorious, merely because it is difficult, yet nothing which is not difficult can long be thought meritorious." —*Ib.*

I cannot say that I fully comprehend the doctrine of this passage, but receiving it in its direct and literal sense, it appears to me to be ineffable nonsense. "Nothing is thought meritorious which is not difficult." Then the Ramblers of Johnson are futile, for we all know that *they* were not difficult for *him* to write. But why should I waste my time in confuting mere absurdity? Similar to the above is the following:

"The story and style of Marmion argue a defect of judgment, not a falling off of genius: it is in his deliberative, *not in his executive* powers, that Mr. Scott appears to fail." 84.

The *style* of a poem then, according to this learned clerk, *does not* belong to the *executive powers!*

"And while he laments to see the rich treasure sinking to the bottom of the deep, he *cannot chuse but blame*," &c. p. 84.

"The new, short, royal road, which he has found out, and by which he has ascended to his present eminence, leads to fame; but it does not go on to immortality. The path *ceasing*, the traveller can pass no further; *its soil is too slippery to let* him long preserve the same station," &c.

That is, *after* the path *ceases*, its soil becomes too slippery to allow any person to stand upon it.

I leave your readers in full possession of the chaste and metaphorical elegance of the following:

"Much wiser would have been his course, if he had ceased to waste his strength in the loose embraces of his meretricious phraseology, and wedded himself to a chaste and regular style."

Mr. Twiss differs from the philosopher and the poet, when he says that Mr. Scott's defence of his own errors is "beautifully erroneous." I know not that any thing which is faulty can be beautiful, for

> Truth and good are one,
> And beauty dwells in them, and they in her,
> With like participation —AKENSIDE.

With Mr. Scott's poem, I have, here, nothing to do; I shall therefore pass over the "beautifully erroneous" quotation, (in which I find much of the latter quality, but none of the former) and hasten to conclude my business with Mr. Twiss. He informs us, at p. 88, that certain authors have "immortalised themselves by immortalizing the language in which they have written." Was any author ever made immortal in translation?

"Mr. Scott has set the sickly fashion of obsolete English and incorrect metre, and all the *trumpery* versifiers of the day," &c. p. 89.

When I say that I have not yet toiled through the half of Mr. Twiss' critique, I am sure your readers will absolve me from the remainder of my labour. They will recollect that I pronounced this article, by Mr. Twiss, to be *the* best in the present number of the "London Review;" let it therefore be easily surmised *what* excellence is to be found in the

* An attick elegance of expression! Mr. T. seems not to know the difference between an adjective and a noun.

others; but I will, in justice, add, that with all its faults, there *are* good writing, good principles of taste, and much knowledge of what poetry should be, displayed in this review of Mr. Scott's *Marmion*. He may profit by the perusal of it.

The next article is a criticism upon *Joe Miller*, new and old. It is by a Mr. H. Smith. It is written with humour and pleasantry; and I might say to him, with justice,

Materiem *superat* opus:

but surely we needed as little a new review to protect the genius of Joe Miller from anonymous criticism as the *Domestic Cookery*. Their merits are too conspicuous to fear any thing from malevolence, or envy, or prejudice: and I may affirm that Joe Miller will be read and admired when Marmion is forgotten; and the Domestic Cookery will be called for when the London Review is no more! Laughing and eating are perpetual: but poetry and prose are transitory. There are a thousand men who can relish turtle soup, for one who can feel the sublimity of a poetical passage; and all, but the deaf, can laugh at the recital of a *funny* story, while those who can hear, and those who can see, will equally disdain the pages of the London Review.

Sic transit gloria Mundi!

I am not certain, Sir, whether I shall pursue my remarks upon this number of the Review, or direct my attention towards the ensuing one, whose appearance is announced for May 1. At all events, I will not relinquish the task I have assigned myself till I have enforced conviction upon the public, or till the London Review advances just claims to the ground it has seized upon. It is a mere literary question, and I hope to conduct it without rancour or abuse. I am *personally* unknown to *them*; and *they* (with two exceptions) are (or rather *were*) *nominally* unknown to *me*. If my opinions are disputed, I shall defend them, should I think my opponent worthy of reply: if not, I shall leave them to defend themselves.

I remain, &c.

ARISTARCHUS.

Oxford, April 3, 1809.

On the PREJUDICE *of* LITERARY MEN *for* CERTAIN AUTHORS.

For the Universal Magazine.

THE differences which exist in the mode of life of men are almost infinite. The conditions, employments, and communities, which at present characterise society, present a variety which necessarily causes all men to act with wholly different designs, and to reason on different and discordant principles. It would be a task of no common difficulty to select several persons, actuated with the same views in the same community in which individuals ought to have but one mind, and be impressed with the same designs. Their different employments and connections necessarily place some difference in the manner which they adopt to execute even those things in which they agree; from which it is evident, that it would be impossible to explain in detail the moral causes of error. I shall, therefore, restrict myself to an examination of those modes of life, from which arise the greatest and the most dangerous errors: when these are explained, there are sufficient materials given to the mind with which to erect a more extensive fabric, and from which every one will be able to survey at one glance, and with great facility, all the hidden causes of many particular errors, without a great sacrifice of time and trouble. The mind delights in the search of truth, and when a glimpse of it is obtained, its progress is inexpressibly rapid.

The employment which is now passing under my review, on account of the considerable changes which it effects on the imagination of men, and which in proportion leads to error, is that of studious persons who make a greater use of their memory than of their judgment; for experience universally teaches us, that they who, in search for truth, have applied themselves with the greatest assiduity to the perusal of books, are the very persons who have disseminated the grossest errors. The student and the traveller bear a great analogy to each other. When a traveller has been so unfortunate as to take the wrong road, the further he advances the

greater is his distance from the goal, and he is the more bewildered, in proportion as his diligence increases, to reach the destined point. The ardent desire which men entertain for truth, urges them to apply to the perusal of those books, from which they hope to extract it; or, they form to themselves a chimerical system of those things of which they wish to obtain a knowledge, and not only imbibe a rooted prejudice themselves, but strive to impress the same prejudice on the minds of others; in fine, that they may reap the honour, due to the founder of a system, without a single property on which to establish their claim.

It is very difficult to comprehend how men, who have a superiority of intellect, love rather to make use of the ideas and inventions of others, than to employ their own. There is, without doubt, a pleasure superlatively greater, and to which a more considerable share of honour is attached, in discovering a thing by our own ingenuity than to be guided to it by the ingenuity of others; and no man, who has a clear vision, will ever be persuaded to close his own eyes, to accept of the dangerous and fallacious assistance of a conductor.

But there are many things which contribute to this effeminacy and degeneracy of the mind. First, the natural idolence of man, which will not allow him to meditate on subjects important to him in every sense, and which would essentially contribute to his happiness.

Secondly. The feeble attachment which is shewn for abstract truths, which are the foundation of all knowledge, that the human mind can acquire.

Thirdly. The foolish and empty vanity of wishing to be called Philosophers. It is customary to call those, wise and erudite, who exhibit proofs of extensive reading; and, too true it is, that the knowledge of the opinions of others is of greater use in conversation, and tends more to confound the brains of superficial thinkers, than the remarks and effusions of that philosophy which is solely acquired by meditation and an unbiassed exercise of the judgment.

Fourthly. Because a false respect, mingled with a foolish curiosity, teaches us to bestow our particular admiration and veneration on things which bear the marks of antiquity, and even on books, the principles of which are known to be false. Formerly, the works of Heraclitus were esteemed for their obscurity.* The antiquary searches every cranny of the world for ancient medals, and their value is enhanced in proportion as the rust has corroded them. He preserves, with great care, the lanthorn and slippers of an ancient, and if the worms have half demolished them, they obtain in his eyes an additional value. The philosopher, immersed in the smoke of the midnight lamp, pores over the works of the Rabbis, because they are written in an ancient, corrupt, and obscure language, and spends the most valuable hours of his life in discovering that two and two make four. There is no doubt, had Nembrot written the history of his own reign, the most subtle politician would have been satisfied, and the antiquary would have discovered, what some have lately discovered in Homer and Virgil, that he had a perfect knowledge of nature.

Fifthly. Because truth and novelty do not coalesce in matters of faith, which depend on tradition. For men are unwilling to make the distinction which ought to be made, between truths, which depend on reason, and those which depend on tradition.—The latter ought to be received in a manner wholly different from the former, but men are in general too much inclined to attach error to novelty, and truth to antiquity. But *veritas filia temporis non auctoritatis;* and, although the ideas and the words—truth and antiquity, error and innovation,—have been for a length of time connected with each other, yet the hour is fast approaching when the human mind will emerge from the obscurity in which it has been plunged by too great a reverence for ancient doctrines, and truth will be acknowledged in whatever garb it may appear, though un-

* Clarus ob obscuram linguam.—*Lucreece.*

sanctioned by the names of Aristotle, Plato, or of Seneca.

There is another error of great importance into which studious persons generally fall, which is, that they become infatuated and prejudiced with certain authors. A certain philosopher has said, that there is no book so bad from which something good may not be extracted. The superficial student, without a maturity of judgment to direct him in the choice of his books, finds something in a particular one which strikes him as being true and original. He is immediately enraptured with it, and every thing in the book is therefore true and original. He pretends to admire what, perhaps, he does not understand, and is angry if the whole world cannot perceive the beauties with which he is enraptured. He glories in the eulogies which he bestows on obscure authors, because it presupposes a perfect comprehension of them, and thus his vanity is fostered. He looks upon himself as superior to other men, as he believes he understands the rhapsodies of an ancient author, or perhaps of a man who did not understand himself. How many wise men have produced confusion and distraction in their brains, in attempting to expound the obscure passages of philosophers and poets of antiquity; and how many busy critics can the present day exhibit, who kindly offer to us their elaborate effusions on a single word of an author. In this respect Shakspeare has an undoubted right to complain, for, certainly, no hive of honey was ever more fiercely attacked by a host of wasps than the works of this ornament of our nation have been by a swarm of annotators, commentaters, and A S S s. Aristotle stands in the same predicament, and, if possible, in a still greater, for some of his commentators endeavour to prove that Aristotle is an advocate for the mortality of the soul. The doctrine of the immortality of the soul is, without doubt, a question of very great importance; no person can be censured for his efforts to resolve it; and although ponderous volumes have been composed, to demonstrate a thing for which very few words would suffice, or at most a few pages, yet the importance of the question in a great degree pleads for mitigation of censure. But their error lies in the endless trouble which they imposed upon themselves, of deciding the opinion of Aristotle on the subject. It appears to me, that it is a matter of very little importance to the present age, to know that a man ever lived whose name was Aristotle, if he wrote the books to which his name is prefixed, or if this doctrine or the other doctrine is to be found in his works. The knowledge of these points can neither make a man wiser nor better, but it is a question of importance to know if the doctrines of Aristotle be in themselves true or false.

It is therefore of very little consequence to know the particular belief of Aristotle on the immortality of the soul, although it be of great use to know that the soul is immortal. Yet it cannot be doubted, that many philosophers have given themselves more trouble to know the opinion of Aristotle than the truth of the thing itself, as many have written volumes for the sole purpose of explaining the opinion of Aristotle, but at the same time shew no disposition to know what his opinion *ought to have been*. In support of this I will quote a passage from *La Cerda*, which will shew the great importance which was attached to the opinion of Aristotle by a multiplicity of philosophers. It is in the second chapter de Tertullien de Resurrectione Carnis.

" Quæstio hæc in scholis utrimque validis suspicionibus agitatur, num animam immortalem, mortalemve fecerit Aristoteles. Et quidem philosophi haud ignobiles asseveravunt Aristotelem posuisse nostros animos ab interita alienos. Hi sunt é Græcis et Latinis interpretibus Ammonius uterque Olympiodorus, Philoponus, Simplicius, Avicenna, uti memorat. Hirandulal 4 de examine vanitatis cap. 9. Theodorus, Metochytes, Themistius, S. Thomas, 2 contra gentes, cap. 79, et Phys. lect. 12, et præterea 12. Metaph. lect. 3, et quod lib. 10, qu. ar. 1. Albertus tract 2, de anima, cap. 20, et tract 3, cap. 13. Egidius, lib. 3, de anima ad cap. 4, durandus in 2 dist. 18, qu. 3. Ferrarius loco citato contragentes et late Eugubinus, l. 9, de perenni philosophia, cap. 18,

et quod pluris est discipulus Aristotelis, Theophrastus qui magistri mentem et ore et calamo novisse penitus poterat.

"In contrariam factionem abiere nonnulli patres nec infirmi philosophi; Justinus in sua Parænesi, Origenes in Φιλοσοφουμένων, et ut fertur Nazianz in disp. contra Eunom. et Nyssenus, l. 2 de anima, cap. 4. Theodoretus de curandis Græcorum affectibus, l. 3 Galena in historia philosophica. Pomponatius l. de immortalitate anima. Simon Portius l. de mente humana Cajetanus 3 de anima, cap. 2. In eum sensum, ut caducum animum nostrum putaret Aristoteles, sunt partim adducti ab Alexandro Aphodis auditore qui sic solitus erat interpretari Aristotelicam mentem quamvis Eugubinus, cap. 21 et 22 aam excuset."

It is evident from this passage of La Cerda, that men, renowned for genius and abilities, have sacrificed no little time in obtaining the knowledge of the opinion of Aristotle on the immortality of the soul; and for instance, that Pomponotius wrote a book, to shew that it was the opinion of Aristotle that the soul was mortal, and La Cerda himself appears to incline to that opinion, as may be seen in Porro Tertullianum.

But there are a number of things, the knowledge of which is of little consequence, and of still less consequence what was the opinion of the ancients respecting them, and yet a great deal of time is spent in discovering it. Some books are found full of these ridiculous examinations, and these are the trifles which have given rise to so many literary wars. These vain and trifling questions, these ridiculous genealogies of futile opinions are important subjects on which *les savans* employ their critical acumen. They usurp to themselves a right of contemning every one who contemns their favourite doctrines, and to bestow the epithet of fool on all who are ignorant of them. They imagine themselves to be in full and undisputed possession of the genealogical history of substantial forms, and call the age ungrateful if it refuses its applause. These things evidently display the weakness and vanity of the mind of man; and as it is not reason which regulates his studies, so his studies do not ameliorate his reason, on the contrary, they corrupt, obscure, and pervert it.

R. H.

[*To be continued.*]

The Author *of the* Beggar's Petition?

Sir,

IN the Universal Magazine for December 1807, p. 509, there is a letter from a correspondent, who signs himself *Historiæ Investigator*, stating the author of those well known pathetic lines,—

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man," &c.

to be a Joshua Webster, M.D. and that they were written at St. Albans, in the year 1764. But, upon looking into the *Censura Literaria* for February, p. 112, I read the following in the Literary obituary:

"Died, Jan. 6, 1809, at Stourbridge, in the county of Worcester, the Rev. Thomas Moss, B.A. perpetual curate of Brierly Hill Chapel, Staffordshire. He was the author of the beautiful and pathetic little elegy, entitled 'The Beggar's Petition,' published, with some others, in one small volume. See *Shaw's Staffordshire*. It was soon after inserted in *Enfield's Speaker*."

Now, Sir, I would thank any of your correspondents if they could inform me which of these competitors is the author of the above lines?—What is the title of the volume of poems said to be published by Mr. Moss? What date?—where published? and where, now, to be had? It is singular, that a piece of poetry, familiar to every English reader, and admired by every reader of taste, should remain thus unappropriated.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

London, April 1809. Z.

On the Neglect *in* attending *to* Public Affairs.

Sir,

IF we turn over the pages of parliamentary proceedings for the last thirty years, and review the schemes which have been devised, and the at-

tempts which have been made to relieve the pressure of parochial burdens, it will appear strange to a reflecting mind that every effort should prove abortive; and that the late heaven-born minister, whose intuitive knowledge has been said to comprehend all subjects, failed in this; and he has left us a striking example to shew, that the flattery of sycophants is but a poor substitute for real information in the day of trial.

It is too plain, from the projects which have hitherto been proposed by those who have stepped forward in this arduous undertaking, that they have aimed at introducing new plans, rather than checking and rooting up old evils, as this might in some instances tend to criminate bodies politic and corporate, as well as individuals, whose proceedings will not always bear the strictest scrutiny in conducting affairs appertaining to the poor. If we closely examine into the feeble attempts which have been made to rectify abuses in disposing of charitable donations given by our pious ancestors, we shall discover that there has either been great neglect or a want of zeal in leaving the business in its present state.

In consequence of an act of parliament, which passed A. D. 1786, a committee of the House of Commons was appointed to examine the returns of the charities given to the poor in England and Wales, and they were to report their observations. This was done A.D. 1788, in substance as follows:

It appeared from a report made the 23d day of May, A.D. 1787, that nearly 13,000 parishes and townships had made returns, and that there were only fourteen parishes which made no returns. After the committee had made an abstract, they found several of the returns defective. In some of them there were no names of the persons who gave the donations; in others, the names of the trustees were omitted, or they had neglected to mention the produce arising from the rental of the land and the money given.

The committee, judging that it would be necessary to have the omissions filled up, ordered their chairman to send 4065 circular letters to the defaulters; and to which they received 3375 answers. Some of these letters contained the information required, and others said that they could not send any further explanation than what they had sent.

The committee, being desirous of laying before the House all the knowledge they had gleaned from their inquiries, caused the supplementary returns to be inserted in their abstract in red ink, that the House might readily distinguish which were obtained under the original return, and which since. To give the House an adequate idea of the magnitude of the object, they added the following appendix of charitable donations in each county:

COUNTIES.	Annual produce of Money.			Annual produce of Land.		
	l.	*s.*	*d.*	*l.*	*s.*	*d.*
Bedford	196	2	2	2186	11	7
Berks	904	17	9	6576	2	3
Bucks	663	6	1	4306	15	8
Cambridge	481	9	4	4064	6	9
Chester	1445	15	11	2646	19	2
Cornwall	695	13	8	1050	7	0
Cumberland	251	19	0	457	3	2
Derby	1067	15	7	3864	14	2
Devon	2329	15	3	6105	0	2
Dorset	586	6	0	4474	19	8
Durham	380	11	7	1076	2	1
Essex	914	14	6	5658	17	7
Gloucester	2231	17	4	5145	5	1
Hereford	506	6	9	1791	11	7
Hertford	898	14	0	3360	0	7

COUNTIES.	Annual produce of Money.			Annual produce of Land.		
	l.	*s.*	*d.*	*l.*	*s.*	*d.*
Huntingdon	339	5	4	950	11	10
Kent	1816	9	0	9395	6	9
Lancaster	2521	18	0	6722	14	0
Leicester	1024	3	4	4877	15	4
Lincoln	587	13	2	7279	0	4
Middlesex	2192	4	4	7648	4	2
London	2126	8	3	6764	5	8
Westminster	466	16	0	2054	18	5
Monmouth	230	6	2	1357	0	7
Norfolk	591	13	6	5671	8	4
Northampton	692	2	2	6444	8	3
Northumberland	722	13	0	749	6	3
Nottingham	374	4	6	3070	1	2
Oxford	706	15	3	3347	2	11
Rutland	267	12	10	500	7	10
Salop	838	8	9	2744	15	7
Somerset	1589	10	7	8801	17	2
Southampton	2427	15	3	3501	16	11
Stafford	1083	18	1	5057	16	2
Suffolk	386	17	1	12037	5	9
Surrey	2814	3	7	7423	12	2
Sussex	1247	11	4	2312	14	1
Warwick	855	1	0	10250	1	1
Westmoreland	197	14	5	836	13	11
Wilts	1887	10	11	5442	9	2
Worcester	820	4	2	6160	10	0
York, East Riding	1331	7	7	5025	7	1
——, North ditto	724	13	2	3520	7	10
——, West ditto	1953	1	1	13683	13	5
Anglesea	149	5	4	174	18	4
Brecon	151	2	8	578	13	3
Cardigan	16	7	0	46	4	0
Carmarthen	91	18	0	164	19	10
Carnarvon	160	2	10	392	12	7
Denbigh	438	5	10	930	14	5
Flint	309	3	8	346	6	0
Glamorgan	152	1	3	338	1	2
Merioneth	188	17	5	105	13	0
Montgomery	221	3	5	336	18	5
Pembroke	137	18	4	380	12	5
Radnor	58	14	11	310	6	9
Wales	2070	0	8	4166	0	2
England	46173	9	9	206301	8	8
	48243	10	5	210467	8	10
				48243	10	5
Total, England and Wales				258710	19	3

From a variety of circumstances and intimations, which occurred in the course of the inquiry, the committee had reason to believe it would be found that considerable sums had been given for the like charitable purposes, whenever proper means could be found for investigat-

ing and completing the discoveries, and extending the inquiries to corporations, companies, societies, and to feoffees, trustees, and other persons.

The committee further observed, that it appeared from the returns, that many donations had been lost; and others, from the neglect of payment, and the inattention of those who ought to superintend them, were in danger of being lost, or rendered very difficult of being recovered; and that the matter seemed to be of such magnitude as to call for the serious and speedy attention of parliament, to amend and explain the said act, by specifying with certainty and precision the objects to which they might think fit to direct their further inquiries.

Upwards of twenty years are now elapsed since this report was made; and notwithstanding the urgent necessity there was at that time for investigating the business of the charities in the hands of corporate bodies, the investigation is sunk into oblivion, and matters are going on from bad to worse.

It is notoriously known to many persons in this kingdom, that there are charities which are grossly abused by those who have the disposing of them. While some have made it a practice of spending a certain part to compensate for the trouble of giving away the remainder, others have adopted a less troublesome method, by reserving the greatest part of the donations intrusted to their care; and probably with a view of converting them to other purposes, when time shall have cast its sable mantle over the names of the donors, and the uses to which they intended their charities should be applied.

Houses, which have been left by our pious ancestors for a residence for those who might want a house, and not be able to procure one, have been suffered to go to decay by corporate bodies, because there was not any thing left to the trustees to make it worth their while to preserve them. Many other charities are in danger of being lost, through the neglect of those who have been left to preserve them. If these be the cases hinted at by the committee, and they were known to them, why did they not recommend some plan to check evils of such a magnitude? Surely there was either a great indifference or a want of energy in some persons, to suffer the whole business to sink into oblivion after so much trouble had been taken to obtain an account of the charities and their abuses.

If the returns of the ministers and churchwardens had been made public, thousands would have had opportunities of inquiring whether societies, companies, and bodies politic and corporate, faithfully discharged the trust committed to them. Much information might still be gained, if the returns were printed and circulated to a few persons of character, to deposit them in some public place for the inspection of those who would be at the trouble of pointing out the male-practices of those who neglect their duty in this department.

If there ever was a time which required the charitable donations of our ancestors to be faithfully distributed, it is the present, when the excessive taxation we are bending under has reduced the middling class in society almost to mendicity, to which the poor have always looked up for support in sickness, for comfort in distress, and for advice when they have been beset with difficulties.

They who have raised themselves, by their industry, only a few degrees above the labouring poor, they are best acquainted with their wants, but they can no longer relieve them.

As the lands have in many places been raised double since the report was made by the committee to the House of Commons, and there is probably nearly half a million of money to assist the indigent yearly, is it not a strange thing that there has no plan been devised to preserve the charities, and to have them distributed according to the wills of the donors?

Surely, in the course of so many years, it might have been enacted, that a table of all charities given to a parish should be hung up in the church, mentioning the sum or sums of money, and the quantity of the land given; how much they produced yearly, and how they are to be disposed of by the trustees. It ought also to be enacted, that the trustees

of the charities should keep an account, debtor and creditor, of the sums they receive, to whom given, and how much to each person, which accounts ought always to be open for the inspection of every person who wishes to examine them; and whenever any trustees are detected in misapplying or not applying charities according to the designs of the donors, they ought to be subjected to heavy penalties, to be recovered in a summary way.

TWO ORIGINAL LETTERS *of* JAMES BOSWELL, *and one of* WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE. *Never before published.* (*Communicated by Mr.* SIM.)—Continued from p. 225.

For the Universal Magazine.

Edinburgh, 1st Dec. 1772.

DEAR SIR,

AS I was much afraid of Mr. Garrick's oracular response with regard to the Siege of Marseilles, and foresaw that you might be hurt by it, I was at pains all along to prepare you for it, and I am persuaded you will remember that so was the case. I am sincerely sorry that he does not think your tragedy fit for the stage. But as I said again and again, as I am a very incompetent judge of a dramatic performance, and believe him to be a very good one, I cannot but acquiesce in a decision pronounced by him not only impartially, but with a strong weight of favour to balance him on the side of what he has rejected. I am sensible how very difficult it is for *you* to think as I do; but I would fain hope that I may have some influence with you. I declare to you upon honour, that Mr. Garrick spoke very highly of your poetry, and of the poetry of this very play; and I believe he was sincere; for I have always found him to be an honest, honourable man. At the same time, I am persuaded of the truth of what he has frequently told me, that the most exquisite poetry will not be sufficient to make a successful theatrical representation; and that inferior poetry *will*, when arranged with that art which is necessary to keep alive the attention of an audience. I saw Mr. John Home to-day, and was regretting to him that your play was refused. I think his words were, "not from its deficiency in *spirit* but in *form*, and which a longer acquaintance with the stage will teach him." This was just what I have been echoing to you from Mr. Garrick. Mr. Home observed that many of the modern plays, which Mr. Garrick has brought on, are so poor in poetry, that one cannot read them to an end, and yet the disposition and variety of scenes and changes in them is such, that they have gone very well off when acted. Your play, it seems, has not those requisites. Mr. Garrick sees this, and therefore, though he admires your genius, he will not bring your play upon the stage. Let me, as a sincere friend, expostulate with you closely. Mr. Garrick brings out some plays every year. The interest used in behalf of yours has been strong. I know from Mr. Garrick himself that he has felt it to be so. I am vain enough to think that even my warm recommendation must have had weight with him. Would he not then have let your play be one of the number, had he not been firmly of opinion that it could not be carried through. Supposing him then to be firmly of this opinion; is it reasonable to think that he should lay out considerable expence, and throw away much time, and, in short, hurt the interests of himself and partner, by making an attempt which he is sure would only expose him? Let me add too, on the same supposition, would it not be doing a real injury to you, to bring on a play written by you, which he is sure would be damned, the consequence of which would be to hurt your reputation as a writer in other departments of literature where real genius, independent of mechanism, has its just applause. These, sir, are my views of the matter, and therefore it vexes me to find you taking up the same tone which numbers have done before. If I might advise you, I would have you be in no hurry to print your play; and if you do print it, pray repress any reflections against Mr. Garrick.

Your very sincere friend,

JAMES BOSWELL.

Edinburgh, 12th June, 1773.

Dear Sir,

I HAD the favour of your letter by Mr. Fenton, when I was in Lon-

don; and since I arrived here, I have received a short letter, without a date, from you, transmitted by Mr. Dilly. I am vexed to find that you still entertain what I really think unjust resentment against Mr. Garrick, and that you will give *vent* to it*. He is now so very high that hardly any arrows can reach him, even supposing the shaft to be aimed by justice, so that you will excuse me for thinking that yours will. I could wish you would adopt my ideas as to this, in place of your own. You was, as I imagined, totally mistaken about his subscription to the Lusiad. He was always a friend to the work, always determined to make good what you must allow was a very handsome testimony of his approbation. But can you not suppose that Mr. Garrick may be at times hurried and harrassed, and desire a *bookseller* to call again. No, no, you are clearly wrong here, and I beg you may desire the bookseller to call again, as if nothing had happened.

I shall rejoice if you can get your tragedy on at Covent Garden, and in the mean time, shall sound the Edinburgh manager; but I believe I hinted to you formerly that you could hardly expect a night here, far less three nights.

Your exultation in the Lusiad pleases me. Go on and prosper; but let me still put in a word for the *prospects* with which you have flattered me, and of which, though I cannot be *pars magna*, I am to be one of the figures.

I shall be glad to hear from you at all times, and upon all subjects, and am sincerely, dear sir,

Your friend and humble servant,

JAMES BOSWELL.

Mr. MICKLE *to* JAMES BOSWELL, *Esq.*

SIR,

AFTER much self-debate whether or no to resume the disagreeable subject about Garrick, I have once more given way to my feelings. I am sorry our ideas seem so irreconcileable, yet, as I said before, I have not the least doubt of being able to convince you, when I shall have the pleasure to talk over the affair with you in person. I wrote to you that *I knew what Garrick has said and jeered*; dear sir, it hurts me to find you forget this circumstance. I stand in a most delicate situation. I have been told what he has sneered, under the promises of honour not to divulge, or embroil in any quarrel, the gentlemen who heard it. I must not speak too far, much less write, what, by the chance of being mislaid, may be seen by an improper person. No longer ago than yesterday, I received a letter that had been opened ere it came to my hand. My situation I say is delicate, but I know enough to render it as impossible for you to convince me that Garrick has behaved genteely to me, as it is for you to convince me that I am in Greenland. The infallibility of Garrick's judgment is a most disputable point. He still says that *Douglas* is not a proper tragedy. The Douglas, however, is the best acting tragedy the present age has seen, and which will be acted when all the other tragedies, in which he has found his *witches mark*, his nick nack Jeu du Theatre, will be in oblivion. In short, the dispute is this, the Cerberus of Drury demands a certain *nick nack*; common sense says, that manly passion, sentiment, pathos, and poetry, will please, and experience proves it in the fate of Douglas, Cleone, and Elfrida, the last of which, in particular, is directly opposite to Garrick's Jeu du Theatre; yet these have pleased, while many of the pieces he has preferred, on account of this charm, have either been damned, or barely escaped damnation; and the whole are either totally sunk in, or on the verge of, oblivion. These, dear sir, are stubborn facts. As to the subscription, I will just mention one circumstance: a gentleman who had heard Garrick talk of it, on my shewing him Garrick's unsolicited letter, empowering me to draw on him, shrugged up his shoulders, and called him a d—d s l. What, said I, did he talk as if I had not his authority to send—"I know not exactly, but I understood so, and I believe the rest of the com-

* Mr. Mickle intended to have published a new Dunciad, of which Mr. Garrick was to have been the hero.—Sim's Life of Mickle, p. xlvi.—*Editor.*

pany did. I am sure he talked of your being troublesome." He then charged me *not* to send to Garrick again on that purpose. This, dear sir, on my most sacred word, is, in substance, the sacred truth. It is with reluctance I have committed this to paper, it is more than I ought to have done. A duel has often arisen from less; it might forfeit me the friendship of the person who enjoined me *not* to call again, but your opinion of my unjust resentment has forced it from me, and I know whom I write to; I could not be easy unless I trusted that you will immediately commit this to the flames. As to Garrick's being out of shot-reach, let me conjure you not to be offended with me, if I tell you, that our opinions again disagree. His great abilities, as an actor, are indisputable, but in every other respect he is one of the people. I have the happiness to be acquainted with some, the greatest part of the literati of England, and, to a man, they despise him as a critic and author. I have heard a name at which Garrick would tremble—talk with ineffable contempt of his *Jeu du Theatre*—and the pieces he brings on the stage. When I told the name now mentioned, that I would attack Garrick's taste, through the sides of the damned trash he has brought on the stage; there, said he, is A BROAD MARK, and you will hurt him.

I trespass. Your opinion of my misguided passion forces me to tell part of what was, by friends, told me in secrecy. I am unwilling to forfeit your good opinion; you cannot but perceive my embarrassment and delicate situation. I need not add to enjoin this to the flames, and you to secrecy.

About the time you was last in London, Becket, Garrick's bookseller, called, and payed my bookseller, six pounds, the first payment of twenty subscriptions, and, to use my bookseller's expression, "took the blame upon himself." In what sense or latitude that expression is to be used, I know not. As a comment on Garrick's generosity, I will lay you a dozen of wine, that when I have the pleasure to see you, I shall give you convincing proof that the greatest part of his twenty, are taken in Becket's shop, and the fruits of my own advertisements, from people unacquainted with Garrick. The half of the Lusiad is now printed, two copies of which I intend to send to Edinburgh, both as a further specimen, and as a proof of the forwardness of the work, one for you, and one, though unacquainted with him, to Dr. Blair. What a horrid piece of work has Macpherson made of Homer; the poor man's brain is certainly cracked on a particular string. I have mentioned Garrick in a foot note; have called Mallet's Elvira, the subject of which is from the Lusiad, one of the many neglected loads of dulness, "which, though honoured with the approbation of Mr. Garrick, have disgraced the English Theatre, and rendered modern tragedy a name of contempt." In the preface, I believe I shall spare him.

Mrs. Barbauld's Sir Bertram, *of* Sanscrit Origin.

Mr Editor,

THERE are few persons, I believe, who, at some period of their lives, have not read and admired the beautiful fragment of *Sir Bertram*: but it is a matter of regret, that the origin of some of the most admired pieces in our language, are to be found in the works of foreign authors. The most exquisite pieces of Sterne are evidently of Italian origin; and I doubt not, that, after the perusal of the annexed paper, it will be granted that the honour of being the authoress of Sir Bertram, is no longer due to Mrs. Barbauld. During a short stay at Petersburgh, whilst exploring the contents of an old book shop, I found a voluminous work from the Sanscrit, from which the enclosed paper is extracted. The stile, in many parts, is abrupt and inharmonious; but it is peculiar to the Sanscrit, and therefore I did not judge it adviseable to change it.

The whole work abounds with beauties; and should the perusal of this extract please your numerous readers, some further extracts are at your service.

I am, Your's, &c.

R. H.

March 4th, 1809.

IT was night! Hamor hastened from a social feast. He saw the chamber of his beloved illumined. He called, but all was silent;—still as the grave. He inquired:—she was gone! One moment here! and in another vanished. A faint scream was heard at a distance: a terrible idea arose in his mind.

Flown!—perhaps seduced? Hell lay in the thought! A thousand circumstances were now explained, for the solution of which he had sought in vain. Grief choaked his speech: he threw himself under the shade of a tree. The first rays of the morning found him there, irresolute, brooding over his loss.

How to find her?—how recal her?—and to lose her for ever! His soul was dissolved in grief. He declined in the bloom of his youth.

His father beheld, in him, the companion of his sorrow. They nourished their grief with the tales of other times, and awaited, with trembling, the grave.

In another world we shall find her again, said the father; this is a world of persecution, suffering, and misfortune. He attempted to console his son, but his consolation was a renewal of their mutual sorrow.

Altai offered his succour; he grieved for his brother; he felt for his sorrows; and all faults were forgotten. He could not endure to see a brother weep. Tears are the heritage of man. To stop the flow of tears, is to soothe a sick man to repose: and who would refuse to do it? Who would look for merit in an act where necessity demands immediate help?—Offer the unfortunate your hand, and forget that he is a man. Thus Altai spoke, and thus he acted.

Where can I find her? where shall I look for her? he often said to Hamor; guide me to the road; give me a glimpse of her flight; though it be to the verge of ruin I'll follow her; I owe it to my father, and to my own heart. Brother! I could weep for you, but I find it more adviseable to act for you.

Look for her at the gates of hell, said Tibar, who listened to their discourse, or let this emotion of your heart be an incentive to honour and activity. A passion, which finishes with both, has performed its part, and I will clasp you to my heart, if a disappointed love strengthen you to repair the errors of your former inactivity.

Be indulgent to him, said Altai, leading Tibar from the spot, he is too weak to bear expressions so harsh.

Would it be the first time, said Tibar, that passion exchanged its objects? Love and ambition! the emotion of the soul is the same—the object is different. To save our honour, it is sufficient to know how to find the moment in which our choice is changed.

As a truth, said Altai, it is undeniable; but yet it is not sufficient to pacify a breaking heart. Shew him compassion, and he will love you: shew him sympathy, and you will gain his confidence. Easy then will it be for you, to introduce ideas of other objects. In the silence of his sorrow, he grasps at things in which his fainting imagination can support itself. Lead him then, in darkness, on the road, on which, when he is strong enough to be his own guide, he will obtain a knowledge of himself, and you have then gained your wish, which is, to restore a man to honour whom effeminacy enervated.

Follow the bias of your own mind, said Tibar, your word is to me a sufficient pledge. I am a restless spirit, formed more to encounter evils for others than to correct the evils which are already committed. Let us be of one accord; it is enough to have lost one brother. Make Hamor the companion of our exploits, and I will then no longer mourn over the brother whom we have lost—although he never can resemble him. O Dya! Dya! Dya! fate has played a treacherous game. They returned. Where is Hamor? asked Altai.

Hamor had flown to the woods. There, for many days, he lay without speaking, and, perhaps, also without thinking. Solitude, which is a balsam for the strong, is, for the weak, gradual enervation.

He became misanthropic; the eye, which swam not in tears, appeared to swim in secret scorn. Altai seemed to him a flattering traitor; Tibar, a man bereft of feeling; the remainder, a worthless crowd, on whom na-

ture denied a heart to feel as he felt. He was proud of his weakness, the most dangerous pride of all. One day he lay in the hour of his grief, on the bank of a stream which silently flowed through his garden; the flower of memory bloomed near the spot; it nourished the sorrow of Hamor. The spot was beautiful, melancholy, and solemn, worthy to feed a nobler grief than that which tore the heart of Hamor.

The place was a legacy of Chubladaar, the poet.

Chubladaar was——

Speak of the dead with reverence, said Tibar, or speak not at all. 'Tis a melancholy thought, that an abode, which a noble man selected as a refuge from the corruptions of the age; that the place, in which, wrapt in melancholy, he deplored the days that were past; that the walks, in which he wandered with silent meditation; the monuments which he had raised to perpetuate the history of his friends; that all these places, made sacred by his sorrow and his tears, should now be polluted with the sighs of a weak, disappointed lover. Why cannot the spirit of man return? and, by its appearance terrify the effeminate, who pollutes its tomb? Why cannot he, who conquered nations, and laid the kingdoms of the earth at his feet, protect the spot of ground, which now is all that's left him? Death in itself is not worth a thought: but to know, that after death, every fool laughs over our grave; that a villainous spendthrift squanders our hard-earned wealth, and, that our heirs destroy the works which our diligence and perseverance raised; this it is which pains us, this it is which makes us wish that with our life our works could also fall; this it is which, in the hour of death, expels tranquillity from the mind, and makes the soul tenacious of its hold.

Men, like Hamor, trouble themselves not about the opinions of their ancestors. The dead are gone, that is all to them. The privilege of elevated souls; that solemn propensity to an intercourse with the times that are past, which unasked and unsought for, presents itself in every charming spot, in every serene and starry night, in every tomb, and every hoary ruin, finds its existence not, where the sufferings and joys of the present, where a weak attachment to pleasure effaces all the impressions which take their value from the treasures of an ennobled imagination. Away with such men who, at the social feast, glow not with the recollection of days that are past, and, to whom that place is not sacred, where a glorious action was committed.

Hamor, and all those who resemble him, what have such creatures done to the improvement of a world?

Hamor beheld a stranger, of noble stature, but deep sunk in thought, slowly pacing by the banks of the stream. He gathered flowers, which having formed into wreaths, he threw away. Tears flowed down his cheeks. His look was wild and roving. His song was the half-suppressed voice of sorrow, with the simple melody of sensibility. Misfortune has a secret binding charm. 'Tis the curiosity of the unfortunate, to find, in a melancholy recital, a balsam for his own wounds, or, in a new acquaintance, to find that sympathy which the old deny him.

Hamor approached him as if by chance.

Both were silent.

The stranger at last began:—the beauty of the spot allured me: I lost my way in the woods: they seated themselves, and to each other confided their sorrowful histories; Hamor deplored the loss of his beloved——the stranger—a sister—who had eloped.

I have persons in pay, said the stranger, to trace her flight; I have myself joined in the pursuit. I found her once, but lost her again. My history is full of adventure, and so wonderful, to many it would appear a romance. When a youth, I was educated with another, to whom I was fondly attached. As youths, we lived in harmony and friendship. He loved; the day of his union was fixed; the pride of her possession induced him to introduce to her his friend and companion. Ah! he knew not what he did. She was beautiful, most beautiful. I possessed heroism sufficient to sacrifice my feelings to my friend. My heart was wounded deep; I was too weak to pursue the course of ac-

tion which I had laid down for myself. I resigned myself to the despair of hopeless love. Sickness overtook me. My friend, an anxious observer of my illness, saw and discovered the cause of it. Noble enough to save my life, even at the risk of his own, he cheered me with tales, which apparently had no design; and, amongst others, informed me, that his beloved was unfaithful—that her life depended on my recovery—and that it was I whom she loved, and not himself. My health returned; I saw her; I saw their separation. My friend had played the part of a cunning lover. Injured and offended, she thought to make me the instrument of her revenge. Her parents thought themselves insulted, and my friend was ruined. I obtained her hand. Persecuted and degraded, my friend left the spot where he had enjoyed the bliss of earth, where he had lived and loved. I even, intoxicated with love, deemed him no longer worthy of my society. Happy, and every wish of my heart fulfilled, I returned to my paternal plains. In the valley of Erkin, on the eastern shore of Arja stood my dwelling. It was situate on the brow of a hill; a shady wood, and the gentle murmurs of the river, made it as the abode of the blessed. Discord and jealousy never found an entrance. Our little circle was our world. Companions we had few. Our wishes never extended beyond our little domain, and a bliss rested on our dwelling, which found its resources in ourselves. Thus one year passed—another—three; time flew on the wings of the wind. I had long deferred a visit to a sister, who lived on the borders of the desert; I departed; tears of the tenderest affliction were shed at our separation. Ah! why was I induced to depart? I went; I returned; but how changed! how altered every object presented itself to me. My wife received me with an eye of contempt. Her demeanor was cold. All enquiries of the cause were fruitless. Not any thing disclosed to me the cause of my misfortune. Tranquillity was banished from my dwelling. My sister, proud and offended, embittered my life. I myself was changed. The fear of the future surrounded me.

On my return with her I had the misfortune to fall into the hands of a man, whose rank, whose power, whose deportment tormented me; but you listen not—— I am lost in reflection, said Hamor. I pray you proceed. War reigned in our land. To avoid the armies, we tried a circuitous road. The boat was overset in yonder river. A young man from a neighbouring thicket, rushed into the stream, and saved my sister. In his tent we refreshed ourselves. A part of our army lay concealed in the neighbourhood. No one dare venture forth. Time at last completed the web, which chance had begun to weave. My sister, and her preserver—— When does love exert its power with greater force than in the romantic moment of an heroic deed? Both were worthy of each other, but, his brother, and my rooted prejudices, poisoned their bliss. I hated the family; I had not forgotten affronts long since offered to me. His pride made me frantic. In a night, in which darkness threw her darkest veil over the world, I thought I met him on the road to my sister. My dagger pierced his heart. The moon arose. I had missed my object. It was her preserver. Dissatisfied with my revenge, and yet not wholly dissatisfied; I hate the race. I fled into a small hut on the banks of the river. I met a man of noble mien, of him I implored protection. His dress bespoke the rank of a chief. He was a robber whom I murdered, I cried, the honour of my sister demanded it.

With dignity he promised me protection; and even if he, whom I had murdered, were his son.

A dreadful shivering seized me.

The corpse was brought—it was his son!

He looked at me; 'twas a look of annihilation; but in a moment tranquillity again overspread his countenance. There is thy chamber, he said. In the evening I will see thee again. He did see me. In the solitary silence of a garden I expected my death. The angel of retribution stood before me.

What are thy thoughts? What dost thou expect?

I answered not.

Thou hast murdered my son! His corpse is in my house. Thy life ought to be the ransom; but my word is given, and my word is ever sacred. He led me to his stable; he pointed to his swiftest horse, but spoke not. I mounted. My sisters, and a troop for convoy, awaited me. In the morning we were out of danger. The road was safe, and I reached my house. My sister hated me as the murderer of her beloved. My wife forsook me.

One evening, in search of my beloved, continued Doula, I rode over the desert of Hafnam. I spurred my steed to pass the desert ere the sun was set. Deep rolled the thunder at a distance, and the lightning spent its fires in the void air. I wrapt myself close in my mantle; my flowing hair, driven by the wind, scourged my face; and the lightning singed the flying mane of my horse. The storm beat in my face. I could not discern the track in which I was travelling. As far as my view extended I saw but a desart and a heaven. At times, my horse started at the putrid bodies which lay stretched on the ground. No tree, nor stone to direct me on my way. A desert was before me! Night overtook me. One of those nights, when the spirits wander on the heath, and death, exulting, claps his wings. Hope and fear impelled me forwards. I urged my way, but my sinking powers, and the increasing darkness, depressed my courage. I dismounted, and lay in expectation of my death, exhausted by my horse's side. A hollow voice sounded over the solitary desert. I listened—all was still. The sound again broke on my ear. I turned towards the spot whence the sound issued. I beheld a faint fluctuating light. I led my horse along a rugged path. I came to a deep stagnant moat, over which was thrown a half-ruined bridge. An ancient building, with towers and gates, shewed itself in the fleeting brightness of a moon-beam. I entered the court. At that moment the light appeared in the window of the tower, and vanished. The moon set, and pitchy darkness rendered every object indistinct. A death-like silence! I tied my horse to the iron bars, and slowly paced along the walls. I looked into the lower windows, but all was dark. Through the broken casement issued the stench of cadaverous flesh. I entered the inner court; I felt a massy knocker on the gate; I lifted it, but fear held my hand. I listened. I heard the snake rustling in the grass at my feet. I heard the screeches of the birds of night. I ventured to knock. I started at the sound. A terrible echo roared in the hollowness of a dark desert building. No answer was returned. I knocked again. The sound reverberated through all the passages. I knocked a third time; all was still. The light again appeared in the tower, and vanished. I shivered. The same hollow voice sounded from the tower. My heart throbbed. Coldness pervaded all my limbs. I hastened away. Fear gave me spirit, I cannot call it courage; when, at the brink of a two fold danger, I sought to avoid the one by escaping from the other. I returned. I applied my strength to the huge massy door. It yielded, and, with a terrible crash, fell into the building. It roared through every part of the edifice, as the waters in the womb of the whirlpool. I entered. Fear held my steps. I wished to return; the gate was closed again. No force could open it. Darkness was around me. On a sudden a blue flame appeared under an arch at the bottom of a flight of stairs. It was a light in darkness. A dismal glimmer, at which my bones trembled. I summoned courage and approached. It slowly ascended the steps. I followed; followed with my drawn sword, as it proceeded before me, through a long dreary passage. The sound of my own footsteps made me tremble. At the bottom of a second flight of stairs, the flame vanished. From the tower sounded the hollow voice. It was a moment of horror. Darkness surrounded me. With arms outstretched, I ascended the steps; a cold hand seized my left, and dragged me forwards. To extricate myself were impossible. I aimed a stroke; an infernal howl pierced mine ears. The cold hand remained in my grasp. Like a maniac, I ascended the stairs. The steps were narrow and spiral; many were broken. I stumbled over

ruins. Still I held the cold hand. I entered a low passage, damp and vaporous. I felt I was treading in the slime of serpents, and the toad rolled over my feet. A faint light appeared. The walls were inlaid with human sculls, and from the empty sockets of the eye the adders hissed; where thought once held its seat there they engendered;—they spit their poison in the spot where once the blush of virtue bloomed—The blue flame shone bright again. I entered a gallery, at the dark end of which the form appeared, whose hand I had severed; his wrist dropping with blood. He threatened me. I aimed a stroke at him and he vanished. I opened a door which conducted me to a range of apartments. No one appeared. I arrived at a second suite of rooms; a cold hand passed across my face. The voice sounded again from the tower. But what I now saw is beyond all description:—a high-arched saloon, from the roof of which a flame appeared to issue. Dreadful figures, clothed in black, grinned ghastly at me. The walls were embossed with shapes terrific. A long bier stood in the middle; and, oh horror! on it lay the corpse of him whom I had murdered. I thought myself at the bar of the last judgment. My knees trembled. I scarcely perceived a form, covered with a black and red veil, approaching towards me. It rose from behind the coffin, and pointed at me. My speech was gone.

By whom, or by what art thou justified? it ask'd, to tread this hallowed place?

I could not answer.

Thou art, the form continued, either a man of extraordinary courage, or an hired assassin.

I listened; it was a well-known voice—it was my sister. Had the earth opened and engulphed me, I should have rejoiced. Does a man tremble at a woman? she asked. There was a time when I could say that men lived as men ought to be. Approach and learn. He died by the hand of a villain, and I, for his crime, must endure a life of endless grief. If thou canst feel; if within thy breast that principle exists, which hates the murderer, and his deeds abhors, go, seek him o'er all the earth—bring him hither—conduct him to this scene, that he may see and feel what it is to be for ever miserable.

She knew me not in my armour.

Terglad!—Terglad!—Terglad!—thou art revenged.

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SHAMEFUL TERGIVERSATION *of the* BRITISH CRITIC.

Mr. Editor,

IN the former numbers of your useful Magazine (*see Universal Mag. for* 1804, *vol.* I. *p.* 112, 218, 358, *and for August* 1808, *p.* 128), I have read, with pleasure, two papers, giving an account of the different monthly publications that are published in this metropolis, with remarks on the conduct of each publication. Your censure on the "British Critic" I thought, at the time, rather too severe, and not fully justified; but, I must honestly confess, the recent conduct of that *Parsonic Review* has fully vindicated the remarks of your ingenious correspondent.

I beg leave to point out a most glaring absurdity, inconsistency, and negligence, unparalleled perhaps in the annals of periodical literature, and unpardonable in the conductors of a *would-be respectable Review*.—In November 1807, this said "British Critic" reviewed a small pamphlet, entitled, *Fashionable World Reformed, by Philokosmos*, of which they spoke as follows:—

"If we meet with no very profound remarks in this little volume, there is in it a respectable portion of good sense and judgment, and very suitable admonitions concerning the regulation of conduct at church, in public places, in conversation, &c. A considerable part of it is also directed to managers and actors, with such an implied knowledge of stage business, that we suspect it to be written by one of the children of Thespis."

Judge of my surprize, Mr. Editor, when, in this very *same Review*, I found the *very same work*, the "*Fashionable World Reformed*," *again reviewed* in their number for March

1809, page 315, and there we are treated with the following critique upon it:—

"This project for reforming the fashionable world is attempted by means perfectly inadequate to the purpose. The tract indeed consists only of reflections on comedy, tragedy, and the final purposes of such writings; on the managers and performers of the theatres; on politeness in company, dress, behaviour, and public amusements, &c.; and, what is most extraordinary, on *politeness* in *religion!* and all these treated in so very slight and superficial a manner, that it is difficult to imagine what could have induced the writer to throw the whole into the form of a book.

"If it be even the first attempt of a very juvenile writer, we cannot say that it gives much hope or promise of distinction: if it proceed from one more advanced, he ought certainly to refrain in future from the use of pen and ink. The title was probably chosen as attractive, but it has little to do with the contents of the publication."

After this, Mr. Editor, I ask you, are these *Guardians of Literature* fit persons to sit in *judgment* upon the literature of this, or any other nation?

I am, your's, &c.

A Lover of Consistency.

Chapter Coffee-House,
12th April, 1809.

Mr. Burdon *on* Saxon *and* Norman Architecture.

Sir,

A Correspondent, who, without signing even a fictitious name, has obtained a place in the last number of your Magazine, seems very desirous to display his knowledge of the Doomsday Book, though it is difficult to say for what other purpose he could have written, except it be for that of controverting two positions which I have maintained in my remarks on Gothic Architecture; in the former part of the article, he seems to glance at my opinions, though he has not ventured openly to oppose them; his introduction is as abrupt as his conclusion, and his whole communication shows that he has got hold of a few facts which seem to bear upon a subject he by no means thoroughly understands.

He begins with telling us, that the antiquaries have long admired the east window and ornamented arch over the entrance door of the church at Barfreston, in Kent, as choice remains of Saxon architecture; "but their antiquity," he says, "may be questioned on good authority." Their antiquity, I believe, no one will venture to question, if any thing can be called antient which has existed for seven hundred years; but who those are that have ventured to question their antiquity, this learned antiquarian has not deigned to inform us. Their Saxon origin I have ventured to call in question, when I maintained, in a former number of your Magazine, that it will be difficult to prove any building now above ground to be undoubtedly Saxon. The origin of the pointed arch cannot be dated earlier than the reign of Henry the First; and yet your nameless correspondent wishes this opinion to be abandoned, though supported by facts, to make room for a false inference which he has drawn from the authority of the Doomsday Book. Let us see, therefore, how far this authority will bear him out.—"Wherever the Doomsday Book omits to mention a church, it does not follow," says Anonymous, "that there was no church in that town or village; though, wherever it does mention a church, that church must have been Saxon." Now this inference I do most positively deny; and for these reasons, which to me appear to be nearly conclusive as to the matter in dispute. The Norman architecture had been introduced into England some years before the conquest, by Edward the Confessor, whose partiality for every thing Norman gave great matter of disgust and jealousy to the English; and next, because through the decay of religion and the neglect of the latter Saxon kings, the churches throughout all England had gone to ruin, though, by the piety of Edward, a few of them had been restored; and, lastly, because soon after the conquest, the Norman prelates and monks, who

had much grander ideas of architecture than their predecessors the Saxons, pulled down many churches and cathedrals, and built others in their room much more spacious and magnificent. And, that it may not be thought I have advanced this loosely and without authority, I refer your readers to the Essay on Gothic Architecture, where p. 61, 62, 63, of Bentham's, or rather, Gray's Essay, it will be seen that he quotes William of Malmsbury to prove the early introduction of the Norman style, the decay of religion in England, and the reconstruction of many churches and monasteries; beyond this we have the evidence of facts to prove that the cathedrals of Durham, St. Paul's, and Gloucester were all pulled down and rebuilt by Norman prelates during the life of the Conqueror, that is, before the Doomsday survey was completed; so that, those churches, tho' mentioned in it, could not be Saxon; and even supposing that all the churches named in that survey were Saxon, it can by no means be fairly inferred that the same churches are now remaining, at least that they have not undergone very considerable alterations, so as to make them almost wholly different.

The chief object of your correspondent's writing seems to be, that of disproving the English origin of the pointed arch. Let us examine the principal arguments by which he supports his opinion. "In the Doomsday Book," he says, "are mentioned about thirty churches in the two lathes of St. Augustin and Shipway, and these have undergone so many alterations, that an antiquarian must judge with great caution before he pronounce which are Saxon and which are Norman." For my part, I believe there is one criterion which is almost infallible against a building being early Norman—for, from the time of Edward the Confessor to the middle of Henry 1st, there is no completely pointed arch to be found. Whether this can apply to Saxon architecture or not, may be determined when we have discovered more Saxon buildings. The writer then enumerates the churches in the two lathes abovementioned, and, after allowing that they all contain different styles of architecture, not only in the whole, but even in the same building, he denies that the argument to be drawn from rebuilding and repairing can have any weight; and stoutly maintains that wherever the semicircular and pointed arch are to be found in the same building, they must be of the same age. If this will pass for argument, no man need be afraid of asserting any thing he pleases: for, after it has been proved by many learned antiquarians that all those parts of buildings containing the pointed arch have been constructed since the time of William the Second, a man must have more than common confidence to maintain that the pointed arch is to be found among the Saxons: and yet, as if this assertion were not sufficient, he says, "I have been told that the pointed arch may be found in a bridge in Spain, built by the Romans." And who told it you, Sir?—If an angel from Heaven were to tell me that the Romans built one bridge with pointed arches, and all the rest with semicircular, I would not believe it. I have not only been told of, but seen, a point of a bridge at Croyland, in Lincolnshire, which contains three pointed arches said to be Saxon; but on so slight authority, that I will not believe it, when so contrary to the evidence of facts.—One swallow does not make a summer, and one example of elliptical arches, said to be built by the Saxons, will prove nothing against the invariable evidence of the first Norman style, which differed from the Saxon, not in the form of its arches, but in the greater extent of its proportions, and the greater abundance of ornament.

"It has been said, that palaces were built in Italy, in the ninth and tenth centuries, with elliptical arches, and they were certainly introduced into churches in England prior to the Norman conquest:" and thus the whole dispute is terminated by a confident assertion. I need take no journey to York to satisfy your correspondent as to the churches of St. Cuthbert, &c.; and yet, in my opinion, even were the pointed arch to be found among them, it would be

no proof that the Saxons used it, unless we should prove, by written evidence, that those parts of the said churches were Saxon.

I remain, &c.

W. BURDON.

Hartford, near Morpeth, April 9, 1809.

LETTER *from a* GENTLEMAN *resident in the* UNITED STATES, *describing the* STATE *of* MANNERS, *&c.*

SIR,

A VERY dear friend of my youth, whose affairs called him to America some five years ago, travelled along the sea coast from the southern to the northern boundaries of the United States, and returned to Charlestown along the back settlements. He possessed a mind uncommonly curious and discriminating; and a journey of such length through a country, exhibiting at every step the most striking contrasts to every thing European, could not fail to make on him the most lively impression. He communicated to me from time to time his observations; and I will venture to say, his letters abound with the most lively pictures of the country and its inhabitants. Alas! that friend is now no more! he lived not to revisit his native land. I need not say how dear these letters now are to me, containing, as they do, the only memorial of a departed friend. I have sometimes thought of communicating them to the public in your miscellany. I cannot expect that they will be read by others with the feelings with which I read them; but if I could imagine that your readers could derive from them any portion of delight or entertainment, my pleasure would be somewhat like his, who is impatient to bring forward a friend, in whose company he delights, to receive the tribute of admiration from the whole circle of his acquaintance. I send you one of these letters for the present as a specimen, not as the most favourable I could send you, but as being the first letter of the series. If this is inserted, I will continue to furnish you with others.

I remain, &c.

Edinburgh, Apr. 9, 1809. G. N.

Charlestown, South Carolina, ... 1804.

MY DEAR N.

AFTER a very dull and tedious navigation, I landed in Columbia* three weeks ago. As I intend staying in this town for some time, I have established myself in a boarding house, according to the custom of the country; for whoever stays even two or three days in a place never thinks of remaining at an inn. The first aspect of this city did not at all coincide with the exalted ideas of American freedom which I had entertained. I had fancied to myself, that I should here see realised, if not the enchanting reveries of a Godwin or Rousseau, at least a very near approximation to them; and that, at last, I was to tread a soil where, in the emphatic language of the poet,

Even the meanest boasts his right to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Alas! my friend, such a state of exaltation will, I am afraid, never exist beyond the golden dreams of the poet or the visions of the philosophical enthusiast. Here, as elsewhere, man groans under the oppression of his fellow man; and the laws, made for the common security and independence, never fail to afford to the rich the usual pretexts and subterfuges, and to prove even in his hands only additional chains to rivet more securely his humbler brother.

I landed here on a day when a slave market was held. Judge what an impression such a scene would make on your friend. Figure to yourself some hundreds of those wretches driven about with much less ceremony than cattle at one of our fairs. I was present at several of the sales, or vendues, as they are here called, where the negro is put up to auction, and ordered to exhibit himself, on a sort of stage, in every attitude, that the purchaser may have some idea of the strength of his muscles and of the soundness of his limbs. My compassion was somewhat lessened for the fate of these wretches when I saw them so insensible to it themselves. Never did a dancing-master exhibit himself with more

* The poetical name of America.

vanity to an admiring assembly than the negroes displayed upon this occasion: they boasted incessantly of the great feats they had done; showed a thousand little coquetries in setting off their figures to the greatest advantage; and watched the progress of the price that was bid for them with looks of the most sanguine anxiety. They could not have displayed more, had they been to pocket the price themselves. And when one of them happened to sell for some twenty shillings more than his fellows, his joy could not be contained, but broke out in the wildest capers and freaks. At first this amused me, but at last I was affected with far other feelings. Alas! said I, and is this man of the same species with myself? Lies there dormant in such a being the seeds of qualities that might one day expand into the sublime virtues of a Brutus or Hampden, or the gigantic talents of a Cicero or Chatham? in a being who is even devoid of penetration enough to discover a glimpse of his degradation, and in the extremity of misery, in the very scourge of his oppressor finds an object of the liveliest gratulation?

I have already witnessed numberless instances of oppression of which I had not before even a conception. Every day brings shiploads of poor Germans and other foreigners, who are not in a much better situation than the negroes. Induced by the most barefaced falsehoods, carefully circulated in the countries which they left; to venture within the talons of an American shipmaster, he gets them bound over by a deed in the English language, to which they are strangers, and of which deed the terms are interpreted to them at pleasure; and they are astonished on reaching the place of their destination to find themselves fettered often for the most valuable part of their life, and sold by the shipmaster to the first tyrant who will come up to his price. All this is done in the most legal manner possible. All this is done, my friend, too in a country where the sacred name of liberty is echoed from mouth to mouth, and where the fermentations of their contending parties amount almost to frenzy.

I have been already a good deal astonished at the eloquence displayed here by people who have very slight pretensions to literature indeed. They do not seem to know much more than the politics of the day; but then every American is fully versant in them. If the American does not know much, I observed he is never at a loss in communicating what he does know. They are trained to disputation from their infancy. This has its inconveniences too, and I have more than once cursed their loquacity.

In the house where I stay, there are a good many English and French; but, although we all sit at the same table, we do by no means amalgamate. The Frenchman and Englishman are beings of quite a distinct species. We, Englishmen, hate the French most cordially, and they are not behind hand in their dislike to us. Whenever the cloth is removed, John Bull sets to his Madeira, which he seldom leaves till he has got a good belly full; but after two or three glasses, the Frenchman retires to another table, and soon becomes impatient for his *caffe*, not failing at intervals to cast many an ironical grin and half concealed sneer at the boisterous savages in the other corner of the room. When both parties rejoin the ladies, the French throw out many a hint that the English are drunk, and insinuate to the ladies that they are by this time incapable of acting with propriety. So much of this, however, is done by looks and grimaces, that we can hardly find a pretence for an open quarrel with them; but we can easily see nevertheless into their sentiments.

I was a good deal amused by an incident that happened to us here a day or two ago, though it wore at the time a very tragical appearance. But first I must tell you, that the hospitality of the people here is excessive; and that the poor French, should any of them happen to be invited to a planter's house, are placed often in a very disagreeable dilemma: for the desire to please in a Frenchman is excessive; he would do any thing almost rather than give a flat refusal; and the oppressive hospitality of the landlord often betrays him into ex-

cesses the most foreign to his natural disposition and inclinations. One of them, with us named Barreau, is a volatile, gesticulating animal; he is continually capering about the room and making faces:—we sometimes find him rather impertinent, and could dispense with his chattering vivacity; but the fellow has such a fund of good nature, and so pleased with every thing that he is a general favourite. He happened to be invited out by a planter to dinner, and his natural sobriety had been overcome at the planter's table. If he was lively when sober, when drunk he was quite mad. He went about playing a thousand antic tricks. For example: an old gentleman in the company wore glasses; he pulled them off, put them on his own nose, tried to look grave, and to mimic the old man. After some time, however, feeling himself grow sick, he retired to his room. We were amusing ourselves with laughing at him after he was gone, when, all of a sudden, we heard a terrible crash, and Barreau groaning and crying most pitifully. On entering we found him seated over the ruins of a *pot de chambre*, which had yielded to his pressure; and, on raising him, we perceived that two or three large pieces of stone were sticking in the most aukward place imaginable. Now was a woeful contrast. Never did I before see such a rueful phiz as poor Barreau's. An old Frenchman present happened to be a surgeon, and after putting on his spectacles, he set about examining the wounds. Two or three of us supported the crest-fallen Barreau, while the old fellow extracted from him the fragments. The slightest wound here is in danger of producing a lock-jaw, the consequence of which you know well. When some of us were expressing our fears of this, notwithstanding the danger of the poor man's situation, it was with difficulty we could restrain our risibility on seeing the woeful looks he cast on us, and the dolorous exclamations that burst from him. "Ah, mon dieu—you do not say so—Ah, pauvre Barreau."—The consequences we dreaded, however, did not follow, and Barreau made his appearance, even next day, at breakfast, but forced, from the position of his wounds, to sit in the most aukward posture imaginable. As, for various reasons, we had not communicated the disaster to the ladies, they were of course ignorant of it, and were not a little surprised at the figure he cut at table. His body was bent forward, in order to elevate himself behind, sufficiently to prevent the contact of the wounds with the seat. Judge the feelings of a gallant French cavalier, on seeing all eyes incessantly turned to the seat of such ignoble wounds, and on being asked by the ladies if any thing was the matter with him. He felt that a narration was demanded of him that no language could ennoble; and he looked most expressively pitiful at us, as if to intercede with us to spare him. He is beginning again, however, to assume his wonted vivacity. But it is time I should say something of the business you committed to me at parting. I called on***

Some PARTICULARS *relative to the* CONQUEST *and* POSSESSION *of* BRAZIL *by the* DUTCH, *in the Seventeenth Century.*

[Continued from p. 210.]

AFTER the departure of *Artischofski*, Count *Maurice* exerted himself in consolidating and regulating the dominions under his government. Declining the further active prosecution of hostilities against the Portuguese, he applied himself to objects more congenial to his disposition. In a plain, situated in the neighbouring island of *Antonio Vaz*, between the forts *Ernest* and *Driehoek*, he built a large house or rather palace, which he called *Vryburg*, which he surrounded with gardens of great extent and beauty. In these, amongst a great variety of the vegetable productions of the new world, were planted seven hundred cocoa-nut trees, which were, at a great expence, and with almost incredible trouble, transplanted in their state of fruit-bearing maturity, from distant places to this spot. Of the magnificence of the palace, some idea may be formed from the offer which was made, shortly before Count *Maurice* left Brazil, by the Jews, for the purchase of the

building in order to convert it into a synagogue. They proposed to pay for it a sum equal to sixty thousand pounds sterling, but it was refused. This edifice commanded an extensive prospect both by sea and land, and had in front of it a marble battery, rising from the water side, mounted with artillery. The gardens communicated with another villa, at some distance, and the whole was encompassed and protected by strong walls and fortifications, serving at once for the purpose of pleasure, and for the defence of the city of *Mauricestadt* (founded by the Count, as will presently appear in the same island) which was hereby covered on that side as well as by a range of forts.

Mauricestadt was built chiefly with materials brought from *Olinda*, which city, during the time the Dutch possessed it, was nearly deserted. It rapidly increased and flourished as the capital of Dutch Brazil, under the liberal government of the Count, who erected two bridges, one uniting *Mauricestadt* with the *Recife*, and the other joining the latter to the main land. The first was contracted to be built for *f.* 250,000 (about 20,000*l.* sterling); but after the undertaker had attempted it with foundations of stone, he abandoned the enterprize, despairing of success in uniting the two islands. Upon which, Count *Maurice* himself, took it in hand; and directing excessive heavy piles of timber, of upwards of 50 feet in length, to be driven into the ground, succeeded in springing the stone arches from them. These bridges, and some other public works of utility and ornament, cost upwards of *f.* 500,000 (about 46,000*l.* sterling.)

In the midst, however, of these grand and useful projects, Count *Maurice* received advice of the arrival at *Bahia*, of a very considerable force, under Count *de las Torres*, dispatched from Spain, with the avowed intention of expelling the Dutch from Brazil; and shortly afterwards he learnt that the Spanish fleet, consisting of eighty-six vessels, both large and small, with a considerable force in land troops (some say 12,000, others 5000), had put to sea to attack the government. He therefore assiduously placed every fortification, likely to be attempted by the enemy, in the best state of defence, and equipped all the vessels he could muster, in order to oppose a naval armament to the Spaniards, to prevent their landing. An opportune reinforcement arrived also from Holland, and forty-one vessels of force, of various sizes, were collected under Admiral *Loos*. On the 12th of January, 1640, the hostile fleets met and engaged near the island of *Tamaraca*. The battle lasted till night, and the Dutch Admiral *Loos* was killed. *Huyghens*, who succeeded to the command, recommenced the engagement at daybreak next day, and combated with considerable advantage both on that and the third; on the fourth day the victory of the Dutch was complete, when a great number of the Spanish vessels were driven on the shoals. The Dutch engaged the shattered remains of the fleet once more, in the course of the same month, and of the whole expedition only six ships returned to Spain.

In the mean time, Count *Maurice* having embarked the greatest part of his force on board the fleet, the Portuguese attacked the Dutch settlements on the land side, and succeeded in gaining possession of several places; whence, however, they were speedily driven by the planters, who armed and embodied themselves in the absence of the troops. A further reinforcement arriving likewise, from Holland, under Admiral *Lichthart*, he was dispatched to make a diversion in the province of *Bahia*, where he landed and laid waste the country with fire and sword.

After the ill success of the grand effort, nothing more was attempted on the part of the Spaniards and Portuguese; and the Dutch likewise appeared to refrain from further hostilities. Affairs were in this situation, when Count *Maurice* received the unexpected intelligence, from Count *Montalvas*, the viceroy of Brazil, that the Portuguese had thrown off the Spanish yoke, and had crowned the Duke of *Braganza* king of Portugal. He added, that the Portuguese in Brazil, had already taken the oath of allegiance to their new monarch, and that he trusted that Count *Maurice* would shortly receive advice from

Holland of a treaty of peace between the states-general and the new king of Portugal; on which account he requested that Count *Maurice* would thenceforward consider and treat the Portuguese as friends and allies. In fact, it was not long afterwards that the revolution, which had taken place in Portugal, was communicated to Count *Maurice* in letters from home, but of peace, or treaty, not a word was mentioned. On the contrary, the directors of the West India Company expressly directed his attention to discover and avail of such opportunities as might occur, since the Spaniards and Portuguese were now at variance, to obtain territorial or other advantages for the company, before the new king of Portugal could make the proposals which they foresaw he would make, to the states-general, for a treaty of peace. They added, that the Dutch government would not, of a certainty, make any other treaty with the king of Portugal but one that would ensure each party to retain possession of whatever places they occupied at the time of the signature of the treaty in Europe; and that, therefore, whatever Count *Maurice* could wrest from the Portuguese before the conclusion of such expected treaty, would be profit to the company.

In pursuance of these instructions, the Count made himself master of *Seriquippa del Rey* to the southward, and of the remainder of the province of *Maranham* to the northward. He likewise dispatched Vice-admiral *Henderson*, with a fleet of twenty sail to *Angola*, who made himself master of the city of *St. Paul*, where he met with little opposition. The Portuguese commander, who had evacuated the place, sent soon after to inform the Dutch of the revolution in Portugal, and added an assurance, that a treaty had actually been entered into between their lately elected king and the states-general. But as *Henderson* had not any intelligence to that effect, he continued his operations; not only maintaining and strengthening his position at *St. Paul*, but obtaining possession of *Loanda* and the adjacent country.

These conquests were, however, put an end to, by the official news of a truce between king John of Portugal and the States of the United Provinces. It had been arranged a year, but the king had suffered so many delays to intervene before confirming it by a formal treaty, that the Dutch had the opportunity of executing those views of interested aggrandizement which have just been noticed. According to the conditions of this treaty, the Dutch and Portuguese were to remain in possession of whatever places they respectively occupied at the time of the conclusion of the treaty. In Brazil due boundary lines were to be established between the dominions of the two powers. Neither were permitted to carry on trade in the territories of each other. Neither were to afford to the Spaniards any aid or assistance, but were to wage war against them with united arms. No ships were thenceforward to be dispatched to the western hemisphere by either party, but such as were armed and equipped in a particular and prescribed mode.

The public spirit of Count *Maurice*, in the erection of works of utility and elegance, to which he appropriated a large proportion of the funds of the company, added to the jealousy occasioned by the magnificence and splendour of his private establishment, had rendered his government obnoxious to the directors of a narrow-minded commercial society. His exalted rank, however, his great reputation, and the attachment to his government of the colonists, Dutch, Portuguese, and Brazilians, rendered his removal a task of no little difficulty. It became necessary, in order to attain this object, to have recourse to various modes of mean and tortuous policy. Whilst he was publicly treated with great deference and respect, every private and underhand mode was adopted by which to make him disgusted with his situation and command. His views were counteracted, and his designs thwarted, by the appointment of inferior officers inimical to him, or incompetent to fill the situations thus purposely mistrusted to them. These arts had their designed effect, and, in an unlucky hour, for the prosperity of the Dutch empire in South America, Count *Maurice* was induced to solicit

his recal. This was acceded to with indiscreet haste by the directors of the company, but the more enlightened states general deferred for some time; and, until provoked by further contrarieties, he again urged his request to allow of his resignation. This took place in 1644. He left every thing of a political, commercial, and ecclesiastical nature in complete order; leaving also behind him, for the instruction of the council, and of his successor, who was not yet appointed, a plan by which he conceived Brazil should be governed upon a scheme of enlarged and liberal policy. A rich fleet of merchant ships accompanied him on his voyage to Europe. On his arrival in Holland, he received the public thanks, both of the states general and of the directors of the West-India company, for his eminent services; and was appointed to the important military stations of commander in chief of the cavalry, and governor of the frontier town of Wezel.

Upon the relinquishment by Count Maurice of the government of Brazil, he left seven entire provinces, under the dominion of the Dutch, containing 31 considerable cities and towns, 46 regular fortresses, 20,000 Dutch and Portuguese settlers, 53,000 negroes, and about 150,000 native Brazilians.

A short account of these seven capitanias, or provinces, will not be here misplaced.

The capitania of *Maranham*, or *Maragnon*, is separated from that of *Para* on the north by the river *Tocuntines*. The Portuguese were driven upon this coast by a storm in 1535, but did not effect any settlement till 1599. It was at one time in the hands of the French. Ambergris abounds on this coast, the collection of which became the occupation of the first European settlers. Maragnon continued for a long time in a very languishing state; but cotton of very excellent quality is now cultivated; and it produces some of the best cocoa in the world. For several years past, rice has also been grown; and numerous plantations of indigo are in a flourishing condition, and promise amply to repay the proprietors. The best Brazil arnotto is likewise brought from this district. The island of *St. Lewis*, or *Maragnon Proper*, constitutes that part of the province which is by far the most populous. It is twenty-six leagues in circumference, and only separated from the continent by a narrow channel. The capital, which is also named *St. Lewis*, was built by the French. The houses in general are ill built and inconvenient. It is defended by a citadel and several forts, and is the residence of the Portuguese governor general of the three northern provinces. The harbour is large. Towards the eastern part of the interior of the province, the natives have not yet been reduced to complete subjection. Mines of sulphur, alum, copperas, iron, lead, and antimony, occur even in the superficies of the mountains; yet none of them have been opened. In 1572, a silver mine was worked, but it was afterwards abandoned. The exports of the province have been estimated at the annual value af 29,000 *l.* sterling.

[*To be continued.*]

SOME OBSERVATIONS *upon the* ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

Sir,

HAVING read in your Magazine for March last, page 248, the following article: "A member of the University of Oxford has announced for publication, Lindley Murray examined, in an Address to Classical, English, and French Teachers, pointing out grammatical errors, and the necessity of an English grammar that will lead to that of any other language, without violating the purity of the English;" I beg leave, through the medium of your useful Magazine, to inform the author of this work, that an English Grammar has lately been published, which seems to answer, extremely well, the purpose proposed by him. It is entitled,—A short Practical Grammar of the English Language, for the Use of Young Persons, by Edward Oliver, D.D.

It is well known, that no language can be completely learned without entering into its construction; and the only method of accomplishing

this, with young persons, is by putting them upon parsing it, according to the established practice of our grammar schools for teaching the learned languages.

The Grammar here recommended is, for this express purpose, furnished with a concise, yet sufficient, set of clear and correct rules of construction, together with an application of these rules to practice, by sufficient and well-chosen specimens of parsing, particularly adapted to the English language; but which, it is conceived, will naturally lead to the parsing of any other of the modern languages, particularly the French.

The author of this Grammar observes:—"The utmost that is generally done in our schools, in the way of teaching English, is to make children get the whole, or the principal parts, of some English grammar by heart; and, by way of practice, distinguish and point out the several different parts of speech in some book they may have at hand. This is very well as far as it goes, but it comes short of the end proposed, namely, to make the learner acquainted with the construction of the language, which can be accomplished only by regular parsing."

I cannot forbear adding, on account of its great importance, one observation more from the preface of this Grammar, namely, "That, without a competent knowledge of the construction, there can be no certainty in understanding, no strict propriety in reading, no critical skill in explaining, the more difficult and elevated compositions in any language."

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

A constant Reader.

London, April 18, 1809.

Observations *upon the* Merits *of* German Literature.

Sir,

It is not my intention, in the present paper, to enter into a full exposition of the merits of the German Literature, nor to defend it from the anathemas of the Anti-jacobin, nor from the fulminations of Mr. Giffard. This task I may impose upon myself at a future period; although I am not so prejudiced in favour of, nor so infatuated with, the German writings, as to deny that, in some instances, the moralist has too just a reason to take alarm, and to prevent the diffusion of those principles which some of the German writings endeavour to promote. It cannot, however, on the other side, be supposed that, in the mass of German literature, many works may not be selected which do honour to the human mind, and which are well calculated to promote the interests of religion and morality. It must also be granted, that German literature has, in this country, been most unjustly appreciated. At one time, the rage for German writings was so great, that every Tyro in the language commenced translator; and, being destitute of judgment to direct him in the choice of his work, the literary world was inundated with the very scum of the German writings, and, unfortunately, from these very works, an estimate was formed of the principles and tendency of the collected mass of German literature. Thus, when the translation of Stella appeared, the moral world sounded the tocsin of alarm, and it was not without a degree of justice, that the German writings were then decried as subversive of the fundamental principles of social order. Not even the most rigid partisan of German literature can deny, that Stella is a work which is a disgrace to the head that conceived it, to the country that produced it, and to the Englishman who translated it. It is not the name of Goethe, which should have induced Mr. Thompson to have selected Stella as a work of sufficient merit to be introduced to the English nation; but I believe neither the moral nor the merits of the play, were ever taken into consideration; but it had been determined that the German theatre was to compose a certain number of plays, like a man, who, being sent to fill a cart with rubbish, cares little of what quality it is, provided his cart be full.

It would be departing from the purport of this paper, to enumerate the different works which may be

placed in the same rank with Stella; it being, at present, my intention to notice another misfortune which the German authors have suffered from my countrymen. It must however be granted, that, of all modern languages, the German is one the most difficult of attainment. It is original in all its branches, and no aid to a perfect knowledge of it can be obtained either from the dead or living languages. The Latin, undoubtedly, serves as a basis to several of the European languages, and a well-grounded knowledge of it will facilitate their acquirement: but the Latin is of no use in the acquirement of the German language; and it is only by a residence in the country, and in those parts in which it is spoken in its native purity, that a correct knowledge of the language can be obtained.—Under these circumstances, my surprise is not great, that the translations of the German works, which have hitherto appeared, with the exception of Sotheby's Oberon, Lewis's Minister, and a very few others, bear but very slight traces of their originals. The spirit of the author is lost in the gross ignorance of the translator; and the beauties are destroyed by the inability of the translator to comprehend them. To corroborate this point, it is only required to examine the different translations of the *Robbers*. In the horrific scene of the tower, when Charles Moor demands an explanation from his father, the latter says,—"*Ein todter hund liegt in meiners väter gruft begraben.*"—The first anonymous translator candidly acknowledges that he does not see the force of the expression, and therefore omits it: but Messrs. Thompson and Render have nobly overcome the difficulty, and have translated the passage literally; that is, "*A dead dog is interred in my father's vault.*" Had they, however, been acquainted with the idioms of the German language, they would have known that it is common in Germany, and especially in Franconia, to say, "*Da liegt der hund begraben,*" which is synonimous with "*there lies the secret.*" Thus old Moor meant to say, that the secret lay in the vault of his fathers; that is, if his coffin were examined, the imposition would be discovered. The translation, as it now stands, is derogatory to the genius of Schiller; for the simple act of enclosing a dead dog in the coffin, could in no degree favour the imposition, but would rather tend to the discovery of it. The single circumstance of the first translator having, in a note, declared his ignorance of the phrase, ought to have made the others pause before they committed themselves in so vile a libel on the understanding of their original, and in a consequent suspicion of the weakness of their own.

Another instance occurs in the same tragedy. In the description of Roller's situation, it is said, "*Er liegt tüchtig im salze.*" Thompson has translated this passage literally: "*He lies snug in pickle;*" and Render, in the full sense of the word, has rendered it, "*he's deep in the pickle.*" This error, in the former translator, may be with more justice overlooked than in the latter, who, being a native of Germany, ought to have known that "*tüchtig in salze liegen,*" is synonimous with our expression of "*he's got into a sad predicament,*" or, in the idiom of our language, that "*he is over head and ears in the mud.*"

It were endless to enumerate the instances in which the ignorance of the translators from the German shines so conspicuously; I will, however, mention one, and I am induced to it from the pompous and truly *Philippian* manner in which the translation was announced. I allude to the translation of Kotzebue's Tales, published by a certain city knight; in the original of which the following passage will be found:—"*Der Herr M—hat mir gemeldet, dass in Dantzic im monat August zwölf schiffen vom Stapel liefen.*" The redoubtable translator of the redoubtable knight has *done* the above passage in the following manner:—"*Mr. M— has informed me that, in the month of August, twelve ships sailed from* Stapel." Now, the real meaning of the phrase is, "*that, in the month of August, twelve ships were launched in Dantzig.*" Such gross misrepresentations of the original are unpardonable.

In your Magazine for Oct. 1807,

page 307, I read, with pleasure, a critical essay on Schiller's Don Carlos, and I noted an error in which your correspondent has fallen, in his translation of one of the passages. It begins—

Sehen sie sich um,
In seiner herrlichen Natur? Auf Fryheit
Ist sie gegründet; *und wie reich ist sie*
Durch Freyheit, &c.

Which is thus translated:—

Look round you,
Look thro' all glorious Nature; 'tis built on Freedom,
And oh, how rich in Freedom is it.

The sense of the original is wholly different:—

Look round you,
O'er all his glorious Nature; on Freedom
Is she founded, *and 'tis from that Freedom*
She her riches draws.

There is certainly an essential difference in *being rich in Freedom*, and *being rich through Freedom*.

I cannot refrain remarking, that the works of Shakspeare have undergone, in Germany, the same torture in translation which the works of Schiller have undergone in England. A translation of Shakspeare's Plays lately fell into my hands, and the speech of the witches to Macbeth, commencing—"*All hail, Macbeth*," is *rendered* by the German translator, "*Alle hagel! Macbeth.*" To excite the risibility of your readers, I need only inform them, that *hagel* is the German for *hail*—the produce of the elements.

Hoping that these remarks may prove acceptable, not only to the admirers of German literature, but to your readers in general, I subscribe myself, Your's, &c.

R. H.

Poplar-Row, Newington,
April 18th, 1809.

THE LOVE OF CROAKING:—*Man never satisfied with the present.*

SIR,

TO declaim against our own times seems to be the common and unalienable privilege of man. We always find, in that which is gone, something to please us which we cannot discover in that which we have. I have known a man who never put on a new coat without sighing over the ruins of the old one he was discarding: and a lady of my acquaintance, who seldom keeps a servant longer than a month, never fails to commemorate the merits of those that are discharged. But this love of the past, and this disgust of the present, are more vehemently expressed when we compare our own times with the happy era of our ancestors. Then it is that we are overwhelmed with regret and terror to find ourselves born in an age of total degeneracy; of degeneracy that threatens, by the dissolution of all moral ties, the most awful evils upon society. Such universal turpitude never could have existed at any former period.

Mr. Harris, of Salisbury, was once amusing a friend, who was of a melancholy temper, by reading to him a passage from a book which detailed the gross enormities that were daily practised in England. His friend shrugged up his shoulders, sighed, and exclaimed, "Ah! too true: what a world! what can become of us! It is impossible that things can go on in this way for another twelvemonth! Ah, my friend! read no more: it distracts me." Mr. Harris, however, quieted his alarms and his distraction, by informing him that the book he was reading from was published in the sixteenth century. As, therefore, we had outlived such alarming symptoms for two centuries, there was good hope of longer existence.

There can be little doubt that this admiration of past times arises from that discontent of the human mind, by which it is never suffered to remain at peace. With the present we are never satisfied: and when we are not bewailing departed happiness, we are busy in anticipating future. To a being like man, born with hopes that are engrafted on his reason, and capable of progressive perfection, it is natural that he should not rest, indolently contented. But while I thus dignify the principle, I blame the practice. It is the mark of a narrow under-

standing to find nothing laudable in the world we live in: and those who are most clamorous in depreciating their own times, do it from inability to talk better, or from habitual peevishness which casts a gloom round all the events of life.

Yet, perhaps, a moralist might find just cause for complaint in the present day. We have lived, Mr. Editor, to see prostitutes pensioned, and the friends of prostitutes supported by subscription. We have lived to see a shameless demagogue insult the throne and the virtues of the people, by opening a subscription for a woman whose morals are destroyed and whose conduct has been flagitious. Let us expect that we may next be called upon to subscribe for the relief of convicted felons who have had the misfortune to be tried at the Old Bailey.

NO CROAKER.

April 14, 1809.

DESCRIPTION *of a* NEW INVISIBLE FENCE *for* PLEASURE GROUNDS: (*with a Plate*).

Sir,

I BEG leave to submit the enclosed for insertion in the Universal Magazine, should you consider it at all interesting to your readers.

Description of a New Fence for enclosing Pleasure Grounds, invented by Mr. Jas. Pilton, King's Road, Chelsea.

THE basis of the invisible fence is elastic iron wire, manufactured, prepared, and applied by a process discovered and matured by the undersigned. Of this infrangible material, which, for the main-wires, must be drawn out to the thickness of a small reed, continuous strings are inserted horizontally through upright iron stancheons; the interval between the strings is about nine inches; between the stancheons about seven feet. The horizontal wires, in a state of tension, are fastened to two main-stancheons at the extremities of the fence, passing at freedom through holes drilled in the intermediate stancheons. The tension of each horizontal wire is preserved by the superior stability of the extreme stancheons, on the construction of which and the mechanism of the base-work, the whole, as a barrier against heavy cattle, depends. When the extent of the fence is great, the main-stancheons are relieved, at expedient distances, by other principal stancheons. An improvement in the mode of joining horizontal wires, qualifies every part of the length equally to bear the highest degree of tension.

The invisible fence in this simple form of the height of three feet six inches, has, in the Royal Pleasure Grounds at Frogmore, and in various parks of the nobility and gentry, been invariably found adequate to exclude the largest and strongest kinds of grazing stock. Increased in height two feet, the fence becomes applicable to deer parks. Deer have never been found to injure it, or attempt to leap it, and appear to avoid it as a snare, probably deterred by its transparent appearance. When it is intended to keep lambs out of plantations, perpendicular wires, comparatively small, are interwoven upon the lower horizontal wires: and to protect flowers and exotics from hares and rabbits, it is only necessary to narrow the interstices, by minute additions to the upright wires. On substances so small, presenting a round surface, neither rain nor snow can lodge; independent of which, by a coating of paint, they are preserved from the effects of the weather.

The strength attained by the principles on which the materials are manufactured, and the erection of the fence is conducted, cannot be justly conceived but by a person who has witnessed the effect of a considerable force impressed or weight lodged on a single wire of a fence erected.

The tempered elasticity of the tort string allows it to bend, and, on the removal of the oppressing force, the vigorous recoil of the wire, vibrating till it reassumes a perfectly strait line, shews that a violent shock cannot warp it.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

J. PILTON.

April 14, 1809.

CRITICISM.

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam."

A MONUMENT *of* PARENTAL AFFECTION *to a* DEAR *and* ONLY SON.—*Second Edition*, 1809. 1 *vol. pp.* 176.

WE do not recollect ever to have read any narrative which affected us more than the simple, unadorned one which we are now about to notice. It is written by the Rev. Joshua Gilpin, of Wrockwardine, in the county of Salop; it is inscribed to his parishioners; and it commemorates, in a pathetic manner, the acquirements, the virtues, the christian piety, and the death of his only son.

When we first sat down to read this interesting little volume, we were impressed with the belief that the excellencies of the subject delineated, were somewhat exaggerated, for, he was uniformly pre-eminent from his cradle upwards. But our rebukes, upon this point, were soon silenced, when the father appealed to the feelings of the reader in the following words:

"I here entreat him, once for all, to shew me the indulgence due to a bereaved parent, who speaks from the fullness of his heart, and whose feelings, on such a subject, will submit to no control," p. 59.

Yes, most willingly shall that indulgence be conceded. Sacred be the sorrows of a parent who mourns for the loss of a pious, an affectionate, an accomplished, an only child! Probe not the mind that bleeds from God's visitation; and, let human pity allow for human frailty, if tenderness, in such a task, hold the pen of truth, and delineates what she fondly believed, rather than what, perhaps really was. How severe must be the affliction of a father who sorrows for a child so early conspicuous in all that could ingraft the pride of man upon the feelings of nature! How many passions, deprived of their wonted object, must thus be turned inwards to prey upon the heart with unavailing torture! We mourn, not only for the son, but for the friend, the companion, the scholar, and the man. We feel our loss on a thousand occasions. Every object of daily concern recals it to us. There is nothing we do which does not remind us of it: nothing we think of wherein its image is not mingled. But let us return to Mr. Gilpin.

His son appears to have been a young man of considerable acquirements; but it does not appear that he ever attempted composition. His father, indeed, has preserved a translation by himself, of some Latin verses written by his son; but it would have been more acceptable had he submitted the original to his readers.

We cannot coldly sit down to *criticise* a work which appeals so strongly to our feelings: we pass over, therefore, two or three passages in which our opinion differs from that of Mr. Gilpin, in particular, where he represents the motives to his son's acquisitions to have no reference to human distinctions or applause. We fear it would require the most acute sophistry (and even that would be vain) to shew that any other principle than worldly distinction and worldly applause can operate to the attainment of mathematics, languages, &c. We have no reason to believe that they will be of any avail in a future state, and they are not enjoined by scripture. To pursue them, therefore, as a religious duty, or merely from religious motives, is not only inconsistent but impossible. Their *incentive* and their *end* are human.

As a specimen of Mr. Gilpin's composition, the following may be read with pleasure:

"Wherever we journeyed, he was still making his passage *through the valley of the shadow of death*. Through this dark and solitary region every man must necessarily pass: but the passage admits of a wonderful variety. Some men are hurried down this valley with a rapidity which will not allow them to mark the terrific furniture of the place; while others are led through it with slow and solemn steps—Multitudes tread this road un-

der the torpors of a stupid insensibility; and many rush along it amid the turbulence of a raving delirium—some few favoured individuals are allowed to pass this way in a state of complete recollection and composure; and sometimes an extraordinary personage is carried through it in a kind of holy triumph. Our dear son went down into this desolate valley without disquietude, and *walked* deliberately through it without apprehension. We attended his steps from the beginning to the end of this painful journey, without ever withdrawing ourselves from his side. We observed the changes that took place at every stage, we marked every turn of his countenance, and caught every expression that fell from his lips. But while we were solicitous to sustain his weakness and to smooth his path, we found him in circumstances rather to *afford*, than to *require*, support. An invisible arm sustained his soul, and supplied his wants. He neither felt any distress, nor *feared any evil*; for God was with him, even *He who giveth songs in the night*, and *who turneth the shadow of death into the morning*."

We cannot refrain from extracting the account of the last day of this interesting youth. If our readers peruse it with the same feelings and the same advantage that we have done, they will have cause to thank us for the opportunity we present them with:

"At length the day arrived, which we had so long dreaded, and for the approach of which we were still so little prepared. About seven in the morning of Tuesday, September the 9th, we walked into his chamber, and found him sitting on the side of his bed in the act of dressing. He received us with an affectionate smile, and answered our enquiries with all the calmness and caution imaginable: but there was an appearance of languor and debility about him which could not be concealed. At our pressing intreaties, he admitted the assistance of his watchful nurse, who has been already mentioned in this memoir, and whose ready attentions at the Wells added greatly to his gratifications there. Many a time had she dressed him with accuracy in his infantine state, and exhibited him with glee when the operation was over—she now undertook that office for the last time, and performed it with such marks of tender concern as must ever recommend her to our esteem. During this familiar interval, he confessed to his faithful attendant, that, through a night of more than ordinary restlessness, he had been exposed to almost insurmountable difficulties. And it was agreed between them, in order to avoid a recurrence of the same inconveniencies, that another chamber should be immediately prepared for him, which would allow her to sleep in a contiguous closet. Such an arrangement had been often proposed by us, and not without considerable anxiety: but, till this time, he had resolutely refused all attendance in the night, and would not even permit a light to be left in his room. He presented himself at breakfast with an air of satisfaction, and joined in our morning devotions with all his usual composure. Had the weather allowed it, he was to have spent an hour abroad. This, however, being prevented by an unfavourable forenoon, he sweetly applied himself to *that little volume*, which was always within his reach, and seldom out of his hand. His ordinary gentleness was exemplary; but through the whole of his deportment on this day, there was a lamb-like patience, which filled us with admiration; though it was observed, that his respiration was surprisingly quickened by the slightest exertions, and that he was unable to converse without frequent pauses.

"He sat down to our dinner with a tolerable degree of appetite, and appeared at the close of it to be somewhat refreshed. After this meal, it was customary with him to doze for an hour in his chair, while we silently guarded his repose, and sent up our supplications to heaven in his behalf. We were thus watching near him, when he suddenly turned upon us an expressive look, which seemed intended to bespeak our attention. He had long desired to make us acquainted with several interesting particulars concerning the state of his mind; but perceiving our inability to bear any such communications, he had reluctantly forborne to open his heart

Nor had we suffered less uneasiness on our part; having many things to say, and yet fearing lest our awakened feelings should break the settled tranquillity of his soul, and hurry us away into an agony of distress.—As it was with Elijah and his attached successors, on their approaching separation, so it was with us in like circumstances. Those holy men maintained a delicate reserve towards each other, while they proceeded from *Bethel to Jericho, and from Jericho to Jordan*; the one not daring to glory in his expected ascension, nor the other to express his sorrowful forebodings, lest they should mutually agitate one another, and disturb the order of the approaching solemnity. But as the awful moment drew near, and he was about to be gone, Elijah rose above the weakness of humanity, and openly asserted the purpose of heaven. So, when our dear son was made sensible, by some internal and infallible token that his hour was at hand, he thought it unsuitable to our common character, that he should leave the world without giving glory to God.

"Under this impression, he expressed himself, with all his wonted calmness and deliberation, to the following purpose:—'*I have long known my disease to be a dangerous one, and now I perceive the danger to be very great, but I am resigned. I have daily hesitated to make you acquainted with my real state, lest I should add to the sufferings which I have already brought upon you; but, as we all must die, I think it unhappy, when a man is approaching death, that either he or his friends should fear to make it the subject of conversation. To meditate and speak upon death, is a part of our duty even in the days of health. You have often led me to this serious duty in seasons that are past, and it becomes us not to shrink from it now. I see nothing in this state worth living for—the whole world is replete with vanity—and I esteem it happy to be removed out of it at an early period of life. Much of my time has been spent in the study of one or two languages, to which we are apt to attach a high degree of importance;*' then turning a pleasant look upon his mother, he added: '*but, in heaven, that labour will be known no more, for there, as Bunyan observes, they all speak the language of Canaan. Human studies and pursuits are generally of a trifling kind, and not such as we are likely to cultivate and perfect in the future world.—When I look back upon my past life, I see nothing in it but what is sinful; and it seems almost incredible to me, that a dying man should ever speak of himself as an harmless and innocent creature, though I have heard that this is sometimes the case; if such a case is really possible, it must surely be one of the most discouraging that can fall under the notice of a pious minister.—I know myself to be a sinner, and I have not been, even to you, what you had reason to expect.*'

"Hitherto we had permitted our beloved one to proceed without interruption, imposing upon ourselves a restraint, which could scarcely be maintained from one sentence to another; but, at this last distressing word, we fell upon his neck and kissed him, with passionate assurances, that he had been better to us than all our hopes, and that we had known nothing but pleasure in his society. Till this moment he preserved his characteristic serenity: but now, his tears flowed apace, his bursting sobs could be no longer suppressed, and his feeble frame was shaken with the tenderest emotions. This part of the scene was too distressing to be either endured or described; and it was happy that his mother could so far prevail, by her affectionate entreaties, as to assuage the anguish of our hearts.

"In a short time he wiped away the last tears he was ever to shed; and, assuming his former composure, thus continued his discourse:—'*My complaint has been of long continuance, but I have reason to be thankful that it has not subjected me to acute pain, for, under a state of bodily torture, it must be difficult to preserve the mind from distraction. I owe it to the goodness of God, that I have been permitted the free use of my thoughts through the whole of my sickness—and I rejoice especially in this, that they have been directed to subjects of inestimable worth.—When I first took up* ALLEINE's *ALARM, I feared to find upon myself all the marks of the unconverted. But though I was once under the dominion of some of those sins, which are there enumerated, Alleine has taught me both the need and*

advantage of a Saviour, and I am freed from their bondage.'

"After a pause of some length, he turned to me with the following affecting question:—'*Father, what is your opinion respecting the circumstances of the soul, immediately on its quitting the body? Do you suppose it instantly to pass into the presence of God; or do you imagine it to be detained, for an uncertain space, in some separate and inferior state?*' I answered, with confidence, that the passage of the righteous soul from earth to heaven was assuredly instantaneous. '*And that,*' replied our dear son, '*is my opinion; for, doubtless, those words of our Lord concerning Lazarus, may be depended on—Lazarus was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom.*'

"Thus closed a discourse which can never be erased from our remembrance, and which constrained me, at the time, to offer my humble acknowledgements to that God, who had conferred upon our Joshua the highest honours that a father could solicit for a son.

"After reposing himself for a short space upon the sofa, while we were endeavouring to recover our spirits from the agitation into which they had been hurried, he attended us at the tea-table; where we had scarcely taken our seats, when Mr. Ireland was introduced, in company with an amiable lady, who had interested herself in our affairs. Mr. Ireland seated himself close by the side of our dear son, and enquired, very minutely, into the state of his health, examining him with a fixed observance, and counting his pulse with the nicest exactness. These were his usual attentions to our beloved sufferer as often as they met; and they were returned, at this solemn season, with the most unaffected appearances of sensibility and respect. The conversation, which took place, was perfectly suited to our situation, and calculated to fix our thoughts upon the great disposer of all our concerns. Had they witnessed all the circumstances of the past day, and foreseen all the events of the approaching night, our christian visitants could not have assumed a deportment more completely adapted to the occasion. There was an inexpressible something, which made the whole of this interview peculiarly serious and impressive to us all: and at the conclusion of it, Mr. Ireland secretly expressed his amazement, on observing the invariable composure of our son, while his pulse was running on with an incalculable rapidity.

"The evening was devoted partly to his favourite writer, and partly to silent meditation. But, however he was engaged, the happy frame of his mind was easily discernible through his tranquil countenance; and we were unwilling to disturb the profitable employment of his thoughts. By the vigour and activity of his soul, he rose above those bodily languors, which many a sufferer would have counted insupportable; nor would he have once noticed his weakness, except in answer to our importunate enquiries. Constrained by those importunities, he acknowledged himself reduced to a degree of debility, of which he had formerly supposed human nature to be utterly incapable; yet, while he acknowledged this, he mentioned it rather as a matter of surprise than by way of complaint. His views had taken another direction—and, had he found us of a temper sufficiently firm, there is reason to believe that he would now have added something to his former communication. But, after the painful experiment already made, he thought it adviseable, rather to restrain his *own feelings*, than to run the hazard of again excruciating *ours*. *He* was climbing the heights of Pisgah, while *we* were lingering below in the valley of tears. The distance between us was every moment encreasing: and though this was mutually marked and mutually lamented, he dared not venture a descent to us, nor had we power to rise with him. Our different circumstances prevented, in some measure, our familiar intercourse. Nevertheless, through the dark cloud of our sorrow, we saw him borne to a commanding station, from whence, had we been able to reach his elevated ground, he would have pointed us *eastward and westward, northward and southward*, to all the dazzling glories of an unknown world.

"It was now our evening hour of prayer; and we engaged, for the last time, in an act of family worship. Never before was this sacred exercise

accompanied with so much solemnity and fervour: and though it could not be performed without a struggle, yet our *supplications* and our *praises* ascended together. Many affecting considerations operated, at this time, upon our susceptible hearts—a deep conviction of human frailty; a strong perception of our dependance upon God; a thankful remembrance of past mercies; a soothing sense of present support; an enlarged view of the redemption that is in Jesus Christ; and an enlivening hope of future blessedness;—all united to quicken our devotions at this awful period, humbling, melting, and animating us by turns, beyond all possibility of description.

"After a short and peaceful interval, we invited him again to our frugal board, which was then purposely furnished with food of the most restorative kind. He accepted the invitation with his accustomed affability, and gratified us by partaking of our repast with an unexpected degree of freedom and cheerfulness. He could not refuse to sit at our table, though he was constrained to eat and drink with us in the manner of Israel, at their last supper, in Egypt—'*his loins were girded, his shoes on his feet, his staff in his hand,*' and all things prepared for his immediate removal. The last messengers were even now in waiting to conduct him away—and in this state he received our anxious attentions with a most engaging sweetness, frequently looking upon us with expressions of great tenderness and benignity, neither wholly restraining his feelings, nor yet allowing them too large an indulgence. Though his words were few, yet were they most consolatory; and his smiles had still so enlivening an influence upon us, that we were almost ready to interpret them into promises of a prolonged existence upon earth, when they were only the parting glances of a happy spirit, just about to appear at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

"The same exquisite sense of propriety and decorum which had distinguished him in the days of health and enjoyment, was exhibited through the whole of his deportment under sickness and suffering, and continued without any abatement to the last moment of his life. His actions, his words, his looks, were all governed by the strictest rules of consistency and moderation. He calmly accommodated himself to the varying exigencies of his state, maintained a lovely sedateness through all the trying changes to which he was exposed, and regularly manifesting such an equability of soul as the maturest christian would wish to experience in his passage to *the chambers of Death. Let me die the death of* my submissive son! *and let my last end be like his!*

"The volume of truth was lying open before me, and, as I turned over its sacred pages, my attention was powerfully called to a portion of the Revelations of St. John. I perused in silence the seventh chapter of that mysterious book; and finding it particularly adapted to my present feelings, I repeated the concluding part of it to my listening companions—'*These are they who come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more: neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.*'

"This sublime passage produced upon our spirits a sort of electric effect, while it offered us the last delightful prospect which we were allowed to participate below. We closed the book, and gazed upon each other in an holy extacy; successively attempting to express what could not possibly be uttered. Heaven itself lay open before us—'*the angels, the elders, the spirits of just men made perfect,*' were all exhibited to our view in all their shining forms—and as their song of adoration came pouring upon our ears, we found ourselves involuntarily rising from our seats, to ascribe with them, '*Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever!*'

"It was now remarked, that we had sat up to a later hour than usual;

when our dear son replied, that he was perfectly ready to retire, whenever we should think proper. Orders were therefore instantly given for the necessary preparations to be made, and we conducted him to his room, where he requested to be left alone for a quarter of an hour; a request, which we soon understood to proceed from his desire of enjoying a short season of secret and unreserved communication with God.

"On our return to his chamber, we found him undressed, and preparing to lie down. We offered him our assistance, but, without accepting it, he placed himself, very composedly, in his bed, and in the very same posture which had pleased him from his infancy. After the interchange of a few affectionate expressions, he seemed disposed to slumber, and, lest our presence should interrupt his repose, we left him under the care of his watchful nurse, and quietly withdrew to our apartment. There we passed more than an hour in a state of fearful suspense, feebly endeavouring to stay our souls upon God, and anxiously listening to every distant sound: yet not without a hope that the night would prove a season of comfortable refreshment to our beloved son. At length he was heard to cough, and his distressed mother went immediately down to visit him. After a few minutes absence, she appeared again, inviting me to follow her. Her voice was scarcely audible, yet it sounded like the *midnight cry* in the gospel, '*Behold the bridegroom cometh!*' and I hasted to embrace my Joshua before he should go forth to meet his Lord. I found him patiently sinking under the last efforts of his disease, with a countenance full of tranquillity and sweetness. My approach produced in him a slight emotion—but he had proceeded too far to return. Not able to endure the thought, that our intercourse was wholly at an end, I joined my face to his, softly enquiring by what means I might yet minister to his comfort. He understood my feelings, and sought to repress them; replying to my enquiry with a gentle request—that I would cease to speak.

"After hanging over him for a few minutes, in unutterable distress, I involuntarily repeated my question—when, in a tone of tender affection, he returned me the same answer—*Please not to speak.* He had already opened a communication with the interior world, and had fully surrendered himself into the hands of his invisible attendants; and, in these circumstances, he was unwilling to be recalled or interrupted by any importunities from without. We received his request as a sacred charge—and, binding ourselves to silence, we kneeled about his bed in a state of trembling expectation. A short and solemn pause succeeded—when, after a few soft groans, without the slightest change of posture, he peacefully breathed out his soul into the bosom of '*his Father and our Father, his God and our God.*—"

Here we have no reason to suspect exaggeration; and when we reflect that this youth was only in his eighteenth year, it is not affirming too much to say, that his departure from this life was as one full of years, of piety and virtue.

We will venture upon one more extract, which is, the concluding paragraph of the volume.

"The sacred volume exhibits man under the figure of a flower—'*All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field.*' We have formerly admired the aptness of this figure: but now, it strikes us in a new and affecting point of view. The flowers of the field present us with a fascinating spectacle; they exhilirate the spirits, and charm the eyes of every beholder. These lovely parts of the creation excite our wonder by the beauty of their form, the delicacy of their texture, the brilliancy of their colours, and the fragrance of their scent: they serve, at once, to enrich our grounds, to adorn our houses, and to regale our senses; but, after all the attention we can bestow upon them, their *frailty* is proportionate to their *loveliness.* And such are those most interesting pieces of human nature, the children of a family. One of these fair flowers was lately in our possession—we saw it bud; we watched its opening; we admired its rising excellencies; and pleased ourselves with the hope that it would flourish for years to come;—we fostered it with care; we guarded it with vigilance;

and earnestly recommended it to the protection of Him who had formed and fashioned it with such inimitable skill. But, after all our unavailing solicitude, and all our passionate supplications, we saw it *languish*, and *fade*, and *die!* Such was the divine will concerning us—and now, while we wander about the place, of which this blooming plant was once the choicest ornament, we endeavour to soothe our affliction with the consolatory assertion of the prophet: '*The flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand for ever.*'

We will finally observe, that this simple, interesting, and pious narrative, should be placed in the hands of every youthful person. We all know the superiority of example over barren precept: and here they may behold religious example arrayed in its most splendid and fascinating dress.

We do not know why the son of Mr. *Gilpin* is styled, in the first page, Joshua *Rowley*.

SENTIMENTAL BEAUTIES *from the Writings of the late Dr.* HUGH BLAIR; *including the latest Editions of his Sermons, Lectures, &c. alphabetically arranged. With a copious Account of the Life and Writings of the Author. By* W. H. REID. *1 vol.* 8vo. 1809.

TO those whose means are limited either in pocket or time, compilations like the present are of much service. They present a tolerably accurate transcript of the prevailing character of an author, and by selecting what may be emphatically termed *beauties*, they provide, for the mind, a repast more pure and exquisite than what can fall to the lot of the general reader. In writers of a moral cast too, like Dr. Blair, they have a beneficial tendency, by condensing into the shape of distinct maxims, or short essays, those rules of life, and those important truths of Christianity which it is every man's business to know. They have, therefore, our decided approbation as one of the divisions of literary labour which this fertile age of authors has produced. Whatever, indeed, tends to place moral and religious instruction within the reach of the middle orders of the community, is eminently intitled to applause.

The present volume seems to be arranged with judgment and taste. Prefixed, is a sufficiently copious memoir of the author, extracted from the biographical labours of Drs. Hill and Finlayson, and a portrait of Dr. Blair.

CŒLEBS IN SEARCH OF A WIFE, *comprehending Observations on Domestic Habits and Manners, Religion and Morals. 2 vols.* 1809.

IN ascribing the present volumes to Miss Hannah More, we believe we shall not err. Report has done so already, and internal evidence corroborates that report. They neither soar above, nor fall below the standard of her compositions. They are characterised by the same defects of language, by the same copiousness of thought, and by the same profusion of scriptural application.

Cœlebs sets forth in search of a wife, with the same sober gravity as another man would to buy a mare; with more torpidity in fact, but equal circumspection. He is resolved she shall neither laugh out of place nor pray out of season; she shall not loll upon a sofa, nor talk too much; (heavens! where will he find her?)—she shall read Virgil in Latin, and yet be no pedant; she shall discourse more with her eyes than her tongue; she must not touch a piano-forte, nor venture upon the ungodliness of a song; she must refuse a peer, handsome, well-bred, well-informed, and opulent, because he denies that the heart of man can be altered by God, and yet tells her that she, by the magic influence of love, can reform his principles*: she must plant apple-trees to give away to the domestics when they get prudently married; she must carry a cup of bark every

* It is rather singular that the heroine should act from such a principle, when the authoress constantly inculcates that the deity works by *means*. Why then might not sexual love be a means in HIS hands to effect his will?

day at twelve o'clock, to an old lame gardener, and she must make him a "nice flannel waistcoat," and, we suppose, if need were, flannel drawers too; she must be a character made up of negatives; a compound of simplicity and refinement, of the manners of age grafted upon the feelings of youth; a union of piety, humility, and meekness; a saint at church, a housewife at home, a botanist in the garden, an apothecary in the village; she must be—— Ah, friend Cœlebs!

Vanity! vanity! all is vanity!

was the exclamation of him whose experience of wives was a hundredfold greater than thine.

Sed valeat res ludicra.

It is evident, that whatever moral end the writer had in expectation (as far as concerns the conjugal state) from those volumes, will not be accomplished. The fancy-invested heroine towers too loftily above human prerogative to stimulate followers; she may be gazed at as a phenomenon, but not contemplated as a model; she may be admired for what we only *suppose* her to possess; as we admire the fortitude, or dignity, or courage of any fictitious personage even while we know that it is only imaginary qualities which attract our admiration.

If, however, we estimate the present volumes as a work of fiction, and consider them, with regard to their opinions, narrative, language, and incident, there will still be room enough for remark, and opportunities for giving pleasure to our readers. The narrative, indeed, is not connected with much skill: and it is evident, that *Cœlebs* is a mere work of shreds and patches; a vehicle for desultory observations upon different topics. Personages are brought forward to make objections *merely* that they may be overthrown; they are represented as acting in a certain way, *merely* that what is thought better may shine by contrast; and they make acknowledgments of error, *merely* to exalt the writer's doctrines upon certain points. In all this, the art and contrivance are so conspicuous, so palpable, that no more pleasure is derived by the reader, from the argumentative contents, than if a master were to order his servant into the drawing-room, and bid him call a china bowl, delf, for the sake of telling him that it was porcelain. The trick is too obvious; and, as truth itself is capable of ornament, we think that some of the truths, here inculcated, might have derived additional force, had they been made to triumph over seeming good.

The author's whole power of illustration is put forth to dignify the family of Mr. Stanley, whose daughter *(Lucilla)* is the paragon that Cœlebs was hunting for. This family is quite Utopian. Its patriarchal simplicity is fascinating; but as it is unnatural, it is incongruous, and the mind is unsatisfied to find human virtue blooming in its highest perfection only in fairy ground. This defect is the more conspicuous, because Cœlebs professes to draw a picture of existing manners: his travels, in search of a wife, are supposed to take place last autumn, and recent events, and living characters, are often introduced. Had it been mere unqualified fiction, we might have been contented with the usual exaggerations of fiction. Nothing can be more unnatural and absurd than the manner in which the infant Stanleys are made to prate. Paragons of virtue, docility, and love, they are also endowed with a ridiculous precocity of intellect. They are represented as acting from principles which they cannot comprehend; and they discourse with a logical precision that insults experience. (See particularly *Vol II. p. 56*.)

When all these deductions are made from the verisimilitude of the narrative, nothing will remain to be considered but the opinions that are disseminated, the language that is employed, the characters that are delineated, and the unconnected incidents that are related; and from these sources only, have we derived the amusement which the work has afforded us. We shall, therefore, now proceed to examine, more particularly, the contents of these two volumes.

The following paragraphs of the preface will explain the origin of this work:

"When I quitted home, on a little excursion in the spring of this present year 1808, a thought struck me, which I began to put into immediate execution. I determined to commit to paper any little circumstances that might arise, and any conversations in which I might be engaged, when the subject was at all important, though there might be nothing particularly new or interesting in the discussion itself.

"I fulfilled my intention as occasions arose to furnish me with materials, and on my return to the North, in the autumn of this same year, it was my amusement on my journey, to look over and arrange these papers.

"As soon as I arrived at my native place, I lent my manuscript to a confidential friend, as the shortest way of imparting to him whatever had occurred to me during our separation, together with my reflections on those occurrences. I took care to keep his expectations low, by apprizing him, that in a tour from my own house in Westmoreland, to the house of a friend in Hampshire, he must not look for adventures, but content himself with the every day details of common life, diversified only by the different habits and tempers of the persons with whom I had conversed.

"He brought back my manuscript in a few days, with an earnest wish that I would consent to its publication, assuring me that he was of opinion it might not be altogether useless, not only to young men engaged in the same pursuit with myself, but to the general reader. He obviated all objections arising from my want of leisure, during my present interesting engagements, by offering to undertake the whole business himself, and to release me from any further trouble, as he was just setting out for London, where he proposed passing more time than the printing would require.

"Thus I am driven to the stale apology for publishing what, perhaps, it would have been more prudent to have withheld—*the importunity of friends*; an apology so commonly unfounded, and so repeatedly alledged, from the days of John Faustus to the publication of Cœlebs."

The first chapter is devoted to an examination of the *domestic* character of Eve, as depicted by Milton, and which Cœlebs would propose as a model for imitation. This is unqualified folly. Either Milton has ascribed qualities to Eve which could not belong to her in her state of innocence, or Cœlebs is ridiculous when he would recommend a modern wife to become an Eve. Our veneration for Milton leave us no hesitation which opinion to adopt.

The advantages which result from social intercourse, are well stated in the following passage:

"It must be confessed, however, as I have since found, that for giving a terseness and a polish to conversation, for rubbing out prejudices; for correcting egotism; for keeping self-importance out of sight, if not curing it; for bringing a man to condense what he has to say, if he intends to be listened to; for accustoming him to endure opposition; for teaching him not to think every man who differs from him in matters of taste, a fool, and in politics, a knave; for cutting down harangues; for guarding him from producing as novelties and inventions, what has been said a thousand times; for quickness of allusion, which brings the idea before you without detail or quotation; nothing is equal to the Miscellaneous Society of London. The advantages too, which it possesses, in being the seat of the court, the parliament, and the courts of law, as well as the common centre of arts and talents of every kind, all these raise it above every other scene of intellectual improvement, or colloquial pleasure, perhaps in the whole world."

It is amusing to read the soliloquy of this *Benedict* as he was migrating in search of his wife.

"In such a companion" said I, as I drove along in my post-chaise, "I do not want a Helen, a Saint Cecilia, or a Madame Dacier; yet she must be elegant, or I should not love her; sensible, or I should not respect her; prudent, or I could not confide in her; well-informed, or she could not educate my children; well-bred, or she could not entertain my friends; *consistent*, or I should offend the shade of my mother; pious, or I should not be happy with her, because the prime comfort in a compauion for life is the

delightful hope that she will be a companion for eternity."

There is no limit to man's expectation when he sits down to imagine how he would choose a human being to be constituted. We will confess, however, that Cœlebs deserves a wife above the ordinary stamp, if the fruit of much labour were always given to him that labours. He is a matrimonial Quixotte, roaming through society to discover an immaculate object: a nuptial alchemist intent upon discovering the philosopher's stone.

"I returned to town at the end of a few days. To a speculative stranger, a *London day* presents every variety of circumstance in every conceivable shape, of which human life is susceptible. When you trace the solicitude of the morning countenance, the anxious exploring of the morning paper, the eager interrogation of the morning guest; when you hear the dismal enumeration of losses by land, and perils by sea—taxes trebling, dangers multiplying, commerce annihilating, war protracted, invasion threatening, destruction impending—your mind catches and communicates the terror, and you feel yourself "falling with a falling state."

"But when, in the course of the very same day, you meet these gloomy prognosticators at the sumptuous, not "dinner but Hecatomb," at the gorgeous fete, the splendid spectacle; when you hear the frivolous discourse, witness the luxurious dissipation, contemplate the boundless indulgence, and observe the ruinous gaming, you would be ready to exclaim, "Am I not supping in the antipodes of that land in which I breakfasted? Surely this is a country of different men, different characters, and different circumstances. This, at least, is a place in which there is neither fear nor danger, nor want nor misery, nor war."

"If you observed the overflowing subscriptions raised, the innumerable societies formed, the committees appointed, the agents employed, the royal patrons engaged, the noble presidents provided, the palace-like structures erected; and all this to alleviate, to cure, and even, to prevent, every calamity which the indigent can suffer, or the affluent conceive; to remove not only want but ignorance; to suppress not only misery but vice—would you not exclaim with Hamlet, 'What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In action how like an angel! in compassion how like a God!'

"If you look into the whole cometlike eccentric orb of the human character; if you compared all the struggling contrariety of principle and of passion; the clashing of opinion and of action, of resolution and of performance; the victories of evil over the propensities to good; if you contrasted the splendid virtue with the disorderly vice; the exalted generosity with the selfish narrowness; the provident bounty with the thoughtless prodigality; the extremes of all that is dignified, with the excesses of all that is abject, would you not exclaim, in the very spirit of Pascal, O! the grandeur and the littleness, the excellence and the corruption, the majesty and the meanness of man!

"If you attended the debates in our great deliberative assemblies; if you heard the argument and the eloquence, 'the wisdom and the wit,' the public spirit and the disinterestedness; Curtius's devotedness to his country, and Regulus's disdain of self, expressed with all the logic which reason can suggest, and embellished with all the rhetoric which fancy can supply, would you not rapturously cry out, this is,

Above all Greek, above all Roman fame?

"But if you discerned the bitter personality, the incurable prejudice, the cutting retort, the suspicious implication, the recriminating sneer, the cherished animosity; if you beheld the interests of an empire standing still, the business of the civilized globe suspended, while two intellectual gladiators are thrusting each to give the other a fall, and to shew his own strength; would you not lament the littleness of the great, the infirmities of the good, and the weaknesses of the wise? Would you not, soaring a flight far above Hamlet or Pascal, apostrophize with the Royal Psalmist, "Lord, what is man that thou art

mindful of him, or the son of man that thou regardest him?"

In chapter viii. there is an ingenious remark upon a passage in Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination, which passage, however, he afterwards omitted in his revisal of the poem.

We fully believe, because we have experienced, the truth of the following statement;

"There is a large class of excellent female characters, who, on account of that very excellence, are little known, because to be known is not their object. Their ambition has a better taste. They pass through life honoured and respected in their own small, but not unimportant sphere, and approved by him, 'whose they are, and whom they serve,' though their faces are hardly known in promiscuous society. If they occasion little sensation abroad, they produce much happiness at home. And when once a woman who has 'all appliances and means to get it,' *can* withstand the intoxication of the flatterer, and the adoration of the fashionable; *can* conquer the fondness for public distinction, *can* resist the temptations of that magic circle to which she is courted, and in which she is qualified to shine —this is indeed a trial of firmness; a trial in which those who have never been called to resist themselves, can hardly judge of the merit of resistance in others.

"These are the women who bless, dignify, and truly adorn society. The painter indeed does not make his fortune by their sitting to him; the jeweller is neither brought into vogue by furnishing their diamonds, nor undone by not being paid for them; the prosperity of the milliner does not depend on affixing their name to a cap or a colour; the poet does not celebrate them; the novelist does not dedicate to them; but they possess the affection of their husbands, the attachment of their children, the esteem of the wise and good, and above all, they possess *his* favour, 'whom to know is life eternal.' Among these I doubt not I might have found objects highly deserving of my heart, but the injunction of my father was a sort of panoply which guarded it.

"I am persuaded that such women compose a larger portion of the sex, than is generally allowed. It is not the number, but the noise which makes a sensation, and a set of fair dependent young creatures, who are every night forced, some of them reluctantly, upon the public eye; and a bevy of faded matrons rouged and repaired for an ungrateful public, dead to their blandishments, do not compose the whole female world! I repeat it—a hundred amiable women, who are living in the quiet practice of their duties, and the modest exertion of their talents, do not fill the public eye, or reach the public ear, like one aspiring leader, who, hungering for observation, and disdaining censure, dreads not abuse but oblivion: who thinks it more glorious to head a little phalanx of fashionable followers, than to hold out, as from her commanding eminence, and imposing talents, she might have done, a shining example of all that is great, and good, and dignified in woman. These self-appointed queens maintain an absolute but ephemeral empire over that little *fantastic aristocracy* which they call the world. — Admiration besets them, crowds attend them, conquests follow them, inferiors imitate them, rivals envy them, newspapers extol them, sonnets deify them. A few ostentatious charities are opposed as a large atonement for a *few amiable weaknesses*, while the unpaid tradesman is exposed to ruin by their vengeance, if he refuse to trust them, and to a gaol if he continue to do it."

We are now arrived at the Utopian family of Mr. Stanley, those "faultless monsters that the world never saw," and now we shall find nothing but a designed and inartificial contrast of evangelical goodness and worldly wickedness. Still, however, we did not read this part of the work with the least delight. It affords the writer an opportunity of reprobating many prevailing vices, of ridiculing many existing follies, and of inculcating much practical virtue, and enforcing some important principles of conduct. We do not indeed always coincide with the religious opinions that are copiously introduced.

It would be the height of injustice to Mr. Cœlebs to withhold the pic-

ture which he has drawn of his own paragon:

"Lucilla Stanley is rather perfectly elegant than perfectly beautiful. I have seen women as striking, but I never saw one so interesting. Her beauty of countenance: it is the stamp of mind intelligibly printed on the face. It is not so much the symmetry of features, as the joint triumph of intellect and sweet temper. A fine old poet has well described her:

Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one could almost say her body thought.

Her conversation, like her countenance, is compounded of liveliness, sensibility, and delicacy. She does not say things to be quoted, but the effect of her conversation is, that it leaves an impression of pleasure on the mind, and a love of goodness on the heart. She enlivens without dazzling, and entertains without overpowering. Contented to please, she has no ambition to shine. There is nothing like effort in her expression, or vanity in her manner. She has rather a playful gaiety than a pointed wit. Of repartee she has little, and dislikes it in others; yet I have seldom met with a truer taste for inoffensive wit. Taste is indeed the predominating quality of her mind; and she may rather be said to be a nice judge of the genius of others, than to be a genius herself. She has a quick perception of whatever is beautiful or defective in composition or in character. The same true taste pervades her writing, her conversation, her dress, her domestic arrangements, and her gardening, for which last she has both a passion and a talent. Though she has a correct ear, she neither sings nor plays; and her taste is so exact in drawing, that she really seems to have *le compass dans l'œuil*; yet I never saw a pencil in her fingers, except to sketch a seat or a bower for the pleasure ground. Her notions are too just to allow her to be satisfied with mediocrity in any thing, and for perfection in many things, she thinks that life is too short, and its duties too various and important. Having five younger sisters to assist, has induced her to neglect some acquisitions, which she would have liked. Had she been an only daughter, she owns that she would have indulged a little more in the garnish and decorations of life.

"At her early age, the soundness of her judgment on persons and things cannot be derived from experience; she owes it to a *tact* so fine as enables her to seize on the strong feature, the prominent circumstance, the leading point, instead of confusing her mind and dissipating her attention, on the inferior parts of a character, a book, or a business. This justness of thinking teaches her to rate things according to their worth, and to arrange them according to their place. Her manner of speaking adds to the effect of her words, and the tone of her voice expresses with singular felicity, gaiety, or kindness, as her feelings direct, and the occasion demands. This manner is so natural, and her sentiments spring so spontaneously from the occasion, that it is obvious that display is never in her head, nor an eagerness for praise in her heart. I never heard her utter a word which I could have wished unsaid, or a sentiment I could have wished unthought.

"As to her dress, it reminds me of what Dr. Johnson once said to an acquaintance of mine, of a lady who was celebrated for dressing well. 'The best evidence that I can give you of her perfection, in this respect, is, that one can never remember what she had on.' The dress of Lucilla is not neglected, and it is not studied. She is as neat as the strictest delicacy *demands*, and as fashionable as the strictest delicacy *permits*; and her nymph-like form does not appear to less advantage for being veiled with scrupulous modesty.

"Oh! if women in general knew what was their real interest! if they could guess with what a charm even the *appearance* of modesty invests its possessor, they would dress decorously from mere self-love, if not from principle. The designing would assume modesty as an artifice, the coquet would adopt it as an allurement, the pure as her appropriate attraction, and the voluptuous as the most infallible art of seduction.

"What I admire in Miss Stanley, and what I have sometimes regretted the want of in some other women, is

that I am told she is so lively, so playful, so desirous of amusing her father and mother when alone, that they are seldom so gay as in their family party. It is then that her talents are all unfolded, and that her liveliness is without restraint. She was rather silent the two or three first days after my arrival, yet it was evidently not the silence of reserve or inattention, but of delicate propriety. Her gentle frankness and undesigning temper gradually got the better of this little shyness, and she soon began to treat me as the son of her father's friend. I very early found, than though a stranger might behold her with admiration, it was impossible to converse with her with indifference. Before I had been a week at the Grove, my precautions vanished, my panoply was gone, and yet I had not consulted Mr. Stanley."

Who does not behold in all this a fantastical association of qualities which no human being ever possessed, which no human being ever can possess? Such a combination would make their possessor unnatural, not amiable or lively; it would unfit her for social duties, by elevating her above the frailty of human nature; it would make her wretched and desolate, by establishing a barrier to which the world could not approach, and from which she could not depart. She would have, therefore, the unenviable pre-eminence of barren solitude; she would be feared without love, and admired without esteem. The misery of such excellence cannot be adequately comprehended.

It is perfectly consistent to make this fabulous being, when she first open her lips, open them to add her sanction to a religious remark of Cœlebs; but it is perfectly inconsistent to make that Cœlebs affect the language and feelings of love. We could as soon believe the thing that is most incredible as believe that a man who makes his approaches to the heart of a woman with the cold captiousness of a moralist and a divine; who enters into frigid calculations upon the temper of her mind, and the soundness of her principles; who weighs probabilities, and examines contradictions; who says to himself, after a thorough examination of his object "Now I'll love her," just as a horse-dealer, who has inspected the paces and the form and the age of a mare, says, "I'll buy her:" we would as soon believe the wildest fiction that fancy ever fabled, as believe that such a man *could* love. He might feel *esteem*; but that is a cold and torpid sensation. In chapter xviii, there is a vapid discourse about the "falling in love," in which it is mentioned, with little knowledge of nature, that love is a passion which may be admitted or rejected, fostered or repressed, at the will of the individual. As *Miss* Hannah More is a maiden lady of sixty, it is allowable in her to mistake what she cannot understand. We fear that her present state is a sad proof of the result of those principles by which she *measures* the *degrees* of love.

Notwithstanding the length of the following extract, we cannot prevail upon ourselves to abridge it, deeming it, as we do, the most finished portion of the volumes before us:—

"You cannot, Sir John, have forgotten our old London acquaintance Carlton?" No," replied he, "nor can I ever forget what I have since heard, of his ungenerous treatment of that most amiable woman, his wife. I suppose he has long ago broken her heart."

"You know," resumed Mr. Stanley, "they married not only without any inclination on either side, but on her part with something more than indifference, with a preference for another person. *She* married through an implicit obedience to her mother's will, which she had never in any instance opposed: *He*, because his father had threatened to disinherit him if he married any other woman; for as they were distant relations, there was no other way of securing the estate in the family."

"What a motive for an union so sacred and so indissoluble!" exclaimed I, with an ardour which raised a smile in the whole party. I asked pardon for my involuntary interruption, and Mr. Stanley proceeded.

"She had long entertained a partiality for a most deserving young clergyman, much her inferior in rank and fortune. But though her high sense of filial duty led her to sacrifice

this innocent inclination, and though she resolved never to see him again, and had even prevailed on him to quit the country, and settle in a distant place, yet Carlton was ungenerous and inconsistent enough to be jealous of her without loving her. He was guilty of great irregularities, while Mrs. Carlton set about acquitting herself of the duties of a wife, with the most meek and humble patience, burying her sorrows in her own bosom, and not allowing herself even the consolation of complaining.

"Among the many reasons for his dislike, her piety was the principal. He said religion was of no use but to disqualify people for the business of life; that it taught them to make a merit of despising their duties, and hating their relations; and that pride, ill-humour, opposition, and contempt for the rest of the world, were the meat and drink of all those who pretended to religion.

"At first she nearly sunk under his unkindness; her health declined, and her spirits failed. In this distress she applied to the only sure refuge of the unhappy, and took comfort in the consideration that her trials were appointed by a merciful Father to detach her from a world which she might have loved too fondly, had it not been thus stripped of its delights.

"When Mrs. Stanley, who was her confidential friend, expressed the tenderest sympathy in her sufferings, she meekly replied, 'remember who are they whose robes are washed white in the kingdom of glory, *it is they who come out of great tribulation.* I endeavour to strengthen my faith with a view of what the best Christians have suffered, and my hope with meditating on the shortness of all suffering. I will confess my weakness,' added she: 'of the various modes to patience under the ills of life, which the Bible presents, though my reason and religion acknowledge them all, there is not one which comes home so powerfully to my feelings as this,—*the time is short.*'

"Another time, Mrs. Stanley, who had heard of some recent irregularities of Carlton, called upon her, and lamenting the solitude to which she was often left for days together, advised her to have a female friend in the house, that her mind might not be left to prey upon itself by living so much alone. She thanked her for the kind suggestion, but said she felt it was wiser and better not to have a confidential friend always at hand, 'for of what subject should we talk,' said she, 'but of my husband's faults?—Ought I to allow myself in such a practice? It would lead me to indulge a habit of complaint which I am labouring to subdue. The compassion of my friend would only sharpen my feelings, which I wish to blunt. Giving vent to a flame only makes it rage the more; if suppressing cannot subdue it, at least the consciousness that I am doing my duty will enable me to support it. When we feel,' added she, 'that we are *doing* wrong, the opening our heart may strengthen our virtue; but when we are *suffering* wrong, the mind demands another sort of strength; it wants higher supports than friendship has to impart. It pours out its sorrows in prayer with fuller confidence, knowing that he who sees can sustain; that he who hears, will recompense; that he will judge, not our weakness but our efforts to conquer it; not our success but our endeavours; with him endeavour is victory.

"'The grace I most want,' added she, 'is humility. A partial friend, in order to support my spirits, would flatter my conduct: gratified with her soothing, I should, perhaps, not so entirely cast myself for comfort on God. Contented with human praise I might rest in it. Besides having endured the smart, I would not willingly endure it in vain. We know who has said, 'if you suffer with me, 'you shall also reign with me.' It is not, however, to mere suffering that the promise is addressed, but to suffering for his sake, and in his spirit.' Then turning to the Bible which lay before her, and pointing to the sublime passage of St. Paul, which she had just been reading, 'our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.' 'Pray,' said she, 'read this in connection with the next verse, which is not always done.—*When* is it that it works for us this weight of glory? *Only* 'while we are looking at the things which are not seen.' Do admire the beauty of this

position, and how the good is weighed against the evil, like two scales differently filled; the affliction is light, and but for a moment; the glory is a *weight*, and it is for *ever*. 'Tis a feather against lead, a grain of sand against the universe, a moment against eternity. Oh, how the scale which contains this world's light trouble kicks the beam, when weighed against the glory which shall be revealed.'

"At the end of two years she had a little girl; this opened to her a new scene of duties, and a fresh source of consolation. Her religion proved itself to be of the right stamp, by making her temper still more sweet, and diffusing the happiest effects through her whole character and conversation. When her husband staid out late, or even all night, she never reproached him. When he was at home, she received his friends with as much civility as if she had liked them. He found that his house was conducted with the utmost prudence, and that while she maintained his credit at his table, her personal expences were almost nothing: indeed self seemed nearly annihilated in her. He sometimes felt disappointed, because he had no cause of complaint, and was angry that he had nothing to condemn.

"As he has a very fine understanding, he was the more provoked, because he could not help seeing that her blameless conduct put him continually in the wrong. All this puzzled him. He never suspected there was a principle, out of which such consequences could grow, and was ready to attribute to insensibility, that patience which nothing short of Christian piety could have inspired. He had conceived of religion, as a visionary system of words and phrases, and concluded that from so unsubstantial a theory, it would be a folly to look for practical effects.

"Sometimes, when he saw her nursing his child, of whom he was very fond, he was almost tempted to admire the mother, who is a most pleasing figure; and now and then, when his heart was thus softened for a moment, he would ask himself, what reasonable ground of objection there was either to her mind or person?

"Mrs. Carlton, knowing that his affairs must necessarily be embarrassed, by the extraordinary expences he had incurred, when the steward brought her usual year's allowance, she refused to take more than half, and ordered him to employ the remainder on his master's account. The faithful old man was ready to weep, and could not forbear saying, 'Madam, you could not do more for a kind husband. Besides, it is but a drop of water in the ocean.' 'That drop,' said she, 'it is my duty to contribute.' When the steward communicated this to Carlton, he was deeply affected, refused to take the money, and again was driven to resort to the wonderful principle, from which such right but difficult actions could proceed."

Here I interrupted Mr. Stanley.—"I am quite of the steward's opinion," said I. "That a woman should do this and much more for the man who loved her, and whom she loved, is quite intelligible to every being who has a heart. But for a cruel, unfeeling, tyrant! I do not comprehend it.—What say you, Miss Stanley?"

"Under the circumstance you suppose," said she, blushing, "I think the woman would have no shadow of merit; her conduct would be a mere gratification, an entire indulgence of her own feelings. The triumph of affection would have been cheap; Mrs. Carlton's was the triumph of religion; of a principle which could subdue an attachment to a worthy object, and act with such generosity towards an unworthy one."

Mr. Stanley went on.—"Mrs. Carlton frequently sat up late, reading such books as might qualify her for the education of her child, but always retired before she had reason to expect Mr. Carlton, lest he might construe it into upbraiding. One night, as he was not expected to come home at all, she sat later than usual, and had indulged herself with taking her child to pass the night in her bed. With her usual earnestness she knelt down and offered up her devotions by her bedside, and in a manner particularly solemn and affecting, prayed for her husband. Her heart was deeply touched, and she dwelt on these petitions in a strain peculiarly fervent. She prayed for his welfare in both worlds, and earnestly implored that she might

be made the humble instrument of his happiness. She meekly acknowledged her own many offences: of his she said nothing.

"Thinking herself secure from interruption, her petitions were uttered aloud; her voice often faultering, and her eyes streaming with tears. Little did she suspect that the object of her prayers was within hearing of them. He had returned home unexpectedly, and coming softly into the room, heard her pious aspirations. He was inexpressibly affected. He wept, and sighed bitterly. The light from the candles on the table fell on the blooming face of the sleeping infant, and on that of his weeping wife. It was too much for him. But he had not the virtuous courage to give way to his feelings. He had not the generosity to come forward and express the admiration he felt. He withdrew unperceived, and passed the remainder of the night in great perturbation of spirit. Shame, remorse, and confusion, raised such a conflict in his mind, as prevented him from closing his eyes; while she slept in quiet, and awoke in peace."

It may be added, that this scene had its due effect upon Carlton, and that he became, gradually, a good man and an affectionate husband.

The following may be classed among the miseries of human life. We have, more than once, experienced the situation with indignation:—

"I observed to Sir John Belfield, afterwards, as we were walking together, how modestly flattering her manner was when any of us were reading! How intelligent her silence! How well bred her attention!

"'I have often contrasted it,' replied he, 'with the manner of some other ladies of my acquaintance, who are sometimes of our quiet evening party. When one is reading history, or any ordinary book aloud to them, I am always pleased that they should pursue their little employments. It amuses themselves, and gives ease and familiarity to the social circle. But while I have been reading, as has sometimes happened, a passage of the highest sublimity or most tender interest, I own I feel a little indignant to see the shuttle plied with as eager assiduity, as if the destinies themselves were weaving the thread. I have known a lady take up the candlestick to search for her netting-pin in the midst of Cato's soliloquy; or stoop to pick up her scissars, while Hamlet says to the ghost, 'I'll go no further.' I remember another who would whisper across the table to borrow silk while Lear has been raving in the storm, or Macbeth starting at the spirit of Banquo; and make signs for a thread-paper, while Cardinal Beaufort 'dies, and makes no sigh.' Nay, once I remember when I was with much agitation hurrying through the gazette of the battle of Trafalgar, while I pronounced, almost agonized, the last memorable words of the immortal Nelson, I heard one lady whisper to another that she had broke her needle.'

"'It would be difficult to determine,' replied I, 'whether this inattention most betrays want of sense, of feeling, or of good breeding. The habit of attention should be carefully formed in early life, and then the mere force of custom would teach these ill bred women 'to assume the virtue if they have it not.'"

There is a curious instance of false reasoning at page 355, vol. i.—Mr. Stanley does not permit his daughters to make notes of the sermon when at church, because the mechanical act of writing would disturb the attention; yet he exacts of them, in the evening, an abstract of the discourse, forgetting that the effort of committing to memory in the anticipation of being examined, as effectually disturbs the attention, and interrupts the general effect of the sermon, as that of writing.

There is much of religious cant in these volumes. We do not wish to discredit religion; but its obtrusion on every petty occasion, and a vain effort after evangelical purity, are more likely to injure than to benefit its cause. Inconsistency is another powerful enemy that it too often has to struggle with; and we were surprized to find the writer of this work, who uniformly inculcates the very spirit of christianity to be infused into our conduct, wishing for the existence of a "political good," that was both "religiously bad" and "morally defective."—vol. i. p. 410.

[*To be continued.*]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ODE TO SPRING.

REVIVING SPRING! once more I hail
Thy welcome visage in the vale:
With kindling rapture I behold
The beauties which thy scenes unfold!
The angry blast, that howl'd around,
When clouds obscur'd the blue profound;
The flakes of snow, which fill'd the air,
When all was desolate and bare;
No more are seen; but rising flow'rs,
Unclouded skies, and genial show'rs,
Prevail with unmolested sway,
And drive stern Winter's frowns away.

T'enjoy thy beauties, I will rove,
With eager steps, to yonder grove;
For there, O darling Season, there
I may, with breast devoid of care,
Feel the strong charms thy scenes inspire,
And chaunt them with a minstrel's fire!
Or, at this sentimental hour
Indulge reflection's solemn pow'r.

Lo! as I pass these fields along,
What charms invite the pow'r of song:—
Cowslips, that range, with bashful mien,
In bright parade along the green;
Wrap'd in broad leaves, the primrose pale,
The fondled favorite of the vale,
Which, rudely pluck'd in hamlets, there
Is nurs'd with emulative care;
The verdant thorn, in fences found,
With fragrant beauties fairly crown'd,
With which the nymphs and swains adorn
Their rosy brows on May's first morn,
And whence, ere all its flow'rs are flown,
I'll steal a chaplet for my own.

Now let me close the bright detail,
For lo! superior charms prevail:
The Grove, where blooming objects throng,
Redeems the notice of my song. [grace,
Sweet Spring! here, flush'd with vernal
I fairly see thy smiling face;
And Oh! with crowds of beauties blest,
What throbbing transports fire my breast!
Wak'd by each soft prolific breeze,
The bursting blooms adorn the trees,
Which, gaily clad in livery bright,
Awake a flame of pure delight
Within my breast, and bid me tell
What charms, O Spring! can thine excel
Here golden king-cups spangle o'er
The ground, so fair with frost before;
And daisies bright, of every hue,
Here paint the green, and charm the view;
The crocus here loves to unfold
Its ample blooms of vivid gold;
Shelter'd with verdure as it blows,
The violet to the wind bestows
From those warm banks its rich perfume,
Which with glad haste the gales consume.
Here, close entwin'd on poplars tall,
The woodbine's taper blossoms fall;
And the wild rose blooms bright and fair,
To fill with sweets the gentle air:
O Spring! for once, I rashly vow
I'll pluck the glories from thy brow:
Yes! I will plunder every thorn,
My Sylvia's bosom to adorn;
For surely on that beauteous place
A rose may bloom with equal grace.

But hark! from green savannahs near,
What pleasing murmurs meet mine ear:
How soft the mingled notes arise!
What tender calls! what sweet replies!
'Tis yon fair train that lures my song,
And would the pleasing theme prolong.
O liberal Spring! now all around
Thy wholesome verdure clothes the ground;
The bleating flocks, with rapture bold,
Burst the weak barriers of the fold,
In every meadow browse thy wealth,
And suck the new-born gale of health.

From poplars, which surround the grove,
What strains delight me while I rove!
The feather'd warblers tune their praise
To bounteous Heav'n in grateful lays;
They feel, O Spring! thy genial sway,
And sing thy joys from every spray.
But one amongst the warbling throng
Excels them in the pow'r of song:—
The skylark! who, with seeming pain,
Pours floods of music o'er the plain;
While high she soars on balanc'd wings,
She lifts her head to Heav'n and sings,
In fancy to her God appeals,
And thanks him for the joy she feels.
Let man survey, with bashful eye,
The little lark, who soars so high,
To pay her tribute to the sky!
Ungrateful Man! although is giv'n
To him these blooming gifts of Heav'n,
Though from each copse, each grove, and [bow'r
Thy beauties in profusion pour;
Mark what indiff'rence clouds his air!
What dull designs his looks declare!
No beams of rapture fire his soul,
No charms his passions can controul!

But soft, my Muse! or some defame
Without exemption thus to blame:
There's one my censure freely spares,
For hark! a song his joy declares:—
The cheerful Ploughman! in whose breast
Content and peace are wont to rest.
O'er the brown glebe in yonder vale
He rudely chaunts the choral tale:
He feels, O Spring! in every vein
Thy quick'ning pow'r, and sings amain
To bounteous Heav'n with pious glee,
Inspir'd by freedom, love, and thee!

But, O sweet Spring! my ardour dies,
My fancy sinks, my spirit flies,
When I reflect, in grove and glade,
How soon thy peerless charms must fade;
How soon, when thy soft gales are past,
Usurping Summer's tainting blast,
Shall tarnish every flow'r that blows—
The Pink, the Lily, and the Rose!
Ah! then no more in this green shade,
By art and nature jointly made,
Shall I regale my raptur'd eyes
On charms unmatch'd below the skies.
No more! sad thought, it wounds my heart,
To think how soon I'm doom'd to part
From every joy that I have sung
With transport and a glowing tongue.—
Then tell me, Spring! whom I adore,
What happy pow'r shall I implore
To recompense thy loss, and bring
The graces of a perish'd Spring!
Can Memory's pow'r thy charms redeem?
Yes, I am cheer'd by Hope's fair beam!
When thou, with all thy train, art flown,
And Summer's breath pollutes thy throne,
Memory, from all intrusion free,
Shall oft revert my thoughts to thee;
Bring to my view my cloudless skies,
And bid recover'd beauties rise!
Then every flow'r that decks the glade,
And all the verdure of the shade,
Again shall flourish to mine eye,
Since Memory can thy loss supply.

As some sad nymph, whose charmer braves,
With dauntless soul, the wind and waves,
(Left by the youth her heart adores
To sorrow, on forsaken shores),
Plucks from her bosom, swoll'n with pain,
The well-drawn semblance of her swain,
Where all his charms in colours glow,
To yield sweet solace to her woe;
So in thy absence, Spring! I'll wear
The portrait of a nymph so fair
Within my breast; and this shall be
THE MINIATURE OF MEMORY.

WILLIAM TUCKER.

Tilshead, Wiltshire Downs,
March 29th, 1809.

TO THE SNOW-DROP.

BY JOHN MAYNE,

Author of the Poems of "Glasgow," and the "Siller Gun."

FIRST of the Spring, that smiles on me,
I pay my early court to thee!
But, well-a-day! how chang'd the scene
Since, erst, I hail'd thee on the green!
Then, Life and Love were in their prime—
Then, Winter smil'd like Summer-time!
Now, Life and Love are on the wing—
Now, Winter riots in the Spring!
And, e'en in Summer, nought I see
But drizzling show'rs, and blights, for me;
With frequent coffins passing by—
Sad monitors that Death is nigh!

Oh! when that solemn hour shall come
Which seals my passport to the tomb,
Be Faith, and Resignation, mine,
And, that sweet soother—Hope divine!

First of the Spring, that smiles on me,
Again I pay my court to thee!
May no rude hand profane thy sweets—
No caitiff bawl thee through the streets!
Or, if thou art displanted there,
To grace the bosom of the Fair,
O! teach Simplicity to them,
Who never knew the peerless gem!
Bid Beauty emulate the bee,
And gather sweets from flow'rs like thee!
Tell those by Error led astray,
That Wisdom is the only way
Which leads to purity like thine—
Which leads to ev'ry Grace divine!

"We are fickle in our friendships from "the facility of admiring and the difficulty "of approving."

LINES,

Addressed to a Young Gentleman, previously to his sailing for the West Indies.

FAREWEL, dear Youth! whose manners unconfin'd,
Bespeak a pure ingenuousness of soul;
May every current of the dubious wind,
Still waft thee nearer to the wish'd for goal!

And when the moon exalts her splendid light—
When twinkling orbs the circling heavens display,
On Fancy's wings I'll mount the throne of night,
To watch the vessel plough the liquid way:

Then will I cast a kind, enchanted eye,
On him, whose senses with affection swell;
Who, listening to the music of the sky,
Shall bless Menander and his plaintive shell:

Blow soft ye winds! — ye seas benignant roll!
Bear safe Eugenio to the wish'd-for goal!

G. S. T. C. R. April, 1809.

THE NEW PATENTS.

Mr. E. THOMASON's, *(Birmingham) for a new Method of manufacturing Umbrellas, Parasols, &c.*

THE hearth is brush made upon this principle, and at present much used. The patentee's object has been to conceal the brush part, by means of a convenient apparatus, excepting during the time of its using. The same principle being applied to the parasol and umbrella, the spreading part of the latter, when not used as a defence against the weather, is concealed in a walking stick. Though the head of the cane, stick, &c. containing this apparatus is rather larger than those of common walking sticks.

Mr. JOSEPH CUFF's, *(Whitechapel) for a new method of slaughtering Cattle.*

THE animals, hogs, &c. intended to be killed in this manner, are kept in a kind of pen in the slaughter-house; two, if not three, persons are employed in this new mode of killing. One is to catch the animal, or, by some other manœuvre, to fasten a rope or hook on one or both its hind legs; another person is then, by means of a pulley and a wheel, or other apparatus, to draw the beast up to a certain height, while a third person is to fix the rope on the tenter-hooks, and while thus suspended with its head downwards, the animal's throat is to be cut.

The patentee asserts, that the meat is better by this mode of slaughter than that which is killed in the usual way. It is not believed that much improvement can result from a mere alteration of the position of the animal, beyond that of divesting it more speedily and more completely of its blood.

Mr. THOMAS's, *(Featherstone Buildings) for a perforated Vessel, Percolator, and Frame for preparing portable Coffee.*

THE principal part of this machine is an urn, furnished with a cock for drawing off its contents, which is also the receiver of the beverage, prepared from the material coffee, by means of hot or boiling water, made to pass through it. To render the urn effective, a number of small perforations are made in the upper part of it, calculated to release the confined and rarefied air, these being open while the percolation is going on; and are so contrived that they are covered at the same time, and with the same cover as the large aperture, or mouth of the urn, upon the removal of the percolator. Thus the urn becomes a close vessel, when the percolation is completed, from which, neither the finer qualities, nor essence of the coffee, nor its heat, can escape by evaporation. The percolator, or small box, containing the coffee in its pulverized state, prevents its rising and mingling with the water, when poured in the cylinder, and is the medium through which the water passes into the urn, where it assumes the character of portable coffee. The bottom of the percolator is pierced in the same way as its cover. The cylinder is a tube, superadded to the urn and percolator. The stand, or frame, is calculated to elevate and support a vessel at a proper height, from whence its contents are discharged by means of a cock, when not constructed in the common form of urns.

The patentee has reserved to himself, the exclusive right of modifying and varying the application of these principles and improvements, according to circumstances.

Mr. W. SHOTWELL's, *(of North America) for certain Improvements in the manufacturing of Mustard. Communicated to him by a Foreigner.*

THE process is described as follows:—Mustard bran, or the offal of mustard, is taken after as much mustard-flour has been taken out as is done by any of the modes now or heretofore used. This bran is wetted with water, and then ground between horizontal stones, or triturated any other way at pleasure; after which it is immersed in a considerable quantity of water, stirring it well; then the most ponderous bran is suffered to subside. This done, and whilst the flour is yet suspended, all that is

above the bran is drawn off into a flannel, or other suitable strainer, placed over a vat, which vat is to have a lutch at its bottom. This strainer serves to filter the mustard, and prevents any particles of bran, or other foreign substance from passing into the vat. In this vat the mustard flour is suffered to precipitate. The water is then drawn off from the flour as close as possible: this done, all that can is drawn off from below the lutch, making use of the same water for succeeding parcels as often as it is found to answer. The mustard now being of proper consistency is preserved in the common method. During the process it is highly necessary to keep the air from the mustard, and to complete it as quick as possible.

To make dry mustard from bran, after as much mustard-flour has been taken from it as is done by any of the modes used, the coles of India corn broken small, mixed with mustard bran, are taken, ground in a corn mill, or comminuted in any other way. It is then sifted, and these processes repeated as often as found profitable. A variety of other substances are used to mix with the bran. Wheat flour has been mixed with this mustard bran previously worked as above, comminuted and sifted as often as found advantageous. The quantity of flour, or other appropriate substance to be used, must be in proportion to the richness of the bran, and can only be ascertained by a little observation.

With respect to patent mustard, it has been justly observed, "the shameful adulteration of all articles in much use, calls loudly for the interference of government. Drugs of various kinds are now so much damaged in this way, that medicines frequently have no effect, or act very differently from what was intended. Formerly such practices were performed in secret; but now such is the effrontery of these corrupters, that an article is openly sold for the sole purpose of adulterating pepper, under the name of '*hot P.D.*' made of ground capsicum pods, and some foreign wood of the colour of pepper, finely pulverized. Still no person, before the American Mustard *Improver*, ever had a patent for selling an article to adulterate and debase the necessaries of life. We are even told by him, that the mixture of *maize* flower may be used by itself, or *be mixed with genuine mustard*. Maize flower, because of its yellow colour, renders it more similar to mustard.

"Notwithstanding the abuses of this nature, there is a proviso in every patent which renders it void, or contrary, if it contains any thing *prejudicial* or *inconvenient* to his Majesty's subjects. Surely the health of the people is not knowingly and wilfully to be bartered by the patent managers, like places and appointments, for money! If government will not protect us from these deceptions, it should at least not appear to authorize them."

TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED & ECONOMICAL SOCIETIES.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

A Method of hastening the Maturation of Grapes. By John Williams, Esq. in a Letter to the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. K.B. P.R.S.

SIR,

IT is a fact well known to gardeners, that *vines*, when exposed in this climate to the open air, although trained to walls with southern aspects, and having every advantage of judicious culture, yet in the ordinary course of our seasons ripen their fruit with difficulty. This remark, however, though true in general, admits of some exceptions; for I have occasionally seen trees of the common *white muscadine*, and *black cluster grapes*, that have matured their fruit very well, and earlier by a fortnight or three weeks, than others of the same kinds, and apparently possessing similar advantages of soil and aspect.

The *vines* that ripened the fruit thus early, I have generally remarked, were old trees having trunks eight or ten feet high, before their bearing branches commenced. It occurred to me, that this disposition to ripen early, might be occasioned by the dryness and rigidity of the vessels of the old trunk obstructing the circulation of that portion of the sap which is supposed to descend from the leaf. And to prove whether or not my

conjectures were correct, I made incisions through the bark on the trunks of several vines growing in my garden, removing a circle of bark from each, and thus leaving the naked alburnum above an inch in breadth completely exposed; this was done in the months of June and July. The following autumn the fruit growing on these trees came to great perfection, having ripened from a fortnight to three weeks earlier than usual; but in the succeeding spring the vines did not shoot with their accustomed vigour, and I found that I had injured them by exposing the alburnum unnecessarily.

Last summer these experiments were repeated; at the end of July, and beginning of August, I took annual excisions of bark from the trunks of several of my vines, and that the exposed alburnum might be again covered with new bark by the end of autumn, the removed circles were made rather less than a quarter of an inch in width. Two vines of the *white Frontiniac*, in similar states of growth, being trained near to each other on a south wall, were selected for trial; one of these was experimented on, (if I may use the term,) the other was left in its natural state, to form a standard of comparison. When the circle of bark had been removed about a fortnight, the berries on the experimented tree began evidently to swell faster than those on the other, and by the beginning of September showed indications of approaching ripeness, while the fruit of the unexperimented tree continued green and small. In the beginning of October, the fruit on the tree that had the bark removed from it, was quite ripe, the other only just began to show a disposition to ripen, for the bunches were shortly afterwards destroyed by the autumnal frosts. In every case in which circles of bark were removed, I invariably found that the fruit not only ripened earlier, but the berries were considerably larger than usual, and more highly flavoured.

The effects thus produced, I can account for only by adopting Mr. Knight's theory of the downward circulation of the sap, the truth of which these experiments, in my opinion, tend strongly to confirm. I therefore imagine by cutting through the cortex and liber without wounding the alburnum, that the descent of that portion of the sap which has undergone preparation in the leaf, is obstructed and confined in the branches situated above the incision; consequently the fruit is better nourished, and its maturation hastened. It is certainly a considerable point gained in the culture of the vine, to be able to bring the fruit to perfection, by a process so simple, and so easily performed. But lest there should be any misconception in the foregoing statement, I will briefly describe the exact method to be followed by any person who may be desirous of trying this mode of ripening grapes. The best time for performing the operation on vines growing in the open air is towards the end of July, or beginning of August, and it is a material point, not to let the removed circle of bark be too wide: from one to two eighths of an inch will be a space of sufficient width; the exposed alburnum will then be covered again with new bark before the following winter, so that there will be no danger of injuring the future health of the tree.

It is not of much consequence in what part of the tree the incision is made, but in case the trunk is very large, I should then recommend, that the circles be made in the smaller branches.

It is to be observed, that all shoots which come out from the root of the vine, or from the front of the trunk situated *below* the incision, must be removed as often as they appear, unless bearing wood is particularly wanted to fill up the lower part of the wall, in which case one or two shoots may be left.

Vines growing in forcing houses are equally improved in point of size and flavour, as well as made to ripen earlier by taking away circles of bark: the time for doing this, is when the fruit is set, and the berries are about the size of small shot. The removed circles may here be made wider than on vines growing in the open air, as the bark is sooner removed in forcing houses, owing to the warmth and moisture in those places. Half an inch will not be too great a width to take off in a circle from a vigorous

growing vine, but I do not recommend the operation to be performed at all on weak trees.

I think that this practice might be extended to other fruit, so as to hasten their maturity, especially figs, in which there is a most abundant flow of returning sap; and it demonstrates to us, why old trees are more disposed to bear fruit than young ones. Miller informs us, that the vineyards in Italy are thought to improve every year by age, till they are 50 years old. It therefore appears to me, that nature, in the course of time, produces effects similar to what I have above recommended to be done by art. For as trees become old, the returning vessels do not convey the sap into the roots, with the same facility they did when young: thus, by occasionally removing circles of bark, we only anticipate the process of nature; in both cases a stagnation of the true sap is obtained in the fruiting branches, and the redundant nutriment then passes into the fruit.

I have sometimes found that after the circle of bark has been removed, *a small portion of the inner bark has adhered to the alburnum:* it is of the utmost importance to remove this, though ever so small, otherwise in a very short space of time, the communication is again established with the root, and little or no effect produced. Therefore, in about ten days after the first operation has been performed, I generally look at the part from whence the bark was removed, and separate any small portion, which may have escaped the knife the first time.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN WILLIAMS.

Pitmaston, Worcestershire.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE liquor found in the intervertible joint of the basking shark, has been analized by Mr. Brandé, and found to be almost entirely animal mucus, or mucilage, without either gluten or albumen.

A long memoir was read on the 9th of March, on the nature and modifications of coloured concentric rings, exhibited in glasses brought into contact, by Dr. Herschell. It is impossible to give any adequate idea of the numerous and diversified experiments performed by this indefatigable philosopher, as his narative of them is divided into more than sixty sub-divisions. By the way, various other optical phœnomena, relating to coloured rays, chromatics, and refraction, were incidentally illustrated.

On the 22d, an account of experiments on Brazilian platina, by Dr. Wollaston, was read. It has some external characters different from that of Peru; it is brighter, flat, not rounded off at the corners, and has not the *worn* aspect of the latter, and contains a small quantity of gold, which was not found in the platina of Estremadura. Dr. W's. specimen was too small to admit of his ascertaining the exact proportions of native palladium, gold and platina; though on the dissolution of the palladium apart, some sensible traces of iridium were discovered; and the Doctor supposes that when sufficiently large specimens of the Brazilian platina are received, it will be found to contain not only palladium and gold, but also iridium and osmium, like the Peruvian platina.

WERNERIAN NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

MR. P. NEILL read a description of a rare species of whale, stranded near Alloa, last October. It was 43 feet long; had a small dorsal fin very low down the back; longitudinal folds in the skin of the thorax; short whalebone *(fanons)* in the upper jaw; the under jaw, somewhat wider, and a very little longer than the upper; both jaws rather acuminated, the under one ending in a sharp point proceeding from a twisted bony ridge on the lower side. Hence, he thought, that La Cepede had fallen into an error, in saying that this species of the *Baleinoptera acuto-rostrata*, never exceeds 26 or 29 feet in length.

Copies of affidavits were laid before the same meeting, which had been made before the justices of the peace at Kirkwall, in Orkney, by several persons who saw and examined the carcase of the great Sea Snake, cast

ashore in Stronsa, in October last, with illustrative remarks.

An instance of remarkable intrepidity displayed by an old male and female otter, at the river Dart, near Totness, Devonshire, in defending their young, was also read, though the otter is generally reckoned a very timid animal. This was communicated by Mr. Laskey, of Crediton.

Mr. Laskey, at present with his regiment in Scotland, being also an eminent conchologist, presented to the Society a very valuable and well arranged collection of British shells, and a curious mineral from New Holland.

Dr. Yule read an interesting memoir on the natural order Graminæ, with introductory observations on the monocotyledonous plants, &c. and undertook to continue the subject in a future paper.

Captain Laskey laid before the Society a list of the Scottish Testacea, the most ample catalogue of this kind hitherto formed; containing 126 species of multative and bivalve, and 142 species of univalve shells; in all, 268.

George Montagu, Esq. of Knowel-House, Devon, read a description of a nondescript fish, five feet long, taken on the Devonshire coast last summer. It must constitute a new genus in the apodal order; and Mr. M. has given it the generic name of *Ziphotheca*, and the specific one of *tretradens*. He likewise supplied descriptions of four rare species of English fishes, with correct and elegant drawings of the whole. Mr. M. also presented the Society at the same time, with copies of his Testacea Britannica, and supplement, three volumes quarto, with coloured plates, and his Ornithological Dictionary, two volumes octavo.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE unfortunate predilection which the people of England have so long entertained for the works of foreign artists, we trust, is fast wearing away, and this happy change is owing to the rising merit of our professors, and a liberal disposition on the part of the public to call forth and encourage all the energies of native genius. Since the opening of the Gallery in Pall Mall (for the present season), nearly thirty pictures have been already sold, and, on terms highly creditable to the talents of the several artists, and no less honourable to the purchasers. As these patriotic individuals merit the warmest thanks of the whole nation, for the preference they have given to the works of Englishmen, we subjoin a list of their names, as a grateful record of their virtues, patriotism, and judgment:—

Lady Lucas.	R. P. Knight, Esq.
Marquis of Stafford,	Thomas Hope, Esq.
Marquis of Blandford,	H. P. Hope, Esq.
	John Green, Esq.
Earl of Carlisle,	Robert Ashby, Esq.
Earl Grosvenor,	G. W. Leeds, Esq.
Earl of Aylesford,	Wm. Chamberlayne, Esq.
Lord Kinnaird,	
Hon. Wm. Maule,	C. Griffin, Esq.
Rev. Dr. Cookes,	W. Ogilvie, Esq.
Ridley Colborne, Esq.	J. Blackburn, Esq.
Rev. Mr. Richards,	

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Method of preserving Fruit without Sugar, for Home Use, or Sea Stores.

THIS is the discovery of Mr. Thomas Saddington, of Lower Thames-street, who, with his communication to the Society, enclosed a box containing the following fruits in bottles, preserved *without* sugar; viz. apricots, gooseberries, currants, raspberries, cherries, Orleans plums, green-gages, damsons, and Siberian crabs; but the same mode is applicable to all English fruits. Mr. S. describes the process which he uses, to the following effect:—

The bottles for this purpose are selected from the widest necked of those which are used for wine or porter, these being the cheapest. Being properly cleaned, and the fruit, which should not be too ripe, ready picked, the bottles are to be filled as full as they will hold, to admit the cork going in; the fruit while they are filling, is to be frequently shook down. The corks afterwards must be so lightly stuck into the bottles as to be taken out easily when the fruit is lightly scalded, which may be done in a copper, a kettle, or sauce-pan, over the fire, first putting a coarse cloth of

any kind at the bottom, to prevent the heat from cracking the bottles. Then the copper, the kettle, &c. is to be filled with cold water sufficiently high for the bottles to be nearly up to the top of it. They are to be put in sideways, to expel the air contained in the cavity, under the bottom of the bottle. If the copper is used, care must be taken that the bottles do not touch the bottom or sides of the copper, which would endanger their bursting. Then the heat must be increased gradually, till it comes to about 170 degrees, by a brewing thermometer, which generally requires about three quarters of an hour.—Those who have not such a thing, may judge of the proper degree of heat when the water feels very hot, but not hot enough to scald the fingers. If too hot, a little cold water may be added to temper it. When the heat is proper, it must be kept at the same degree for about half an hour longer, which will always be long enough, as a longer time, or greater heat, will crack the fruit.—While the bottles are thus getting in heat, a tea-kettle full of water must be got ready, boiling, by the time the fruit is done. If one fire only is used, the kettle containing the bottles must be removed half off the fire, when it is at the full heat required, to make room for boiling the water in the tea-kettle. As soon as the fruit is properly scalded, and the water boiling, take the bottles out of the water one at a time, and fill them within an inch of the cork, with the boiling water out of the tea-kettle. Cork them down immediately, doing it gently, but very tight, but you must not shake them by driving the cork, as that will endanger the bursting of the bottles. When corked, the bottles must be laid down on their sides, as by that means the cork keeps swelled, and prevents the air escaping out. When cold, the bottles may be removed to any convenient place of keeping.—During the first month or two, it will be necessary to turn them a little round, once or twice a week, to prevent the fermentation that will arise from some fruits, from forming into a crust. By thus properly attending to the fruit, and keeping it moist with the water, no mould will ever take place. Afterwards it may be necessary to turn the bottles round once or twice a month, only.

In order to diversify the degree of heat, Mr. S. states, that he has done some fruits in 190 degrees of it, and continued them in it for three quarters of an hour; but this heat he found too powerful, and the time too long, as the fruit by these means was reduced to a pulp. In 1807, he preserved 95 bottles of fruit, the expense of which, exclusive of bottles and corks, was 1*l.* 9*s.* 5½*d.* or, upon an average, about 4½*d.* a bottle. In winter, they may amount to 1*s.* per bottle. The vessel for scalding the fruit in, should be a long wooden trough of six, eight, or ten feet in length: two or three in breadth, and one in depth; fitted with laths across, to keep the bottles upright. This trough of water is to have the heat communicated to it by steam, through a pipe from a closed boiler at a distance; or if the boiling water wanted to fill the bottles with, is conveyed through a pipe and a cock over the trough, many hundreds of bottles might be done this way in a short time. Five guineas were voted by the Society to Mr. Saddington for his communication.

They have lately had their annual election of officers in the great room in the Adelphi. Six members were put in nomination for the vice presidents in the room of the Earl of Liverpool, (deceased) and T. Rowcroft, Esq. alderman, (resigned). The candidates were, his Grace the Duke of Bedford, Marquis of Stafford, J. J. Angerstein, Esq. J. C. Curwen, M.P. Thomas Hope, Esq. and Richard Wilson, Esq. The Duke of Bedford was elected in room of the Earl of Liverpool, and J. C. Curwen, M.P. instead of Alderman Rowcroft. In the ballot for chairman of the several committees, E. Bancroft, M.D. was elected chairman of the Committee on Correspondence and Papers, in the place of A. Tilloch, Esq. (resigned). In the Committee of Polite Arts, J.C. Chambers, Esq. instead of J. Flaxman, Esq. R. A. (resigned). In Mechanics, T. Gill, Esq. for T. Jones, Esq. Dr. C. Taylor, secretary; Mr. T. Woodfall, assistant secretary; Miss A. B. Cockings, house-keeper; and Mr. Robert Elwin, were also re-elected according

to annual custom. The anniversary dinner of the Society, was afterwards held at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, where his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, president of the Society, took the chair. In the course of the evening, several appropriate toasts were drunk, and Dignum, with other professional singers, joined their vocal talents to support the conviviality of the company. Many of the noble vice presidents of the Society were present.

VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL;

With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.

DR. CAREY has in the press, and will speedily publish, an easy and familiar introduction to "*English Prosody and Versification*," on a novel but simple plan, which he has for some time successfully pursued with his private pupils, and lately introduced into the female seminary at Canonbury, Islington. Besides descriptions and analyses of the different species of English verse, with preparatory exercises in scanning, it contains practical exercises in versification, progressively accommodated to the various capacities of youth in the successive stages of scholastic education; the whole calculated to produce correctness of ear and taste in reading or writing poetry.—For the convenience of teachers, a "KEY" to the exercises will be added.—Dr. Carey is also preparing for the press an easy introduction to "*Latin Versification*," on a nearly similar plan.

Mr. W. Cooke is engaged in a series of beautiful engravings from drawings, by Owen, of the Thames, or Graphic Illustrations of Seats, Villas, Public Buildings, and Picturesque Scenery, on the banks of that noble River. With an account of its local History, and a description of its different views.

The British Georgics, a poem, will shortly be published, written by Mr. Grahame, author of the Sabbath, &c.

Dr. Rutherforth's Ancient History, in two volumes duodecimo, is reprinting for the use of schools.

Mr. Maurice has nearly concluded his last volume of the History of Indostan.

Matthew Montague, Esq. M.P. intends to publish Letters of Mrs. Elizabeth Montague, with several others, by her correspondents.

Mr. Rose has announced his intention of shortly publishing some strictures on Mr. Fox's History of the Stuarts, appended to Sir P. Hume's Narrative of the Enterprize under the command of the Duke of Argyle, in 1685.

The first volume of a new Annual Register is about to be published at Edinburgh.

Mr. Fenton's long expected Tour through Pembrokeshire, is in considerable forwardness. It will be embellished with views of all the principal seats and ruins, drawn chiefly by Sir Richard Hoare, and engraved by Storer and Greig, forming one large quarto volume. However, it is only intended as the first of a Series of Tours through North and South Wales, upon the same plan.

A gentleman of the University of Oxford is about to publish a Selection from the Gentleman's Magazine, under the heads of—History and Antiquities—Ancient and Modern Literature—Criticism and Philology—Philosophy and Natural History—Letters to and from Eminent Persons—Miscellaneous Articles, &c. Gibbon, the historian, thought, if those articles in that work, which are of real value, were properly chosen and classed, they might revive to great advantage, in a new publication of a moderate size.

A Series of Letters on Canada are in the press, from the pen of a gentleman lately resident in that part of America. They give a faithful description of its people, their manners, laws, customs, productions, trade, &c.

No less than five considerable Cyclopædias are publishing at this present time; an instance unprecedented in the sphere of British Literature. The first of these is the great English Cyclopædia, edited by Dr. Rees, and to be completed in about thirty volumes quarto, at sixty guineas. II. The Encyclopædia Londinensis,

edited by Mr. Wilks, its proprietor, to extend to about twenty volumes quarto, at the price of forty guineas. III. The Encyclopædia Britannica, edited by Dr. G. Gleig, extending to twenty volumes quarto, at the price of thirty guineas. IV. The Pantologia, edited by Mr. Good, to extend to ten volumes royal octavo, at the price of twenty guineas. V. The Edinburgh Encyclopædia, conducted by Dr. Brewster, not to exceed ten volumes quarto, price nine guineas. To these may be added the two volumes lately completed by Dr. George Gregory, price six guineas; and Nicholson's Encyclopædia, in six closely printed volumes, octavo, price six guineas; besides the Archives of Universal Science, Enfield's New Encyclopædia, &c. &c.

An edition of Barlow's Columbiad, in royal octavo, is in the press. The original is a very magnificent and expensive quarto, and of these, owing to the interrupted state of communication with America, it is said there were only one copy in England.

Some of the London booksellers have announced a Collection of Novels, to be edited by Mrs. Barbauld. They are already proprietors of some of the best productions of this kind; of course this collection will contain every work of merit in that department.

Mr. James Macdonald, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Caithness Fencibles, who was shipwrecked between Denmark and Sweden, in November last, intends to publish an account of his travels through those countries, subsequent to that period. He left Gottenburgh on the 13th of March, 1809.

The celebrated Russian Navigator, Krusenstern, has obtained leave of absence from his office, at the Board of Admiralty, in order to prepare for the press an account of his voyages and discoveries, which is to be published in the Russian language.

A splendid portrait, from a celebrated picture by A.W. Devis, Esq. of Colonel Wardle, engraved by R. Dunkarton, size 14 by 20 inches, will appear early in May.

Mr. Pilton, of King's Road, Chelsea, has been employed in constructing elastic wire fences, which divide lawns or parks, without interrupting the view. They are stretched horizontally about nine inches asunder, through small iron stancheons, which are fixed at intervals of seven feet. These fences are usually under four feet high; but when intended to keep in deer, they may be two feet higher. Deer, it seems, appear to avoid them as if they were snares. The grounds of her Majesty at Frogmore, and several noblemen's parks have been provided with those fences, and they are found to be of sufficient strength to exclude the largest and strongest cattle. At the distance of about seventy yards, these fences can no longer be seen distinctly, so that they do not in the least interrupt prospects, and for this reason they may be run in straight lines. And it does not appear that the expence attending this improvement, unless we reckon its tendency to throw hedgers, &c. *out of employ*, can be any hindrance to its adoption.

The method of making brushes from whalebone, besides giving a fresh spur to national industry in promoting the utility of the Greenland trade, will operate as an excellent substitute for the want of bristles that used to come from Russia. It is not less a fact, that some substitute is wanting in the metropolis, for deal wood, too commonly used in lighting fires.

A gentleman has discovered a vegetable product of British growth, which, by particular management, may prove an excellent substitute for foreign coffee. This is the *iris pseudacorus*, flower de luce, or common yellow water flag; the seeds of which, being roasted in the same manner as coffee, very much resemble it in colour and flavour, but have something more of a saccharine odour, approaching to that of extract of liquorice. Coffee made of these seeds in the proportion of half an ounce, or an ounce, to a pint of boiling water, is extremely wholesome and nutritious.

Infallible Cure for a Sore Throat.—Take a pint of vinegar, and an ounce of myrrh; boil them well together for about half an hour, and then pour the liquid into a tea-pot. Then let the mouth of the patient be placed over it, so that the hot vapour shall ascend to the throat. Let this be renewed every quarter of an hour till the cure is effected.

The chewing of transverse sections of horse radish, like lozenges, is a quick and infallible cure for hoarseness, loss of voice, and catarrhal disorders.

New species of Wasp.—A species of wasp, which builds its nests in trees, has lately been observed in different parts of this country, and was frequently met with during the last summer in the West Riding of Yorkshire. It appears to be a new introduction, and is supposed to have been brought across the Atlantic into some of the ports on the western shore of the island, and is gradually spreading itself through the country. The trees on which the nests have been most frequently observed are gooseberry and currant, and an instance of it has been met with on the common elder, to which insects in general are averse. This species is smaller than the common wasp, much less voracious, and less easily irritated.

At a late meeting of the African Institution, at the Freemason's Tavern, his Highness the Duke of Gloucester, patron and president, in the chair, the report of the proceedings of the directors was ordered to be published, and will be analysed in this work, as soon as it appears. The Earl of Moira having informed the meeting in a very impressive speech, of his having recently learnt that Sir Sydney Smith had been presented by the Prince Regent of Portugal with an estate, and also a number of negro-slaves, to be employed in cultivating it; and that the use Sir Sydney had made of this gift was immediately to liberate the slaves, and to allot to each of them a portion of this estate, to be cultivated by them as free labourers, for their own exclusive benefit:—It was resolved unanimously, on the motion of Mr. Wilberforce, 'That his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester be requested to communicate to Sir S. Smith, the high sense entertained by this meeting, of his admirable judgment and liberality in the above instance, and to return him their warmest thanks for a conduct which is so truly honourable to the British name and character, and which may be expected in the way of example to be productive of the happiest effects.' The hero of Acre may now have a just claim to be distinguished by the new appellation of "The Philanthropist of the Brazils."

A silver medal, in commemoration of the Abolition of the Slave Trade, designed and executed by eminent artists, has, we understand, been presented to the British Museum by some gentlemen for the above purpose. On one side there is a portrait of William Wilberforce, Esq. M.P. from a model taken by his permission: on the *reverse*, are several figures, happily expressive of the true christian act of our legislature in putting an end to that iniquitous traffic.

Dr. Herdman's proposals for instituting a dietetic dispensary, for the assistance of such poor persons as are in the habit of receiving medicines from the dispensaries, have been highly approved of by the Society for bettering the Condition of the Poor, and most honourably reported by them "as a scheme, a better than which it is scarcely possible for the human mind to devise, where so much good is to be done at so small an expense." Besides good soup and *strong* porter, worth *3d.* a pint, flannel waistcoats, shirts and shifts, are to be distributed to proper patients, with spirits for cordials, &c. The food and the flannel garments are intended "to give effect to the drugs;" and the soups are to be of two kinds; beef-tea for debilitated persons, and a stronger broth, mixed with vegetable substances, for those who are in a state of convalescence.

Mr. Richardson, a farmer of Keswick, in Cumberland, has found out a method of taking large self-stones out of the ground in a very expeditious manner. This work is done by the power of a tackle, fixed to the top of the stone by means of a plug, which is Mr. Richardson's peculiar invention; which plug will hold till the stone is pulled out of the ground; and by which, two men may take stones of four tons weight and more out of the ground within five or ten minutes, without any blasting or previous digging with hacks or spades; and by which two men also can do as much work in one day as used to be done by twelve. Through Mr. Curwen's recommendation to the Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Manu-

factures, the inventor has received the siver medal, and one of his plugs is preserved in the Society's repository.

France.

The French government, it appears, have made such laws in favour of authors, musicians, and actors, that few of the latter can scarcely fail being provided for in their old age. The *Theatre Francais*, after deducting all expenses, divide the profits into twenty-five parts. The oldest of the actors have a whole share, others a half, and so on in proportion. Each of them must allow a small monthly deduction, which is placed out upon sure interest; so that if one of them has followed his profession twenty years, he may retire; when he not only receives the money he has saved, but a benefit at the grand opera, together with an annual pension of two thousand livres from the sharers, besides another from government to the same amount. Every new French piece undergoes thirty rehearsals, at which the author may be present, and suggest any alterations. The author of a piece, or of the music belonging to it, every night's receipts being divided into three parts, receive a seventh out of one third, not *once only*, but as long as they live, and their heirs ten years after their death. They receive it not only at Paris, but all over France, and from every theatre; nor can any manager have it performed without the author's express permission. As to country managers cheating them, as it might be supposed here, this is a possibility which has been provided against. An office established in Paris for the purpose, have their correspondents and cashiers all over the country, who account to the author for all his shares of the profits, at the moderate deduction of only two per cent. Reckoning about a hundred theatres in France, an author who has been fortunate enough to bring two or three pieces upon what is called the repertory of the *Theatre Francais*, is not only decently provided for all his life, but even leaves to his children ten years subsistence after his decease.

It is asserted, that Madame Molé, who translated Kotzebue's "Misanthropy and Repentance," is already in possession of 60,000 livres; the same comedy is even now frequently performed three times on the same day at the different theatres in Paris. The sum total which it produced to its original author never exceeded 200 German dollars. Independent of the metropolis, Daylerac, the celebrated composer, receives one hundred louis d'ors per month, without being under the necessity of making a single stroke with his pen.

Russia.

The feast of the Jourdain took place on the 18th of February at Petersburg, notwithstanding the severity of the cold. The ceremony is as follows:—A hole is made in the ice of the Neva, the Abbot or Archbishop blesses the water which this hole presents, by plunging a cross therein; he then sprinkles this water over the colours, which are presented to him by the subalterns. The court walk from the palace to the river, in a kind of procession, on a road of planks prepared for the purpose, and guards on each side, forming a line. At the head marches the priest's attendant, bearing a lantern and lighted tapers; he is followed by the clergy, according to their quality. The Abbot ends the procession, holding in his left hand a cross, placed horizontally on his head; he is followed by the Emperor, in uniform, and by all the Imperial family. Above the place where the ice is broken, a pavilion is erected, where the August personages remain during the ceremony. After the benediction, the multitude press forward in crowds to partake of the holy water, and convey it home, particularly to the sick, and to those unable to attend the ceremony. The Emperor and the Grand Duke Constantine were the only branches of the Imperial family who attended this year, in consequence of the severity of the cold; which was so intense, that many of the soldiers, who were under arms, and others bearing the colours, had their noses and ears frost-bitten.

Spain.

What are called National Premiums for Poetry and Eloquence, in honour of Saragossa, have lately been announced by the Spanish government as follows:—

The Supreme Junta convinced of the powerful influence of poetry and eloquence upon the minds of men, have passed a decree on the 9th of March, 1809, in which they have awarded national premiums for exciting the Spanish poets and orators, to employ their talents in immortalizing the valour and constancy of Saragossa. Thus, while at Madrid, some unworthy writers, following the maxims of degradation which have always guided their conduct, sacrilegiously profane the art of poetry, in singing to their tyrants in concert with the groans of their country, the Supreme Junta present to Spanish talents a field much more glorious than any that has ever yet been opened to emulation and genius. The Junta invites them to celebrate heroism and patriotic spirit united; hence, for the first time, eloquence and poetry will receive, in Spain, a premium from the purse of the nation: a stimulus, without doubt, most powerful and fertile in the hands of an artist, when his labours are consecrated to virtue.

The object of these performances must be the heroism of this illustrious city, with the view of exciting the public to give greater energy to their patriotic sentiments, in which alone the security and salvation of the state must rest. The orator or poet, who excels, will not only produce a beautiful composition, but will have the satisfaction of performing a virtuous action. The following conditions must be attended to by the candidates on this occasion, viz. the poems must consist of eight hundred or a thousand verses: the form of the poem and the mode of versification is to be left to the writer to suit his own convenience or disposition. The oratorical discourse must occupy at least three quarters, or a whole hour in the reading. In every thing else relative to this business the orator is at liberty to use his own freedom.

The premium consists in a medal of gold, which the Junta has ordered to be struck in honour of Saragossa, and one hundred doubloons to be given to the poet and the orator whose productions may meet the preference of the judges.

The works that may be judged to have approached the nearest to those that gain the premiums, will entitle their authors to the recompense of a silver medal, provided at the expense of government.

The 31st day of May next, is the time appointed for the delivery of the prize poems and orations to the Secretary-General of the Supreme Junta, with a sealed letter, containing the names of the candidates, or a motto, epigraph, or a cypher to correspond with those appended to their different productions. The names or signatures of the unsuccessful candidates will not be made public.

Dated Royal Alcazar, Seville, March 12, 1809.

(Signed) MARTIN DE GARAY, Secretary-General.

MEMOIRS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

GENERAL ANSTRUTHER.

THIS meritorious officer, whose untimely death it has already been our painful duty to record, (see page 278) was the eldest son of Sir Robert Anstruther, Bart. of Belcaskie in Fifeshire.

After having been educated at Westminster school, he was sent to Strasburgh to study the principles of the profession for which he was destined, and of which he afterwards proved so distingnished an ornament.

Having acquired a profound knowledge of military science, and a great perfection in writing and speaking the French language, he proceeded to Berlin, with a view of becoming acquainted with the discipline of the Great Frederick, and of making himself master of the manœuvres and administration of a large army. His residence in Prussia, while it enabled him to attain the laudable objects he had in view, afforded him an opportunity of acquiring the German language, which he understood thoroughly, and of which he made himself perfect master.

On his return to England, he obtained a commission in the 3d regi-

ment of Guards, in which he held the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel at the time of his death.

After serving during the whole of the campaign in Flanders, at the commencement of the Revolutionary War, he obtained permission from the court of Vienna to be attached to the Austrian army in Germany, whither he repaired early in the year 1796.

The dispatches which he wrote in the months of September and October of that year, giving an account of the operations of the Archduke Charles, gained him the greatest credit. They are perfect models of military composition.

In 1799, General (then Lieutenant-Colonel) Anstruther was appointed Deputy Quarter-Master-General to the expedition sent against Holland. The very flattering manner in which his services were mentioned by the Duke of York, shewed in what high estimation his military talents were held.

In 1801, he accompanied Sir Ralph Abercrombie (whose friendship and confidence he enjoyed) in his ever-memorable expedition against Egypt, as Adjutant-General. His exertions both during the period that our troops remained at Macri, in Asia Minor, and during the whole of the Egyptian campaign, will long be remembered by those who had an opportunity of witnessing them: and were mentioned, in the public dispatches of Sir R. Abercrombie and Lord Hutchinson, in no common terms of praise and approbation.

On General Anstruther's return to England, he was appointed Deputy Quarter-Master-General to the forces, and soon after to the important situation of Adjutant-General in Ireland, which post he filled with peculiar advantage to the public service, and with the highest credit to himself.

The command of the brigade of light troops was entrusted to him in the late glorious expedition commanded by Sir A. Wellesley.

General Anstruther's brilliant conduct at Vimiera is too recent to require any comment or praise from us; but we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of again alluding to the manly answer given by him to one of Sir A. Wellesley's aides-du-camp, on his being told, that a corps not much engaged at the moment should be sent to his assistance,—"Sir, I am not pressed, and I want no assistance. I am beating the French, and am able to beat them wherever I meet them."

In the progress of the late disastrous and unfortunate campaign in North Spain, General Anstruther joined the British army at Toro.

The confidence reposed in this distinguished officer, by Sir John Moore, was strongly marked: he was consulted on many occasions. The soundness of his judgment was as often evinced as it was called for, and well entitled him to such distinction.

In the advance of Sir John Moore's army, with a view of attacking the corps under Marshal Soult, it is observable, that it was in the highest order, in the finest condition, and that the greatest discipline prevailed; but no sooner was it known that it was to retreat, than scenes of insubordination and disorder commenced, and obtained during the entire of the *route* to Corunna; the detail of which we cannot prevail upon ourselves to communicate, suffice it, that excess of every kind, riot, and the pillage of the inhabitants, form some of the principal features, though not perhaps the strongest or most marked, of this memorable retreat. Many of the men were lost in consequence of drunkenness, being in this helpless condition an easy prey to the ruthless pursuers. The greater part of such were doubtless led into captivity; but it was carefully circulated by the British officers, that they were put to death by the French—a report which operated as the best preventative to such shameful conduct, and in some degree checked it.

The stragglers in this flight amounted to 5000 men. At Betanzos they were known to be above 3000!—All the villages in the line of march between Astorga and Benavente, were deserted, the insubordination and indiscipline of the British troops were so seriously dreaded by the inhabitants. It is however but justice to state, that, generally speaking, the Guards supported the incessant fatigue better than did the other regiments, and were the admiration of the whole army, both on the march, and

during the action at Corunna on the 16th.

By those who are most conversant with the subject, it is generally estimated that the British loss upon this occasion amounted to between four and five thousand men, and five thousand horses; but it is not commonly known, though strongly indicative of this peculiarly heavy calamity, that above 300 women, who followed the British army, perished in the course of the march!!!

Generals Anstruther and E. Paget (under Sir John Moore) commanded the reserve, during the dreadful scenes which we have but slightly touched upon; but the duties of such a situation may be better conceived than expressed. The fatigue and anxiety to which the subject of this imperfect memoir was thus exposed, were incessant, and great in the extreme. He slept constantly in the open air, and underwent the same privations with the common soldier.

The immediate cause of his death was an inflammation of the lungs, brought on by excessive fatigue; he exerted himself to the last, and when unable to mount his horse, he said to those about him, "I am quite done up." He was put into a carriage, and conveyed to Corunna.

It was not until the arrival of the British reserve at Betanzos, that the danger in which General Anstruther was placed by the severity of his duties became apparent. Here, however, he was so ill, that he could hardly speak; he could scarcely say, "I am dying, send for a surgeon and let me be bled." The next morning he felt somewhat better, but was still very ill. In this state he was obliged to mount his horse, and ride six Spanish leagues (24 miles) to Corunna. The next morning he was speechless and insensible, and died towards the close of the day!

Major Montalambert, and Captain Gordon (the General's aid-du-camp), attended his remains to the grave. They were the only two officers that could be spared to perform this sad and melancholy duty. The General was buried in one of the bastions of the citadel of Corunna, which overlooks the sea.

General Anstruther's military journal, his papers, and writing desk, have been preserved by his old and faithful servant, Cameron, for Mrs. Anstruther. His journal must be invaluable.

General Anstruther was married to Miss Hamilton, grand-daughter of Lady Anne Hamilton, and by whom he has left five children.

John White Parsons, *Esq.*

THIS gentleman, who lately died at West Camel, in Somersetshire, was many years a member of the Bath and West of England Society, and is now noticed here, because his character comes the nearest to what Sir Francis Burdett would have a gentleman farmer to be, instead of what the farming noblemen in general are, whom he so justly censured in his late admirable speech at the Westminster meeting. Mr. Parsons, it will be seen in the sequel, was, in a very high degree, a disinterested man, and so far a real benefactor to his country. Unlike some of those great speculating monopolists, to whom the patriotic baronet alluded, Mr. Parsons, never drove away the cultivators of fertile fields in order to convert them into wastes and deserts. On the contrary, Mr. Parsons came into the possession of an estate, which was itself little better than a desert, and he made it one of the best appointed and most productive farms in England.

The lands of West Camel, about 400 acres, were for the most part a very wet retentive of sour clay, and nearly on a level with the banks of a river. He began to calcine this clay by burning every part of the surface, and then made drains to carry off the superfluous water which had before remained stagnant. These drains were so contrived as to serve for fences, and extended over the whole estate, and were wide enough to arrest the progress of those mischievous idlers called *sportsmen*. The clay thrown out of the ditches and trenches was burnt to ashes, and after being mixed with lime, coal ashes, sand, gravel, and road earth, and made a compost, was thrown upon the land for a manure. To increase the store of manure, still more, the banks of his ditches were sloped down to make drains for collecting the mud; and by

clearing up the bed of the river, by which a great quantity of light compost earth was annually gained to mix with the dung for heavy clay land; and by constantly burning large quantities of lime, of which 200 bushels were sufficient for an acre of tillage. Some hot unslaked lime was also daily thrown under the bedding and tails of the stall-fed cattle, for the purpose of absorbing the urine, increasing the fermentation, and keeping in the oleaginous volatile parts of the dung; lastly, the horses and cattle in the yards, during the summer, were fed on green vetches and clover: Mr. Parsons used the old fashioned plough of the country where he lived. He totally excluded summer-fallowing after the land was once cleaned, and strictly observed an alternate cropping for man and beast. His crops were thus: 1, potatoes, cabbages, carrots, parsnips, well drained and manured; 2, winter vetches; 3, wheat; 4, beans or pease, or barley, or oats, with marl-grass, broad clover, Devonshire ray, milfoil, trefoil, and the best meadow hay-seeds. For cattle, he preferred parsnips before any other vegetable, and recommended getting garden-seeds, grass-seeds, and seed-corn, from the continent. Seed-barley from Lisbon, he found ripened a fortnight before the native barley, and yielded much the best crop.

Mr. Parsons always acted on the principle that *heat* was the chief source of life, vigour, and perfection, in all nature's productions. Hence, he selected a spot, between 30 and 40 acres, full in the sun, for his orchard; and, instead of planting and grafting from the nurseries of his own country, he raised his fruit trees from kernels produced in the warmer climate of France, which afterwards he found spread as vigorously as forest trees. He left the apples intended for cyder, on the trees till they were dead ripe, and then let them be till they mellowed and had acquired their greatest fragrancy in his store rooms. He always preferred seedlings or wildings, to grafted trees, worn out by artificial propagation. On the hilly parts of his estate, he planted larch, firs, cedars of Lebanon, underwood, &c By the side of his rhynes and watery ditches, protected from cattle by thick hedges, he planted such an abundance of willows, as to produce 100,000 rods or spars, for thatching houses, corn, or hay-mows. Mr. Parsons thought the oxen produced by the old stock of the country, without any mixture, a class of animals, comparatively useless. Their bones were large, without being strong; their flesh was coarse, their blood cool; he thought them heavy, spiritless, and unfit for labour. Still he thought that overgrown beasts were not to be compared with the smaller and more compact animals. He had them from Indian and French breeds; from French and Devon, and Zeba and Devon. He assured his friends, that oxen of this breed were as profitable at the plough as the horse. All his animals had fine hair, and produced small offal. He crossed his hogs as much as any man, and preferred the Chinese mixture. He fed them on potatoes first boiled, and then by no means to be eaten till the water was well strained off. The water of the potatoe is proved by chemical analyses to be a slow, deleterious poison.

Mr. Parsons's dairy, cyder-house, cellars, stores, barns, &c. were models of convenience. His fatting stalls were admirably managed for making manure. To guard against rats and mice, all his corn was stacked on caps and pins; and the floor of his barn elevated with room under it for cattle to shelter and feed. Mr. Parsons, who knew more of useful husbandry than all the *titled* sheepfeeders and experimental triflers throughout the country, would never use the threshing machine, which he rejected as much from a conviction of its worthlessness, as from the natural benevolence of his heart, and his truly patriotic sentiments, which always impelled him to cherish, extend, and improve the comforts of those hardy rustic labourers, without whose support, this country will most assuredly perish. With this view, he built twenty comfortable cottages, for his labourers and their families, one of whom, incessantly stocked a field of five acres, let to him by Mr. Parsons, with early potatoes, carrots, parsnips, cabbages, &c. and furnished a decent livelihood for his family.

As to the new systems of farming adopted in this country during the

last 50 years, Mr. Parsons frequently declared he considered them mischievous and ruinous in the highest degree. He repeatedly expressed his opinion, that the lands of England, under a wise system, might produce *ten times the quantity of corn* now grown. He considered the little farmers of former times as being rather slovenly and unskilful in managing their business; but he could not help acknowledging, nevertheless, that they made the land yield a much greater abundance of all kinds of food, than it does at this time. He thought tythes not only prejudicial to agriculture, but that, making too many of the clergy avaricious, it drew the people from the established church. To remedy these evils, he knew of no method more simple, or likely to be more efficacious, "than that of allowing each rector a portion of land, equal in value to the amount of his income from tythes."

THEATRICAL RECORDER.

LYCEUM, STRAND.

FRIDAY, April 21.—*Grieving's a Folly.*—This new piece is said to be the production of a gentleman, named Lee. It relates to a double story of grief, one part imaginary, and the other real. One represents a recluse, mourning the imaginary seduction of a wife, finally restored to him in all her purity. This is the *Stranger* softened down and divested of its immorality. The other character displays the ambition of a *ci-devant* tailor, *Sir Oliver Cypress*, who, to obtain the reputation of a sentimental mourner, affects to be half distracted at the loss of his wife, and watches her picture day and night, in a room hung with black. This is a copy of the sorrows of *Lady Kitty Crocodile*. The author has fully availed himself of his reading from Falstaff's dissertation on honour, and the Adventurer's Satire on "Honest Fellow." In short, if Mr. Lee does not rise so nearly to originality as our best writers, he is at a considerable elevation above our worst, by the very absence of their most vulgar faults. Contrast of character is decidedly his best talent; his stile is gentlemanly and unaffected, except in the declamatory parts; and the moral part of the piece was unexceptionable every where but in the *conclusion*, where *Sir Oliver* is laughingly forgiven, and even asked to dinner with the virtuous girl whom he would have seduced; nay, by the very father and mother of the girl, who are represented as patterns of exalted virtue. This worldly indifference, this gross contradiction which does violence to their nature, and injury to that effect the moral of the piece should produce, ought to be obliterated. *Sir Oliver* should be dismissed with nothing but contempt. This the author should do by a dignified word or two, such as *Begone*, from Lord Mortimer, the father: there is no contrast more beautiful than the complacency with which a father turns to his family after the momentary sternness that drives away their insulter.

The actors in general did credit to the piece. Mr. Siddons, however, was remarkable for nothing but his opera hat. A melancholy recluse walking about a village in an opera hat is as ridiculous as if he had worn that of a quaker! Dowton, in *Sir Oliver*, displayed his usual force of painting in expressing natural or affected emotions. His lamentations at the picture of his wife were inimitably gross and theatrical, and he shifted them as occasion served, like the turn of an ancient mask, laughing on one side and weeping on the other. The jaunty and gallant despondency with which he turned on his knees to his wife's picture, when he was detected kneeling to a different object, convulsed the house with laughter.

Mr. Lee it is said has made a present of his piece to the actors, so that it deserves success on every account. Of course it was given out for a second representation with visible marks of applause.

STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE Duke of York is still the prominent feature in the discussions of the day. The papers have favoured us with the rounds of his dinner parties since the resignation of his office; and, if any thing could soothe fallen greatness, his Royal Highness must be flattered by the particular court now paid to him by many of the great men of the nation. Among those, who must have consoled him very much in his misfortunes, we see the name of Lord Melville, whose escape from punishment and restoration to a seat in the privy council, would form a good contrast to the acquittal of the Royal Duke in the House of Commons and his subsequent resignation.

But, if the higher ranks have been thus tenderly compassionate of the Duke's situation, the middle classes have sympathised in a very different manner. The address of thanks, begun by the city of Canterbury, to Mr. Wardle, has been followed by similar addresses from boroughs, cities, and counties. One and the same spirit breathed through them all; and some expressed their sentiments in very strong language. The unanimity with which these addresses were passed, speak very decisively the opinion of the people of England. There cannot now remain the shadow of a doubt, that the people of England are perfectly satisfied with the decision of the minority of the House of Commons: and they are perfectly satisfied also, that, if the dependents on the crown and the dependents on the possessors of boroughs had left the house to unbiassed and sound judgments, its decision would have been consonant to the feelings of the country. The eyes of the nation have been completely opened by the late transactions; and every day is adding to the detections which are made of the iniquity of the system, under which the accumulation of burdens could not keep pace with the profusion of wasteful and negligent expenditure.

Among the developements of the last month, one has been fatal to Mr. Thellusson, a member of parliament, and in the routine to be an East-India director. He was recommended by the whole body of directors; but the proprietary could not conceive that it was proper to place a person in the direction, whose writerships had been made an object of bargain and sale; and however guiltless he might have been of the acts, the suspicion was too strong to permit him to occupy a post of so much importance. The majority against him was very considerable; and the example, if it does not put a stop to the practice, will introduce a much greater degree of caution in the disposal of places for the East.—Another developement will not excite much surprise: this is in the commission for the sale of the Dutch prizes, of which Mr. John Bowles is a member. This Mr. John Bowles, it will be recollected, was a very great alarmist, and a strong anti-jacobin, celebrated for his writings, particularly for his attack on the late Duke of Bedford after his death, and a great oppugner of the amusements of the people. The Dutch commission was given to him, it was supposed, as a reward for his labours, by Mr. Pitt; and a good thing it has turned out to be. But, unfortunately for him, the spirit of inquiry is gone forward: a report has been presented on the mode by which the Dutch commissioners have remunerated themselves; and it is strongly recommended, that they should disgorge a small part of their gains. Honest John will, however, have secured to himself a tolerably pretty fortune; and, if released from the care of Dutch prizes, will be more at leisure to attend to the important offices of the Society for the Suppression of Vice.

Another developement will be a trial to the House of Commons. In this, one of the ministers is involved, and Lord Castlereagh's own evidence, confirmed by that of a noble Lord, establishes a fact, of which no one at all acquainted with the world had the least doubt; but the proofs had never before been exposed in so convincing a manner to public inspection. It has been long asserted, that seats in parliament have been objects of bargain and sale, and writerships, being of the

same nature, the relative value of each might without great difficulty be ascertained. Lord Castlereagh, connected with the Board of Controul, and with the ministry, would naturally be well acquainted with the nature of this market; and it appears, that he had been engaged in a negociation, of which the object was the exchange of a seat in parliament for a writership. This matter must be brought before the House of Commons, and notice of a motion has been given.—We may predict, that the language of the ministry will a little differ from what it was upon a late occasion. The cry of infamy will not be raised against those who detect abuses; nor will a corrupted faction dare to charge again the kingdom with being in a conspiracy against the family on the throne, because it prays only for the restoration of its rights, the removal of abuses, and the prosperity of the many, in opposition to the jobs and peculation of the few.

Among the places which have distinguished themselves by their resolutions, the three divisions of the metropolis, with the county of Middlesex, justly take the lead. In the city, the Lord Mayor demurred on the calling of a common hall, which he however afterwards summoned, and his conduct was marked by the severest disapprobation of his fellow-citizens, only four hands being lifted up against the vote of censure on him. The hall was very numerous and most respectable; and its thanks were unanimously voted to Mr. Wardle, Sir F. Burdett, Lord Folkstone, and several other members by name: but three of the members of the city were included in a vote of censure. At a subsequent meeting of the common council, the freedom of the city in a gold box was voted to Mr. Wardle; and thanks were voted to him and the members abovementioned. In Westminster, a very numerous meeting assembled in Westminster-hall, in which very strong and pointed resolutions, moved by Mr. Sturch, and seconded by Mr. Wishart, were unanimously agreed to. Sir F. Burdett and Mr. Whitbread addressed the meeting, and Sir F. was received with unbounded applause. He laid before the meeting, in a clear and judicious manner, the nature of the proceedings before the house, the necessity of a reform in the House of Commons, and the inconsistency of the ministerial language on a popular cry, which, when for them, they hailed as a decisive argument in their own favour; when against them, they interpreted into a cry of jacobinism. In the county of Middlesex, equally spirited resolutions were unanimously approved of, and the necessity of a parliamentary reform universally acknowledged. Of the two members, one, Mr. Byng, was highly applauded; the other, Mr. Mellish, most justly and generally censured. In the borough of Southwark, the language was as decisive. Mr. Favell brought forward the resolutions. Both the members made their appearance. Mr. Thornton made a weak defence of his conduct, and received its due reward—general censure. Sir T. Turton, who had distinguished himself by a motion on the Duke's business in the house, was received with general marks of approbation.

In Hampshire, a requisition was sent to the sheriff, signed by about 60 or 70 freeholders in the middle walks of life, and the list was headed by Mr. Cobbett, who, in his justly celebrated paper, gave an excellent address to the freeholders in general, preparatory to the meeting. In this he explained the reason of his name being the first; and very properly showed the propriety of a requisition coming from persons who are the greatest sufferers by the burdens of the country, without those compensations which the higher classes secure to themselves. In fact, we cannot conceive any persons so proper to call a meeting. When one is called only by the principal people of a county, it is too often only for party purposes. In this, when the object was national, and had nothing to do with the foolish distinctions of Whig and Tory, who so proper to call the meeting as those who are the most interested in the true honour and welfare of their country?

In Ireland, a similar spirit prevails; and even in Scotland, the people are at last sensible of the necessity of a reform in the House of Commons.—In London, a great dinner was given by the Livery to Mr. Wardle, which several of the most distinguished

members of the House of Commons attended. Mr. Waithman presided; and, in the choice of such a chairman, the Livery cannot be too much commended, for no one has exerted himself more strongly in the favour of the people, in the endeavour to obtain for them their rights, and to correct those abuses which have crept into the most excellent institutions. The dinner was most numerously attended. The first toast was the king; the second the people: and it was with great pleasure that we heard that both toasts were received with enthusiastic applause. In fact, the great question now at issue is, the interest of the king and people against that of corrupted and corrupting borough-holders. Every hand and every head should be exerted to preserve in the minds of every one, that the interest of king and people are one and the same: for no small influence will be employed by corruption to set them at variance. The example of other nations is brought to inspire a dread of the people in the breast of the sovereign: but the fact is, that the sovereigns, who have lost their crowns, have justly lost them, because they had not a due regard for the people, and there was no mean, by legal representatives, of the people's voice approaching the throne.

Mr. Wardle's health was next given, and received with unbounded applause, and all listened with the ut most attention to a speech, in which he rectified some erroneous interpretations of his conduct, disavowing all compliments to the ministers for any thing but conceding to him a little time, when, from fatigue of body and mind, he required it. "Why," said he, "should I compliment those who had treated me as if I was a malevolent jacobin, a vile conspirator, as any thing and every thing but an honourable representative in the Commons House of Parliament. The other representation respects my private character, and I was attacked as having an illicit connection with the principal witness, whom I never saw, till I visited her with a view to avail myself of her testimony to substantiate the charges I brought for the benefit of the country against the Duke of York. For this purpose only I became acquainted with her, and I pledge myself that this was the sole cause of my knowledge of that lady. This explanation, which was required in another place, I most readily give here, though I disdained to reply to base insinuations elsewhere." Mr. Wardle then recommended moderation and firmness, declaring that, with equal temperance and resolution, it was impossible for the corruption of the House of Commons to be any longer maintained and supported.—After some other excellent observations on the necessity of reform, he gave the health of Mr. Waithman, which was drank, as the rest, with three times three; and Mr. Waithman, after a very judicial address on the necessity of parliamentary reform, gave the health of Sir Francis Burdett, (whose indisposition prevented him from being of the party) with a speedy and radical reform of the representation of the people in parliament. Lord Folkestone, Mr. Whitbread, Mr. Alderman Combe, Mr. Quin, and several aldermen and members of parliament, successively addressed the company on their healths being given, and all animadverted on the importance of a reform of parliament.

We are happy in congratulating our readers on the return of these dinners, in which Englishmen may declare their sentiments in the manner which used to be the boast of this country. It was the great aim of Mr. Pitt, an aim in which he was but too successful, to prevent all such meetings, and to substitute in their place an unbounded confidence in his measures. The result has been the corruption and venality which has been discovered, and of which, daily, new discoveries are making. By public meetings the spirit of a people is kept up, and that rancour which is felt in arbitrary governments is not known. If occasionally a little warmth appears, it soon subsides; and the government has an opportunity of knowing completely the sentiments of a country. A dinner is to take place in Westminster of the friends of parliamentary reform; the stewards for it being gentlemen from various parts of England. Sir Francis Burdett is to take the chair. We trust that this spirit will expand itself over the whole

nation, for it is the only method of saving both king and people.

The Duke of York having resigned his place, Sir David Dundas has succeeded to it, and the first notice almost of his appointment brought with it a very good reform in the army, by which six years' service is required before a person can become a field-officer. We wish that a certain age had also been required, and it had been added, that no one should sit upon a court of martial, if he was under twenty-one. But this is a prelude only, we may fairly expect, to much greater reforms, and the army will at last be put on the same footing as the navy, so that it shall cease to be matter of dread and apprehension to the country. The navy affords us continually matter of triumph: it is formidable to our foes, and a safeguard only to our country. All the histories of all times, and all the writers upon history, express the dangers to a country from a standing army. A Board for the army, similar to that of the admiralty, and the retaining of soldiers only in time of war, except what are necessary for our foreign settlements, would make the military on land as respectable as our military on the sea. We should then contemplate with astonishment the immense sums that have been expended upon barracks; for military monasteries now cover the land, as formerly the abodes consecrated to bigotry, superstition, and idleness.

The affairs on the continent increase in importance, and curiosity is the more inflamed by the want of materials to gratify it. Spain, Portugal, Austria, and Sweden, each would in common times engross the whole of public attention; but so momentous are now the agitations of countries, that the human mind is lost in the contemplation of new events which every day brings forth. A war between Austria and France has for a long time been rumoured; armies have been raised on both sides: but as yet the blow has not, to our knowledge, been struck. Probably, before this reaches our readers, hostilities will have commenced, and Austria will have set its fortunes on a chance, whence it cannot withdraw itself till some severe action has either made it respected by its enemy, or laid it prostrate at his feet.

It was at one time reported that an adjustment had taken place, and that Austria had consented to the most afflicting terms; to give up Trieste, and to withdraw its troops to a certain distance from the Austrian territories. This report seems to be confuted by the address of the Archduke Charles to the troops under his command, which cannot be considered in any other light than as a declaration of war. In this address, dated Vienna, April 6, the Archduke calls upon them to preserve the independence of the country from the insatiable ambition of a foreign conqueror; to defend the liberty of Europe, which has taken refuge under their banners. He calls to their remembrance various fields of action to obliterate the remembrance of Ulm and Marengo, and promises them future triumphs.—Merit is to meet with reward, and offence with animadversion, without distinction of persons or rank. The hopes of foreign succour are held out, and it is said, that they will in strict union attack the common enemy.

If words would avail in this contest, the Archduke comes forward with great force, but time must shew how far his means correspond with the greatness of his intentions. What the foreign succours are, we do not know. The Russians are too far off to be of service, even if they were disposed to assist. Prussia can scarcely venture to come forward, and Great Britain cannot bring any force to bear to any effect against the common enemy. By this time the question has been decided, or Austria has made its peace. We cannot for our own part see the least ground of hope in favour of Austria. Its troops and its Generals are the same that have been repeatedly beat by the French; and we have not heard of any improvement in their tactics. If great reliance is placed on the General, we cannot place him higher than the second rank of the French Generals, and have not forgotten in what manner Massena baffled him and the Russians in Switzerland. Again, what can be expected from Austrians talking of liberty? Does not Europe know full well its regard for liberty in

its government of the Low Countries and the Milanese? Whatever may be the real state of the French government, it cannot be doubted that the great majority of its subjects are in a far better situation than the Austrians, Hungarians, and Bohemians; and wherever the conquering arms of Bonaparte advance, they carry with them a degree of liberty to which those nations have long been strangers. It is in vain to conceal these things from Europe; and if the Austrian cabinet had begun with the necessary reforms in its own country, there might have been some ground to expect other nations to fight under its banners in defence of liberty.

Sweden is in the situation for which our readers have long been prepared. Its king is a prisoner, and his reign is at an end. The Diet will have an arduous task to perform, and the people will probably now regain their ancient rights. At this distance, and with the little information that can be depended upon, the views of the Duke of Sudermania can be matter only of conjecture. The restoration of peace must evidently be the first object, and Russia has consented to an armistice. The removal of the king will render the attainment of one object less difficult, and Russia and France will be contented with the shutting of the ports to England, and the cession of Finland to the former power. In what manner the country will conduct itself towards the king, no one can ascertain in this country. Whether they will attribute his late conduct to a derangement of intellect, and place the government in the hands of a regency, or declare him incapable of reigning, and deserving to be deposed, a very short time will shew. The most humane method is to take the former course, and thus the otherwise unaccountable transaction with the brave General Moore will meet with an easy solution. The Swedes have merited in a great degree the losses they have sustained in the war, and this last catastrophe, from the disregard in which they have held the principles of their free constitution.

The gloom spread over the affairs of Spain is far from being dissipated. The Gallo-Spanish king is at Madrid: the national Junta is at Seville. The southern provinces are represented to be in spirits, and hopes are entertained of a formidable resistance; but treachery is talked of in their commanders, and the patriotic energy which first blazed forth is almost evaporated. Mr. Frere's letters have thrown great light on the calamitous retreat of General Moore, and from them we augur little good of the joint exertions of his councils and those of the Junta. In the north of Spain, it is said that the spirit of resistance is kept alive, but we can give little credit to the report. The knowledge we have from our own soldiers, of what they met with in their march through so great an extent of country, must weaken the faith of the most sanguine in Spanish exertions. The flame of patriotism may burn in a few places, as at Saragossa, but the evils of the ancient government have been too sensibly felt for a general ardour to be excited, unless those excitements are used, which are calculated to inspire a people with ardour. At the beginning of the contest this was the case, but, by some fatality, it seems that the moment we joined their cause all the topics that were then so well brought forward were laid aside; the exertions of provincial Juntas were damped, and the preservation of the country was to be effected by the emanation of orders in the name of the king and his council.

Portugal is as little likely to preserve its independence as Spain. The French have entered it, and, notwithstanding the boasts of the Portuguese, have, with a very small force, taken the second city of the kingdom. Proclamations are issued in the strongest terms, and we hear of a large body of troops being regimented; but the little resistance made in the north of Portugal, where a considerable degree of spirit first broke out, damps our expectations of any thing effectual to preserve the independence of the country. Indeed, what can be expected from the Portuguese? What inducement can they possibly have to stand forward, when no amelioration of their condition is to be expected by the restoration of their former government, and the French will certainly remove the base shackles of monkish and popish superstition

by which their country has been kept so long depressed? It is presumed, however, that the English forces now in that country, aided by reinforcements, will enable them, if they have any spirit, to prevent the French, at least for some time, from reducing them to subjection. Another month will decide, probably, the fate both of this country and of its neighbour.

In America, the chief feature is the inauguration of a new President in the United States, who has begun his reign with a most admirable speech, expressive of his views and thoughts on taking the reins of government. By this it appears, that he approves the conduct of his predecessor, and is likely to tread closely in his steps. His language is that of an upright, honest, and enlightened mind, of a man deserving to be at the head of a free people. He laments the state of the belligerent powers, and declares his determination to keep up a friendly intercourse with all nations of the same disposition to cherish peace. On two very important subjects, he manifests a decisive superiority over the hereditary sovereigns of the greater part of Europe, declaring that he will strictly avoid every species of interference with the rights of conscience on the functions of religion,—and will keep within requisite limits a salutary army, on which he no less judiciously asserts, that an armed and trained militia is the firmest bulwark of good government; as liberty can never be in danger without standing armies, nor safe with large ones. From such an auspicious beginning we may augur well for the future prosperity of his fellow-citizens, and foreigners will respect his wisdom.

We could have wished that all differences between this country and the United States were done away. But obstacles remain to be removed, and the Americans have opened a way indeed for the removal of them, which is not likely to satisfy either of the belligerent powers. The ports are to be open to that power which first rescinds its orders against their commerce, and all nations in amity with them. In consequence, their ships will be upon the seas; capture seems to be unavoidable; and this will be sufficient ground for an open rupture. The consequences by sea and land are obvious. By sea we shall have the pre-eminence, and they will take their revenge in the two Canadas and Nova Scotia: but let us hope that recourse to arms may be avoided by the two nations, whose mutual interest it is to live in peace and friendship with each other. The West Indies have added glory to the British arms; for Martinique was taken after an able resistance. In Jamaica, the differences between the governor and the assembly are settled, and the General is to be removed to England.

Parliamentary Proceedings.

The legislature has not afforded much this month, except in the House of Commons.—In the House of Lords, a motion was made by Lord Grey on the conduct of ministers, respecting the affairs of Spain: it was prefaced by a very long speech, in which he commented on the unison of the people of both countries in the object to be obtained, on the power of ministers to give assistance, and the deficiency in every thing which the case required. The points involving their conduct he stated to be the information they did or could possess relative to Spain, and their mode of action in consequence. On the former head, he imputed to them the grossest ignorance; and, on the latter, to have had no plan. On the latter head, he went through the conduct of the campaign of Vimiera, the march into Spain, Sir David Baird and General Moore's calamitous march and unhappy end. One fact he deservedly laid considerable stress on; and this was the communication by letter to General Moore, through a messenger, whom he recommended to be examined by a council of war. This messenger he stated to be, not a man of eminence, not a man distinguished in war,—but one of the most infamous characters in existence:—an assassin from Domingo—a delegate to the convention—a refugee in England; notorious for usury, and whose name is to be found in the list of fraudulent bankrupts. This man carried a letter to Morla, and there is great reason to consider him as a spy for the enemy. His Lordship, after di-

lating on this and various military points, then indulged in a tirade against modern patriotism, and discussed, very seriously, the question—that it was of some importance by what men we are governed. He was astonished at the absurd extravagance of the doctrine into which men of general good sense and good intentions have been recently betrayed upon this subject; professed his friendship to a temperate, intelligible, and definite reform, which was the object, he contended, of himself and his noble friend Lord Grenville: and he concluded by proposing an address, stating their attention to the documents before them on the affairs of Spain and Portugal, evincing want of information and foresight in every part of the conduct of ministers, proving rashness and mismanagement, and showing that the loss we have sustained was owing to their equally ill-timed and misdirected operations.

Lord Liverpool replied, allowing that confidence had been placed in ministers, and asserting that it had not been abused. He vindicated their plan; going over in detail the operations of the army; but he did not vindicate the demand of Mr. Frere, that his messenger should be examined before a council of war.—Earl Moira supported the motion, and contended that there was a simple line to have been pursued, namely, to have landed their troops in the north of Spain, under the Pyrenees, and to have directed the whole attention of the Spaniards to that quarter. He despaired of a glorious termination to the struggles of the Spaniards; but, if they did succeed, ministers had deprived this country of the honour of participating in their triumphs.—Several other lords took part in the debate, which ended with a division, when there appeared

For the Address	92
Against it	145
Majority for ministers	53

In the Commons, the most important motion was that made by Lord Folkstone, on the 17th of April, for the appointment of a committee to inquire into the existence of corrupt practices in the state, as to the purchase and sale of commissions, and as to the issuing of letters of service; and that such committee should report the result of their proceedings to the house. The necessity of this committee he urged from the discovery of various abuses lately made, which proved that corruption had gone on on a settled system, the whole of which ought to be completely exposed; and proper remedies should be applied to prevent the ruin of the country by the continuation of such abuses.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer saw no necessity for such a committee; for, were it efficient, he would ask, ought the house to inquire into all the abuses which had taken place during the last half century? What effect could such a proceeding possibly have, except to increase the ferment in the public mind? After what had been discovered, parliament had only to look prospectively, and see what description of remedy was necessary. He should object to the motion, because it did not go to punish any particular offender, because no further information was necessary, and because it would not be advisable to proceed on a general surmise, that delinquency does exist.—Lord A. Hamilton was convinced that the most certain way to feed the discontents of the people was to stifle inquiry into those abuses, the existence of which no man now could be obstinate enough to deny.

Lord Folkstone vindicated his motion from the Chancellor's assertion, that a culprit could not be punished under it; for the object was to inquire into abuses, which had been proved to exist, and bring the delinquents to summary and ample punishment. If anyone believed that abuses did not exist, they should support his motion, and thus afford the means of proving the truth of their faith. The house was in duty bound not to shut its eyes to the state of the country: they should respect the impression made on the public; institute an inquiry, and punish offenders, if they were found to exist; if they did not exist, then government would be set right in the popular estimation. The inquiry was absolutely necessary; and, if it was opposed, the opposition ought not to come from him who was the friend and associate of those

culprits, on whom justice should be executed.

Lord H. Petty objected to the extent of the trust to be delegated to the committee, as such an inquisitorial power should be exercised only by the whole house.—Mr. Whitbread insisted, that, as the existence of abuses was known, the necessity of inquiry must be obvious. A ferment certainly did exist, and an indignant feeling properly pervaded the public on this occasion. It was certainly desirable to know through whose means persons obtained situations in the army, the church, and other public establishments. The powers proposed were not powers of accusation, but of investigation; and this was necessary before the evils could be corrected and remedies applied.—Mr. Tierney was offended that notice had not been given of this motion; and contended that it amounted to an arraignment of the whole of his majesty's government, as guilty of corruption in every one of their various departments. In this manner government was not treated properly. Let the noble Lord distinctly bring forward specific charges, and he should have his support. For himself, he should not be influenced by any feeling out of doors; but he would contend, that the abuses detected were not a sufficient ground to depart from established practice. It might be said, that his vote to-night was corrupt; but no cry should induce him to vote for the present motion.—Mr. Ponsonby objected also to a committee with powers so unlimited, and objects so undefined. The motion went to criminate every department. Out of doors, all were represented to be rogues alike; and parliament so corrupt, that it was of no consequence into whose hands the government was placed. He could not agree to any motion that would sanction such infamous and impudent calumnies.—Mr. Hutchinson agreed with the motion, as its object was to strike at abuses under whatever government they might exist, or have existed.—Mr. Parnell, so far from objecting to the extent of the motion, would vote for it, if it proposed a more extensive inquiry.—Mr. Wynne objected to the motion, as it would lead to an inquiry into transactions before the union, which might affect the characters of persons now in their graves, Mr. Pitt and Marquis Cornwallis.—Mr. Foley gave the motion his hearty concurrence; asserting that the people had good reason to suspect the government of the country.—Sir J. Anstruther would not consent to the appointment of a committee with unheard-of powers, to do unheard-of and unknown mischiefs.—Mr. Canning expressed a most marked and decided disapprobation of the motion, which he thought could have no other purpose than to keep up a ferment in the public mind. He deprecated the practice of pointing out government as the source of corruption. They were all represented as eagerly struggling for places and power, and as having nothing in view but the emolument of offices. This imputation was of a dangerous tenor, and he could not agree to such a wide wasting motion.——On a division, there were,

For the Question	30
Against it	178
Majority against it	148

Sir F. Burdett brought before the house a transaction, which he termed a scandalous job, relative to some land contiguous to Chelsea Hospital. The papers moved for will place the whole before the public, and show the nature of a very extraordinary transaction.

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HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

DEATHS IN AND NEAR LONDON.

AT his house, in Clipstone-street, after an illness of several months, Thomas Holcroft, Esq. author of "Hugh Trevor," "The Road to Ruin," and a number of other works. He was in his 61st year. Mr. Holcroft's has been a life of literary labour. This extraordinary character was originally a shoemaker in the north. He possessed great natural endowments, and a most burning desire of knowledge. He owed all his attainments to his own thirst of information, and overcame every impediment that suppressed the ardour of his mind. For several years he was a comedian of eminence in several respectable provincial companies, and came to London in the year 1778. From that time till the day of his last illness, he has been indefatigably engaged in almost every department of literature. He acquired, by his own assiduity, such a knowledge of the languages, as to enable him to translate freely, from the French, Italian, and German; and his dramatic pieces, as well as novels, entitle him to no ordinary praise as a fruitful and able writer. He has left a wife and six children, the eldest of whom is only nine years of age, totally unprovided for. He has also left two daughters by his first marriage.

Sir Jacob Wolff, bart. Baron of the Holy Roman Empire, and the elder and only brother of Baron Wolff.—Sir Jacob was descended from an ancient and illustrious noble family, who possessed a fief of the Empire in the Dutchy of Silesia, and were, by the religious troubles, expatriated to Livonia in the time of Charles XI. and XII. of Sweden, where they were admitted into the ancient corps of nobles of Livonia. Sir Jacob, and his brother the Baron, are the only branches who were sent very young to this country, and naturalised. Sir Jacob married the only daughter of the Right Hon. Henry Weston, of Somerby Hall, Lincolnshire, and grand-daughter of Stephen Weston, D.D. late Bishop of Exeter.

At his lodgings, a two-pair of stairs room, in Angel Court, Windmill-street, Haymarket, aged 68, Mr. Christopher Bartholomew, formerly proprietor of White Conduit House, which owed its celebrity to the taste he displayed in laying out the gardens and walks, and rendering it the first place of resort in the class of tea-gardens. Possessed of a good fortune from his parents, the gardens, and the Angel Inn at Islington, being his freeholds; renting 2000l. a year in the neighbourhood of Islington and Holloway, remarkable for having the greatest quantity of hay-stacks of any grower in the neighbourhood of London; at that time he was worth 50,000l. Not content, he fell a victim to the mania of insuring in the lottery, for which he has paid 1000l. a day. He passed the last 18 years of his life in great poverty, subsisting by the charity of those who knew his better days, and as a juryman in the Sheriff's Court for the County. In August, 1807, he had a 32d share in a 20,000l. prize. By the advice of his friends he

purchased an annuity of 60l. per annum; yet fatally addicted to that pernicious pursuit, insurance, he disposed of it, and lost it all. A few days before he died, he solicited a few shillings to buy him some necessaries.

At her house, in Grosvenor-square, her Grace the Duchess of Bolton, relict of Harry the sixth Duke of Bolton. She was in her 75th year.

At her house, in Park-street, Grosvenor-square, the Hon. Mrs. Grant, third daughter of the late Viscount Folkstone, and aunt to the Earl of Radnor.

At her house, in Upper Wimpole-street, Lady Dorothy Fitzwilliam, sister to Earl Fitzwilliam.

At her house, in Chapel-street, Park-lane, Mrs. Grant, sister to the Hon. Philip Pusey.

GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

THURSDAY, APRIL 13.

Downing-Street, April 12.

Captain Preedy, aid-du-camp to Lieutenant-General Beckwith, commander of his Majesty's troops in the Leeward Islands, arrived at one o'clock this day, with dispatches from the Lieutenant-General, to Lord Viscount Castlereagh, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.

[Letters from Generals Beckwith and Maitland introductory of the following report from Colonel Barnes.]

St. Pierre, Feb. 8, 1809.

SIR,—In obedience to the orders I had the honour to receive from you, I proceeded with the detachment of the 63d regiment, commanded by Major O'Rourke, on board his Majesty's sloops Pelorus and Cherub, off Corbet, where the troops were disembarked, and marched without delay towards St. Pierre; about a mile from the town I found a body of the militia posted, and immediately sent Major O'Rourke forward with a flag of truce, offering them terms on which their own surrender and that of the town would be accepted, which I have herewith the satisfaction to transmit to your Excellency for the ratification of the commanders in chief by sea and land.

I cannot conclude without acquainting you with the very zealous and active exertions of Major O'Rourke, and the steady and orderly conduct of the detachment of the 63d regiment, and of availing myself of this opportunity of expressing my thanks to Captains King and Tucker, of the Royal Navy.

I feel much pleasure in bearing testimony to the very active attention of Captain De Courcy, of the Quarter-Master-General and Barrack Department, in taking possession of the barracks, as well as in preparing an inventory of the ordnance stores, &c. Likewise to the conduct of Dr. Burke in taking charge of all concerns relating to the Medical Department, and of Lieutenant Hamilton of the 46th regiment, officiating as Major of Brigade, who on all occasions merits my entire approbation.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) G. BARNES, Lieut.Col.

His Excellency Major-General Maitland, &c.

[Capitulation of the town of St. Pierre. The troops are prisoners of war; all public property surrendered to the captors.]

Camp la Coste, Feb. 10, *six a.m.*

SIR,—Lieut.-Col. M'Nair, commanding the 5th brigade, was detached last night at twelve o'clock, with 300 men of the 90th regiment, for the service you had desired relative to the enemy's hospitals.

I had taken the necessary precautions to communicate with Major Henderson, and that no mistakes should happen with our outposts. What was ordered has been well performed. I have, &c.

(Signed) F. MAITLAND, M. G.

Lieut.-Gen. Beckwith, Com. of the Forces, &c.

Martinico, Feb. 11.

SIR,—Having yesterday evening reconnoitered the enemy's advanced picquet, I decided upon attempting the surprise of it in the course of the night, and gave directions accordingly to Major Pearson commanding the light battalion, a copy of whose report upon this subject I have the honour to inclose for your Excellency's information. I have, &c.

(Signed) G. PREVOST.

To Lieut.-Gen. Beckwith.

February 11.

SIR,—In obedience to your orders of yesterday, I proceeded with the two flank companies of the 25th regiment,

in order, if possible, to surprise the advanced picquet of the enemy, which, I am happy to say, was effected after a very intricate and difficult march of two hours. The enemy left five or six killed on the ground, and the rest made a most precipitate retreat to their fort. I beg leave to state, that the officers and men of the 25th regiment behaved in a most steady and gallant manner, and am happy to add, that no casualty occurred on our side.

I have, &c.

(Signed) T. PEARSON,
Maj.-Comm. Light Infantry Batt.

Head-Quarters, Martinique, Feb. 28.

MY LORD,—In my letter of the 25th inst. I had the honour to transmit to your lordship the details of our operations to the 11th preceding; from that period until the 19th we were incessantly employed in the construction of gun and mortar batteries, and in the landing cannon, mortars, and howitzers, with their ammunition and stores, in dragging them to the several points selected by the engineers, and in the completion of the works, and in mounting the ordnance. The exertions of Commodore Cockburn, and other naval officers under his orders upon the left, in forwarding these services, were most conspicuous. The enemy, during the interval, fired upon our encampments with shot and shells, but fortunately with little effect, and his picquets, when pressed, constantly fell back under the protection of his works.

On the 19th, at half past four in the afternoon, we opened from six points upon the enemy's fortress, with fourteen pieces of heavy cannon, and twenty eight mortars and howitzers, and the cannonade and bombardment continued with little remission until noon of the 23d, when the French General sent a trumpet with a letter to our advanced posts, near the Bouille Redoubt, in the front of attack. In this communication General Villaret proposed as the basis of negociation, that the French troops should be sent to France free from all restriction as to future service; but this being inadmissible, the bombardment recommenced at ten at night, and continued without intermission until nine o'clock of the 24th, when three white flags were discovered flying in the fortress, in consequence of which, our fire from the batteries immediately ceased.

It is with the most heartfelt satisfaction I have now the honour to report to your lordship, for his Majesty's information, that, supported by the talents of the General Officers, and in particular of Lieutenant-General Sir George Prevost, and of Major-Gen. Maitland, the experience and zeal of all the other officers, and the valour and unremitting labour of this army, strengthened by the indefatigable exertions of Rear Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane and the squadron, the campaign, notwithstanding incessant rains, has been brought to a glorious conclusion in the short space of twenty-seven days from our departure from Barbadoes.

The command of such an army will constitute the pride of my future life. To these brave troops, conducted by Generals of experience, and not to me, their king and country owe the sovereignty of this important colony; and I trust that by a comparison of the force which defended it, and the time in which it has fallen, the present reduction of Martinique will not be deemed eclipsed by any former expedition.

I have the honour to inclose the articles of capitulation, as originally produced by the French commissioners, in consequence of General Villaret's application to me for this purpose, during the forenoon of the 24th, and acceded to by Lieutenant-General Sir George Prevost, Major-Gen. Maitland, and Commodore Cockburn, appointed by the Rear Admiral and myself to meet them. This capitulation, which was mutually ratified the same night, will, I trust, be honoured with his Majesty's approbation.

I inclose also a return of the French garrison, which it is supposed will be in a state to embark in the course of a few days; from which it will appear that I did not over-rate the original numbers of the enemy.

By the next conveyance, I shall have the honour to submit to your lordship's consideration the various details which are now referred to in general terms, and to report the merits of the several corps; but the science of the officers of the Royal Artillery

has been too conspicuous not to be particularly noticed, the interior of the enemy's fortress being torn to pieces by shells; his works have also been much injured by shot from the gun-batteries, manned by the seamen under the direction of Commodore Cockburn and other naval officers.

After the embarkation of the French troops, I shall have the honour to command the Eagles taken from the enemy to be laid at the king's feet.

Captain Preedy of the 90th regiment, one of my aides-du-camp, has the honour to be the bearer of this dispatch. He is an officer of service, and I beg leave to recommend him to his Majesty's favour, and to your lordship's protection.

I annex the following returns—ordnance, ammunition and stores taken from the enemy; provisions in the fortress, with the daily issues; the king's hospitals. I have, &c.

(Signed) GEO. BECKWITH,
Com. Forces.

[Here follow the articles of capitulation, of which the following is the substance:—Gen. Villaret Joyeuse, as a mark of respect, is allowed to proceed to France, free from all restriction, together with his aides-du-camp; the garrison, after grounding their arms, are to be embarked for France, as prisoners of war, to proceed to Quiberon Bay, and there an exchange shall take place between the two nations, rank for rank, under the guard of some English ships of war. The troops retain their private property. The embarkation and voyage to be at the expence of his Britannic Majesty. The persons and property of all the inhabitants to be respected, and none to be molested for their political opinions. The garrison to embark at furthest, within fifteen days.

The return of the French army capable of embarkation, states the number to be 14 superior officers, 141 officers, 1,827 petty officers and soldiers, 242 marines. The artillery and ordnance stores are immense. Amongst the provisions were 1,300 barrels of flour, 300 tierces of salt beef, and 98 barrels of salt pork.

The sick and wounded in the British hospitals are 460.]

Admiralty Office, April 12.

Letter from Rear Admiral Sir A. Cochrane to the Secretary for the Admiralty.

Neptune, Fort Royal, Martinique, February 25.

SIR,—By my letter of the 18th, a duplicate of which accompanies this, together with one of the 4th, the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty will have been informed, that it was intended to open a fire on the enemy from four batteries on the succeeding day, in addition to his own guns turned upon him from Fort Edward, which was accordingly done at half past four in the afternoon, the time appointed. The enemy at first returned the fire with spirit, but it gradually slackened until the following morning, and then entirely ceased, except at long intervals, which made it evident he was beaten from his guns. While the batteries were kept constantly firing on the enemy from the western side, Captains Barton and Nesham, of the York and Intrepid, with about four hundred seamen and marines, continued to be employed in getting the heavy cannon, mortars, and howitzers, up to Mount Surirey, from the eastern side of the fort, which was a service of the utmost labour and difficulty, owing to the rains and deepness of the roads; but notwithstanding which, a battery of four twenty-four pounders and four mortars was finished by the 22d, and the guns mounted ready for service. On the following day several more guns were got up, and ready to be placed in an advanced battery, intended to consist of eight twenty-four pounders; a similar battery was preparing to the westward, and the whole would have been in a state to open on the enemy by the 26th, had not a flag of truce been sent from the fort on the 23d, with proposals for a surrender, on the principle of being sent to France on parole; but Lieutenant-General Beckwith, the commander of the forces, and myself, not judging it proper to accede to such terms, the batteries, which had before opened their fire, recommenced the attack at half past eight o'clock in the evening, and continued it without intermission during the night. The next morning, a little past six o'clock, one of the magazines on the fort blew

up with a great explosion, and soon afterwards three flags of truce were hoisted by the enemy, and hostilities ceased on our part.

A letter was then received from the Captain-General Villaret Joyeuse, requesting that commissioners might be appointed on both sides to settle the terms of capitulation, which was agreed to, and Lieutenant-General Sir George Prevost and Major-Gen. Maitland were named by the Commander of the Forces, and Commodore Cockburn by me. These officers were met by the General of Artillery Villaret (the Captain-General's brother), and Colonels Montfort and Boyer, in a tent erected for the purpose between the advanced picquets on each side, when the terms were settled and ratified before midnight; a copy of which I have the honour to inclose.—This morning a detachment of troops took possession of the Bouille Redoubt, and the ravelines and gateway of Fort Bourbon on the land side; and the garrison (a return of which, as well as the rest of the prisoners taken since the commencement of the siege, is inclosed) will be embarked in the course of eight days in transports, and his Majesty's ships Belleisle and Ulysses will proceed with them as a guard to Europe. I now beg leave to congratulate their lordships on the happy termination of a siege, which was, by the uncommon exertions of the army and navy, brought to a close within twenty-eight days from the sailing of the expedition from Barbadoes. The fire that was kept up by the batteries was irresistible, the enemy was driven from his defences, his cannon dismounted, and the whole of the interior of the work ploughed up by the shot and shells, within five days after the batteries opened. Never did more unanimity prevail between the two services than on the present occasion. One sentiment, one wish pervaded the whole; and they looked with confidence to a speedy and glorious termination of their toils. I had on this service the happiness to act with Lieutenant-General Beckwith, an officer I have long been in the habits of intimacy with, from whose zeal I had every thing to expect, and which the recent events have so fully realized. He did me the honour to consult me on various occasions, and his communications and co-operation were friendly and cordial, which, on all conjunct expeditions, is the surest pledge of success—I have already informed their lordships, that I entrusted the whole of the naval arrangements on shore to Commodore Cockburn. His exertions have been unremitting, and his merit beyond my praise. He speaks in terms of high approbation of the able support and assistance he received from Captains Barton, Nesham, and Brenton, whom I had selected to act with him. To all these officers, and the lieutenants and other officers, petty officers, seamen and marines immediately under their commands, I feel truly obliged for performing the arduous duties imposed upon them. The seven gun battery at Folville was entirely fought by seamen, from which the enemy suffered severely.

I have also the fullest reason to be thankful to the other officers and men of the squadron employed on the blockade and reduction of the island, for their general activity and emulation. I subjoin a list of the several returns and papers which I have been able to collect, and send herewith. For any other information I beg to refer their lordships to Captain Spear, of the Wolverene, an old and deserving commander, whom I have entrusted with this dispatch.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) ALEX. COCHRANE.

Officers and seamen killed and wounded whilst serving on shore under the orders of Commodore Cockburn.

Total—6 killed; 10 badly, 9 slightly wounded.—No officers killed.

Copy of a Letter from Captain George M'Kinley, of his Majesty's ship Lively, to the Hon. W. W. Pole, dated on board that ship.

Lively, Vigo, March 29, 1809.

SIR,—In consequence of a letter I received at Villagarcia from Captain Crawford, of the Venus, off Vigo, informing me that the Loyal Peasantry were in considerable force around the castle and town of Vigo, and that the presence of another frigate would very much contribute to the surrender of

that fortress, I joined on the evening of the 23d instant.

The next morning I went to the head-quarters of Don Joao de Almada de Sauzo e Silva, who commanded the patriots. At the instant a summons was sent to the Governor of Vigo to surrender at discretion, which led to a negociation between him and the Spaniards, which continued till the 26th, when Don Pablo Morillo, commanding a regular force of 1500 men, composed of retired soldiers in this province, arrived, and sent in a summons to surrender. In consequence of which, on the following day, the proposals (No. 1.) were brought on board by Don Pablo Murillo, accompanied by three French officers. The answers to them (No. 2) were delivered at five P.M. by Captain Crawford, who concluded the capitulation which I have the honour to inclose; and the whole of the garrison, consisting of a colonel, 45 officers, and about 1300 or 1400 men, were embarked the next morning.

I should be wanting in every feeling of an officer, were I not to acknowledge the liberal attention and zealous services of Captain Crawford.

It also becomes most gratifying that I am enabled to inform you of the spirit and determination of the Spaniards to expel from their country the invaders of all that is dear to a brave and loyal people. No doubt of success could have arisen, had the enemy persisted in holding out, from the able and prompt conduct of Don Pablo Murillo, and the good order of his troops, the strongest proof of his zeal in the just cause of his king and country; and the ardour of the peasantry is beyond all description.

I have the honour to be, &c.

GEORGE M'KINLEY.

The Hon. Vice-Admiral Berkeley, &c.

P.S. I beg to inclose as correct a statement of the French force as time would allow me to procure.

GEORGE M'KINLEY.

[The articles Nos. 1. and 2. above referred to, are a discussion of the terms of capitulation, the result of which is, that the garrison, as prisoners of war are to be sent to England, the officers keeping their swords and wearing apparel.]

Statement of the French forces, &c. surrendered by capitulation at Vigo, 27th March, 1809, to his Majesty's ships Lively and Venus, and the forces of his Catholic Majesty, Ferdinand the Seventh.

46 officers; 958 inferior officers and privates fit for duty; 300 sick; total, 1304 men.

447 horses; 68 carriages, covered waggons, and carts; military chest, containing 117,163 francs in French specie.

The returns of the garrison, cannon, field-pieces, muskets, ammunition, ordnance-stores, &c. &c. not yet received; but the whole, together with the horses, carriages, and specie, have been delivered to Don Pedro Murillo, commander in Xété of the forces of his Catholic Majesty Ferdinand the Seventh.

(Signed) GEORGE M'KINLEY.

Copy of another Letter from Captain M'Kinley, of his Majesty's ship Lively, to the Hon. W. W. Pole, dated March 29, 1809.

SIR,—I have the honour to inform you, for the information of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that, in the act of embarking the French garrison, advice was received of a French force approaching, when Don Pablo Murillo immediately marched, attacked, totally routed them, and made many prisoners, who informed me they were a detachment of 300 men from Fuy, for the relief of Vigo.

I have the honour to be, &c.

GEORGE M'KINLEY.

GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY.

FRIDAY, APRIL 21.

Admiralty-Office, April 21.

Sir Harry Neale, Bart. First Captain to Admiral Lord Gambier, Commander-in-chief of his Majesty's ships and vessels employed in the Channel soundings, &c. arrived here this morning, with a dispatch from his lordship to the Honourable William Wellesley Pole, of which the following is a copy:—

Caledonia at anchor in Basque Roads, April 11, 1809.

SIR,—The Almighty's favour to his Majesty and the nation has been strongly marked in the success he has been pleased to give to the operations

of his Majesty's fleet under my command; and I have the satisfaction to acquaint you, for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that the four ships of the enemy named in the margin*, have been destroyed at their anchorage, and several others, from getting on shore, if not rendered altogether unserviceable, are at least disabled for a considerable time.

The arrangements of the fire-vessels placed under the direction of Captain the Right Hon. Lord Cochrane, were made as fully as the state of the weather would admit, according to his lordship's plan, on the evening of the 11th inst. and at eight o'clock on the same night they proceeded to the attack, under a favourable strong wind from the northward, and flood tide (preceded by some vessels filled with powder and shells, as proposed by his lordship, with a view to explosion), and led on in the most undaunted and determined manner by Captain Wooldridge, in the Mediator fire-ship, the others following in succession; but owing to the darkness of the night, several mistook their course and failed.

On their approach to the enemy's ships, it was discovered that a boom was placed in front of their line, for a defence. This, however, the weight of the Mediator soon broke, and the usual intrepidity and bravery of British seamen overcame all difficulties. Advancing under a heavy fire from the forts in the Isle of Aix, as well as from the enemy's ships, most of which cut or slipt their cables, and from the confined anchorage, got on shore, and thus avoided taking fire.

At day-light the following morning, Lord Cochrance communicated to me by telegraph, that seven of the enemy's ships were on shore, and might be destroyed. I immediately made the signal for the fleet to unmoor and weigh, intending to proceed with it to effect their destruction. The wind, however, being fresh from the northward, and the flood tide running, rendered it too hazardous to run into Aix Roads (from its shallow water) I therefore anchored again, at the distance of about three miles from the forts on the island.

As the tide suited, the enemy evinced great activity in endeavouring to warp their ships (which had grounded) into deep water, and succeeding in getting all but five of the line towards the entrance of the Charante before it became practicable to attack them.

I gave orders to Captain Bligh, of the Valiant, to proceed with that ship, the Revenge, frigates, bombs, and small vessels, named in the margin*, to anchor near the Boyart Shoal, in readiness for the attack. At 20 minutes past two *p. m.* Lord Cochrane advanced in the Imperieuse with his accustomed gallantry and spirit, and opened a well-directed fire upon the Calcutta, which struck her colours to the Imperieuse; the ships and vessels above-mentioned soon after joined in the attack upon the Ville de Varsovie and Aquilon, and obliged them, before five o'clock, after sustaining a heavy cannonade, to strike their colours, when they were taken possession of by the boats of the advanced squadron. As soon as the prisoners were removed, they were set on fire, as was also the Tonnerre, a short time after by the enemy.

I afterwards detached Rear Admiral the Hon. Robert Stopford in the Cæsar with the Theseus, three additional fire-ships (which were hastily prepared in the course of the day) and all the boats of the fleet, with Mr. Congreve's rockets, to conduct the further operations of the night against any of the ships which lay exposed to an attack. On the morning of the 13th, the Rear-Admiral reported to me, that as the Cæsar, and other line of battle ships had grounded, and were in a dangerous situation, he thought it adviseable to order them all out, particularly as the remaining part of the service could be performed by frigates and small vessels only; and I was happy to find that they were extricated from their perilous situation.

Captain Bligh has since informed me, that it was found impracticable to

* Ville de Varsovie, of 80 guns; Tonnerre, 74 guns; Aquilon, 74 guns; and Calcutta, 56 guns.

* Indefatigable, Aigle, Emerald, Pallas, Beagle, Ætna bomb, Insurgent gun-brig, Conflict, Encounter, Fervent, and Growler.

destroy the three-decked ship, and the others which were lying near the entrance of the Charante, as the former being the outer one, was protected by three lines of boats placed in advance from her.

This ship, and all the others, except four of the line and a frigate, have now moved up the river Charante. If any further attempt to destroy them is practicable, I shall not fail to use every means in my power to accomplish it.

I have great satisfaction in stating to their lordships how much I feel obliged to the zealous co-operation of Rear-Admiral Stopford, under whose arrangement the boats of the fleet were placed: and I must also express to their lordships the high sense I have of the assistance I received from the abilities and the unremitted attention of Sir Harry Neale, Bart. the Captain of the Fleet, as well as of the animated exertions of the captains, officers, seamen, and marines, under my command, and their forwardness to volunteer upon any service that might be allotted to them; particularly the zeal and activity shewn by the captains of the line-of-battle ships in preparing the fire-ships.

I cannot speak in sufficient terms of admiration and applause of the vigorous and gallant attack made by Lord Cochrane upon the French line of battle ships which were on shore, as well as of his judicious manner of approaching them, and placing his ship in the position most advantageous to annoy the enemy, and preserve his own ship, which could not be exceeded by any feat of valour hitherto achieved by the British Navy.

It is due to Rear-Admiral Stopford and Sir Harry Neale, that I should here take the opportunity of acquainting their lordships of the handsome and earnest manner in which both these meritorious officers had volunteered their services before the arrival of Lord Cochrane, to undertake an attack upon the enemy with fire-ships; and that had not their lordships fixed upon him to conduct the enterprize, I have full confidence that the result of their efforts would have been highly creditable to them.

I should feel that I did not do justice to the services of Captain Godfred of the Ætna, in bombarding the enemy's ships on the 12th, and nearly all the day of the 13th, if I did not recommend him to their lordships notice; and I cannot omit bearing due testimony to the anxious desire expressed by Mr. Congreve to be employed wherever I might conceive his services, in the management of his rockets, would be useful; some of them were placed in the fire-ships with effect, and I have every reason to be satisfied with the artillerymen and others who had the management of them, under Mr. Congreve's direction.

I send herewith, a return of killed, wounded, and missing, of the fleet, which, I am happy to observe, is comparatively small. I have not yet received the returns of the number of prisoners taken, but I conceive they amount to between 4 and 500.

I have charged Sir Harry Neale with this dispatch (by the Imperieuse) and I beg leave to refer their lordships to him, as also to Lord Cochrane, for any further particulars of which they may wish to be informed.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) GAMBIER.

April 15.—(P. S.) This morning three of the enemy's line-of-battle ships are observed to be still on shore under Fouras, and one of them is in a dangerous situation. One of their frigates (L'Indienne), also on shore, has fallen over, and they are now dismantling her. As the tides will take off in a day or two, there is every probability that she will be destroyed.

Since writing the foregoing I have learnt, that the Hon. Lieut.-Colonel Cochrane (Lord Cochrane's brother) and Lieutenant Bisset, of the navy, were volunteers in the Imperieuse, and rendered themselves extremely useful, the former by commanding some of her guns on the main-deck, and the latter in conducting one of the explosion vessels.

Return of killed and wounded.

Total—8 officers, 8 men, killed; 9 officers, 26 men, wounded; 1 man missing—47.

LONDON GAZETTE,
SATURDAY, APRIL 22.

Admiralty-Office, April 15.

Copy of a Letter from Captain M. Seymour, of the Amethyst, to Lord Gambier, and transmitted by Admiral Young from Plymouth.

Amethyst, off Ushant, April 12.

MY LORD,—I have very sincere pleasure in acquainting you of the capture of Le Niemen, a fine new French frigate of 44 guns, 28 of which are 18-pounders on the main-deck, and 319 men, copper-fastened, two days from Verdun Roads, with six months provisions and naval stores on board, and bound to the Isle of France, commanded by Mons. Dupotet, Capitaine de Fregatte, a distinguished officer, who defended his ship with great ability and resolution.

At eleven in the forenoon of the 5th instant, the wind at east, Emerald north, within signal distance, Cordovan bearing E. by N. 42 leagues, a ship was perceived in the E.S.E coming down, steering to the westward, which hauled to the S.S.E. on making us out. She was immediately chased, but at 20 minutes past seven we lost sight of her and the Emerald, and had not gained on the chase.

After dark the Amethyst's course was shaped to meet the probable route of an enemy, which, at half past nine, we crossed one, but though within half-gun shot at eleven, from which time till one the bow and stern-chasers were exchanging, her extraordinary sailing prevented our effecting any thing serious. From one till past three A.M. on the 6th, the action was severe, after which the enemy's main and mizen masts fell, his fire became faint, was just silenced, while ours continued as lively as ever, when the Arethusa appeared, and on her firing, he immediately made a signal of having surrendered, and proved to be the same frigate recommended to my notice in your lordship's order of the 9th ult. She fell on board us once in the contest; she had 47 men killed and 73 wounded. The main and mizen masts of the Amethyst fell at the close of the action, and she had 8 killed and 37 wounded.

To render just praise to the brave and admirable conduct of every officer and man of this ship's company (of whom 2 officers and 37 men were absent in prizes, the prisoners from which, 69, were on board) I am perfectly unequal. The great exertions and experience of the First Lieutenant Mr. William Hill, and Mr. Robert Fair, the master, I am particularly indebted for. Lieutenants Waring and Prytherch, of the Royal Marines, deserve my best thanks.

The prize's foremast fell next day, and I left her in tow of the Arethusa, who afforded us, in every instance, the most prompt assistance, and by Captain Mend's desire I write.

In justice to a most vigilant officer, I have to observe, that from the Emerald's situation, even Captain Maitland's skill would not avail him in getting up to the enemy, and the darkness and squally weather in the early part of the night, precluded all hope of his keeping sight of the Amethyst.

I have the honour to be, &c.

M. SEYMOUR.

Right Hon. Lord Gambier, &c.

Total of seamen and marines killed and wounded—killed 8, wounded 36.

[Admiral Lord Gambier has transmitted to the Hon. W. W. Pole, a letter from Captain Adam, of his Majesty's ship Resistance, giving an account of the destruction of a French armed schooner and a chasse maree, in the port of Anchove, near Cape Machicaco, on the 8th of March last, by the boats of that ship, under the direction of Lieutenant Corbyn, who had previously carried a battery of four guns, which commanded the harbour.]

The Gazette also contains a long official account of the capture of Cayenne, by Captain Yeo, of the Confiance frigate, with a Portuguese sloop of war, and some smaller vessels, having on board 550 Portuguese troops, under the command of Lieutenant Mansel Marques, of which the following is an abstract:

Captain Yeo, in his letter to Sir Sidney Smith, of the 9th of February last, states, that it being found necessary that two batteries should be reduced, which commanded the approach to Cayenne, he detached 250 men to attack Fort Diament, that commands the mouth of the river Ma-

hurree, and then to proceed to reduce Grand Cane, commanding the great road to Cayenne. This service was performed in the most gallant manner, and with complete success. Captain Yeo at this time being informed that the Governor, General Victor Hugues, was advancing from Cayenne with 1000 troops to dispossess them of these posts, thought it advisable to dismantle Fort Diamant, and assemble at Fort Cane; he then discovered that two batteries, which were higher up the river, must also be reduced. This service was performed with the utmost intrepidity, the men landing amidst a shower of grape and musketry, and driving the enemy before them with the bayonet. At this time a body of French from Cayenne, attacked Colonel Marques at Grand-Cane. Captain Yeo immediately embarked his men in the boats, and proceeded to the assistance of Colonel Marques, who had withstood the enemy with his small force; and after a smart action of three hours, they were compelled to retreat to the town. The house of General Hugues yet remained to be taken; it was defended by a field-piece and swivel, with 100 of his best troops. Captain Yeo, from motives of humanity, and a wish to preserve the property of an individual, sent Lieutenant Mulcaster in a flag of truce, to inform the officer that no harm was intended to the habitation of General Hugues; but if a resistance was still made, he should consider the house as a fortress, and level it with the ground. The officer commanding fired twice upon Lieutenant Mulcaster, which determined Captain Yeo to take the place The men, with three cheers, advanced with pike and bayonet, and drove the enemy into the house, from whence they were also dislodged, and the habitation rased to the ground. Information being received that the enemy intended to occupy a strong post which commands the town, it was thought necessary to be beforehand with them, and the whole force was immediately marched there; the situation was gained on the 9th, and on the 10th Lieutenant Mulcaster was sent into the town with a summons to surrender, which took place on the 14th. The enemy, amounting to 400, laid down their arms, and were embarked on board the vessels belonging to the expedition; the militia, together with 200 blacks, also laying down their arms.

Captain Yeo mentions with pleasure, the unanimity that prevailed between the Portuguese and British troops during the expedition. To Colonel Marques, Captain Salgado, Lieutenant Schultz, and every individual belonging to the Portuguese squadron, he expresses a high sense of obligation: also Lieutenant Mulcaster and Lieutenant Blyth (though wounded) he mentions in the most flattering manner, as indeed to every one engaged in the expedition.—Here follows the Articles of Capitulation, which are 16 in number. Is is stipulated that the Garrison, the Civil and Military Officers, &c. shall be sent to France, and they are not to serve against the Prince Regent, or his allies, for one year.

Killed and Wounded of his Majesty's ship Confiance.

Total—1 killed, 23 wounded.

(Signed) J. L. Yeo, Captain,
T. Sevestre, Surgeon.

Bulletins of the French Army in Spain.

[*Continued from p.* 280.]

The *Twenty-ninth* Bulletin is dated Valladolid, Jan. 16.—On the 10th of January the head-quarters of General the Duke of Bellune, were at Aranjuez. Here he learned that the remains of the army, which had been beaten at Tudela, were re-united in the neighbourhood of Cuenca, after having been joined by the new levies from Granada, Valencia, and Murcia. The King of Spain conceived the possibility of drawing ont the enemy. With this view, he ordered all the posts to fall back; which had advanced to the mountains of Cuenca, beyond Tarrancon and Huete. The Spanish army followed this movement. On the 12th it was stationed at Veles. The Duke of Bellune then took post at Tarrancon and Fuente de Pedronara. On the 13th, the division of Vilatte marched directly against the enemy; while the Duke of Bellune, with the division of Ruffin, took a

circuit by Alcazar. As soon as General Villatte discovered the Spaniards, he advanced to the charge, and put to the route the enemy's twelve or thirteen thousand men, who immediately endeavoured to retire by Cara-cosa-on-Alcazar. The 9th regiment of light infantry, the 24th, and 96th of the line, presented to the enemy a wall of bayonets. The Spaniards threw down their arms. Three hundred officers, two Generals, seven Colonels, twenty Lieutenant-Colonels, and 12,000 men, were made prisoners. Thirty standards, and all the artillery, have been taken. One Penegas, who commanded these troops, has been killed The whole of the captured army, with its colours, escorted by three battalions, will, to-morrow, (the 17th) make its entrance into Madrid. The young Sopransi, Chef d'Escadron of the 1st Dragoons, threw himself into the midst of the enemy, displaying a singular bravery. He brought six stands of colours to the Duke of Bellune.—In Gallicia the English still continue to be pursued at the point of the sword. After having been chased from Lugo, three parts of them took the direction to Corunna, the fourth that to Vigo, where they have transports. The Duke of Dalmatia has advanced towards Corunna, and the Duke of Elchingen to Vigo.

The *Thirtieth* is dated Valladolid, Jan. 21. The Duke of Dalmatia left Betanzos on the 12th instant. Having reached the Mero, he found the bridge of Burgos cut. The enemy was dislodged from the village of Burgo. In the meanwhile General Francheschi ascended the river, which he crossed at the bridge of Sela. He made himself master of the high road from Corunna to Santiago, and took 6 officers and 60 soldiers prisoners. On the same day, a body of 30 marines, who were fetching water from the bay near Mero, were taken. From the village of Perillo, the English fleet could be observed in the harbour of Corunna. On the 13th, the enemy caused two powder magazines, situated near the heights of St. Margaret, at half a league from Corunna, to be blown up. The explosion was terrible, and was felt at the distance of three leagues. On the 14th, the bridge at Burgo was repaired, and the French artillery was able to pass. The enemy had taken a position at two leagues distance, half a league before Corunna. He was seen employed in hastily embarking his sick and wounded, the numbers of whom, according to spies and deserters, amounts to 3000 or 4000 men. The English were in the meanwhile occupied in destroying the batteries on the coast, and laying waste the country on the sea shore. The Commandant of the Fort St. Philip, suspecting the fate intended for his fortification, refused to admit them in it. On the evening of the 14th, we saw a fresh convoy of 160 sail arrive, among which were four ships of the line. On the morning of the 15th, the divisions Merle and Mermet occupied the heights of Villaboa, where the enemy's advanced guard was stationed, which was attacked and destroyed. Our right wing was stationed on the point where the road from Corunna to Lugo, and that from Corunna to Santiago meet. The left was placed behind the village of Elvina. The enemy was stationed behind some beautiful heights.

The rest of the 15th was spent in fixing a battery of 12 pieces of cannon; and it was not till the 16th, at three o'clock in the afternoon, that the Duke of Dalmatia gave orders to attack. The assault was made upon the English by the first brigade of the division Mermet, which overthrew them, and drove them from the village of Elvina. The second regiment of light infantry covered itself with glory. General Jardon, at the head of the Voltigeurs, wrought a terrible carnage. The enemy availed himself of this to embark with precipitation. Only 6000 of our men were engaged, and every arrangement was made for abandoning the positions of the night, and advancing next day to a general attack. The loss of the enemy has been immense. We counted on the field of battle more than 800 of their dead bodies. We have taken 20 officers, 300 men, and 4 pieces of cannon. Our loss amounts to 100 killed and 150 wounded. Thus has terminated the English expedition which was sent into Spain. After having fomented the war in this unhappy country, the English have abandoned it.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

BERKSHIRE.

AT a late meeting, held at the Town Hall, Reading, to consider the propriety of forming an establishment in that town and neighbourhood on the plan, and in aid, of the *British and Foreign Bible Society* in London.

Thomas Gleed, Esq. mayor, being called to the chair:

Dr. Valpy said, that, as he had suggested the proposition for the present meeting, it might be expected that he should open the consideration of the subject. He felt the highest gratification at the sight of gentlemen of various religious persuasions, whose differences on some speculative points of doctrine melted before the sacred fire of practical religion, and mingled in one common mass of exertions for the extension of the study of the scriptures, which was the object of the proposed institution. He proved that it was founded on the great principles of the Christian religion, Faith, Hope and Charity. We must all believe the prophecy of divine inspiration, that a time will come, when the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea: it was therefore one of the highest privileges, with which we could be blest, to be instruments in thus extending the Kingdom of God. He pointed out the great necessity of giving comfort to the afflicted, and hope to the despondng, in every part of the world, in these times of unexampled calamity. He would leave the task of laying before the meeting, the rise, the progress, and the beneficial effects of the London Society, to two of the secretaries, who attended on the present occasion; a circumstance, which proved how highly they valued the good opinion, and how strongly they relied on the assistance of this town and neighbourhood. In that expectation, he hoped, they would not be disappointed.

The Rev. Mr. Hughes, of Battersea, and the Rev. Mr. Owen, of Fulham, in two successive speeches of great clearness, force, and eloquence, described the circumstances, which had made an irresistible appeal to the humanity and the piety of the founders of the institution. Repeated calls had been made from Wales, where the want of the book of salvation was universally felt. Applications had been made to the humanity and religious feelings of private individuals. The example had been followed with such a spirit, that the charity, which had begun at home was soon spread to the Continent.

From Iceland to the eastern extremity of Asia, and from Siberia to South America, millions have been taught the knowledge of God and of Christ by the diffusion of the scriptures in every language, which could admit a translation. All sects and casts have forgot their mutual animosities, and have been humanized into the feelings of fraternal affection, and of gratitude to the country, from which they derived those blesings. The spirit of the catholics has assumed a new direction; even their priests have applied in many places for the communication of the scriptures to their congregations. They shewed the universality of that benevolence, which diffused those benefits. At the head of the society was the good and learned Lord Teignmouth, the Bishops of London, Durham, Salisbury, and St. David's, with some distinguished characters of all religious persuasions. They trusted that, from the liberality of this town and neighbourhood, the society would receive the most effectual support.

Mr. Ring, in an impressive speech, mentioned the want of religious knowledge, which it had been, in his professional character, his frequent lot to witness. To those who might plead the weight of taxes as an objection to join in the contribution, he would say, that, if the plan of the society could succeed in its utmost extent, taxes would cease, for all mankind would be so deeply penetrated with brotherly love, that "Glory to God in the highest, on earth, peace, and good will towards men," would soon be the happy result.

The Rev. Mr. Marsh drew an animated description of the high privileges, which had been conferred on the inhabitants of this country, to whom the oracles of God had been committed; an advantage represented

by St. Paul as the most distinguished in the world. He expressed his hope, that the only object of contention in the present case would be to contribute in the amplest manner to the prosecution of this pious design.

Mr. Archdeacon Nares declared his full assent to the principles which had been this day inculcated, and his intention to lend his assistance in the most effectual manner to the great work of the Society.

The resolutions were then proposed, in which the gentlemen already mentioned were assisted by the zeal and judgment of the Rev. Mr. Douglas, Messrs. Harris, Monck, Vines, and several others.

In the course of the conversation, Mr. Owen was called upon to favour the town with a sermon, in the evening, at the Tuesday lecture in St. Lawrence's church, in explanation and recommendation of the Society. Of this admirable discourse, delivered on so short a notice, we confess our inability to give an adequate description, but we understand that it was resolved at the first meeting of the committee, that a request should be made for its publication.

DEVONSHIRE.

Died.] At Tiverton, her native town, Mrs. Cowley. This lady, whose dramatic and poetical talents have given celebrity to her name, was the daughter of Mr. Parkhouse, of that town, and descended from the family of Gay, the poet. Her first play, *The Runaway*, was brought forward in 1779, under the patronage of Mr. Garrick, and Mrs. Siddons played a character in it, long before her genius burst forth with the lustre that has justly excited universal admiration. Mrs. Cowley wrote several other dramatic pieces, but the comedy of *The Belle's Stratagem*, and the farce of *Who's the Dupe*, are her only productions which are likely to keep possession of the stage.

HAMPSHIRE.

Died.] At his house, in Winchester, James Pyle, Esq. at a very advanced age. He has left very considerable property. The landed part of it, we hear, he has bequeathed to his nephew, the Rev. James Pyle Ashe; and a large part of his personal property to distant relations and others. The character of Mr. Pyle has been singular. The property which he inherited from his father was considerable, and during a long life it had been greatly increased by his parsimonious manner of living. In the early part of Mr. Pyle's life, he lost a large sum of money by the failure of a person to whom he had confided it. From that time he became suspicious, and seemed unwilling to entrust his money with any one. Under this feeling, whenever he received his rents, he secreted the money. About a twelvemonth ago Mr. Pyle was attacked by a paralytic affection, and it being known that he was in the habit of hiding his money, it was judged prudent by his friends to search the house; and in one or two rooms, that were visited only by himself for many years, cash and notes were found to the amount of between 6 or 7000*l.* secreted in every kind of way—some tied up in pieces of paper—some put into the seats of chairs—and indeed every expedient was used at concealment. The money thus found was immediately taken to a banker's, on Mr. Pyle's account: but he never forgave this compelled discovery of his treasure. Mr. Pyle, though parsimonious to the extreme, was indulgent to his tenants, to whom he granted long leases without advancing the rent. His character was that of being penurious in trifles, while he suffered his thousands to lie unheeded and unemployed.

At his house, at Stubbington, near Titchfield, Jonathan Faulknor, Esq. rear-admiral of the Red in his Majesty's navy. He was the eldest son of the late Admiral Faulknor, whose family claims a pre-eminence in the naval history of the British isles; for, from the close of the seventeenth century, and even previous to that time, it has uniformly adorned the list of our admiralty. One of Admiral Faulknor's ancestors, Captain William Faulknor, had the honour of receiving the flag of the renowned Czar Peter, when serving under Sir John Norris, in the Baltic, in the year 1715. The late Rear-admiral Faulknor was advanced to post-rank in 1782, and was promoted to his flag in 1804. Generous, hospitable, and

benevolent, his name will ever be revered by all who knew him. Rear-admiral Faulknor married the eldest daughter of Lieutenant-Gen. Spry, of the marines, by whom he has left three children: his eldest son, Jonathan, has just commenced his career in the British navy, and is now serving as a midshipman, with Admiral Purvis, in the Mediterranean.

LANCASHIRE.

The new Exchange-Room at Manchester, in point of architectural elegance and convenience, is an ornament to the town, and reflects the highest credit upon Mr. Harrison, of Chester, the architect. This building comprises an exchange-room, dining-room, and drawing-room, ware-rooms, shops, and counting-houses, a suit of rooms for the post-office, with cellaring under the whole, well adapted for the depositing of merchandise. It presents a semicircular front to the market-place, and a straight one to Exchange-street, built of Runcorn free stone, ornamented with half columns of the Grecian Doric order, supporting an appropriate entablature, upon which is placed an attic, divided by a pedestal over each column, and the intermediate spaces are adorned with ornamented pannels.—The exchange-room is in the semicircular part of the edifice, and comprises an area of four thousand superficial feet; it is lighted by eight windows, and a semicircular sky-light in the centre of the dome covering the room, which is forty feet in height: the dome is supported by eight Ionic reeded columns, standing twelve feet from the wall of the room, forming a colonnade; four of which inclose cylindrical tubes of iron, heated by a proper apparatus, affording a regular temperature, aided by three fire places. The dining-room is 66 feet long, and 33 feet wide; the drawing-room is 36 feet long, and 26 feet wide, of a proportionate height, and communicating with each other by means of folding doors; and the approach to these rooms is by a commodious geometrical stone stair, fronting Exchange-street. The site of this building is the property of the Right Hon. Lord Ducie, and is held by the proprietors (who have erected this building by subscription) upon payment of a yearly chief rent. There are at present 1244 subscribers, producing annually 2370*l.*

Another benevolent Institution has been added to those which are so liberally supported in Manchester. It is named, "The Ladies' Society for employing the Female Poor;" and the relief is intended, by giving those who are orderly and industrious, the opportunity, "by their own exertions, to contribute to the necessities of their families." The employment is to consist of making up wearing apparel, and other plain articles of domestic usefulness. Though but just established, there are now upwards of one hundred poor females employed, whose families are rendered comparatively comfortable, by the aid that is afforded them through the medium of this Institution. It is the sincere wish of those who see the great advantages that arise to the poor, from this mode of relieving their distresses, that many more may partake of the benefits of this well-directed charity.

OXFORDSHIRE.

Died.] At the parsonage, Wetherden, in the 78th year of his age, after an illness of three days, sincerely regretted and respected by his friends, the Rev. Richard Shepherd, D.D. formerly of Corpus Christi College, in this university, rector of Wetherden and Helmingham, in this county, and archdeacon of Bedford. He was an instance of very considerable erudition, united with rare condescension; and, though he filled an office of dignity in the church, he was not the less attentive to the humbler, but equally important duties of a parish priest.—In him the poor will long deplore the loss of a kind benefactor, and all of a zealous pastor. His publications, which are various, all breathe the spirit of a mild benevolence, and evince the liberal and enlightened divine, added to the pious and rational philosopher.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

Died.] In the Bishop's palace, at Litchfield, the celebrated Miss Anne Seward, one among the recent number of females of high intellectual attainments and great natural possessions of mind. This lady was the daughter of the Rev. T. Seward, rec-

tor of Eyam, in Derbyshire, prebendary of Salisbury, and canon residentiary of Litchfield. Miss Seward was his eldest daughter; she had several sisters and one brother, who all died in their infancy, excepting her second sister, who lived till she was nineteen, and then died on the eve of her nuptials. Miss Anna Seward's attachment to poetry was manifest very early in life. Her father in vain attempted to stifle that youthful inclination: music, its sister, she was unacquainted with till she had reached her twenty-third year. Her accidental acquaintance with Lady Miller, of Bath Easton, first induced her to write for the poetic institution of that villa; and early in 1780, her noble Elegy on Captain Cooke was published. An Ode to the Sun, and a beautiful Monody on Major André followed in the ensuing spring; and in the course of 1781, she had to lament the death of Lady Miller in lofty strains.

In 1784, Miss Seward published Louisa, a poetical novel, which ran through several editions. In 1787, an Epic Ode on the Return of General Elliot from Gibraltar appeared. In March 1790, her aged father died, in his 81st year. In the following spring she published her Llangollen Vale. One of her latest productions was, "Memoirs of Dr. Darwin," her late departed friend, whose admiration she possessed during life. It should be added, that the poems which accompany Llangollen Vale, are, one written on the coast of Hayle; another describing Wrexham and the inhabitants of its vicinity; the next, a runic poem, built on a terrific and sublime idea from the Norse poetry. The collection is closed by six sonnets, as specimens of a Centenary of Sonnets, which appeared afterwards with Horatian paraphrases subjoined, in 1798.

Miss Seward, in her youth, was extremely captivating: her eyes were of uncommon lustre, expressing at once the power of intellect and sensibility of heart; and her voice, both in speaking and reciting, was richly distinguished by sweetness and energy. She sung with much judgment and feeling; and her manners were at once courteous and commanding: even in the most advanced period of her life, she bore the marks of a lovely woman. Her mind was not less amiable than her person; and as for envy, or any of the baser passions, it was evident to all who knew her, that not any of those ignoble feelings that degrade a bright character ever found a resting place in the mind of Miss Anna Seward.

Mrs. Seward, her mother, who died at sixty-six, in 1780, united the singular qualities of strong sense and of extreme beauty. She had also a taste for literary pursuits, which she encouraged in her daughters; and the mind of Mr. Seward, her father, long retained rich stores of classic knowledge; though he was often heard to say, "that intimacy with Homer, Virgil, and Horace, never enabled any person to write English verse well; for where nature had sown the germ of poetic genius, it could only be well cultivated in the bowers of the *English Muses*."

We understand that Miss Seward has bequeathed her manuscripts, with a hundred pounds, to Walter Scott, Esq. the author of Marmion; and her vast collection of letters from and to the most eminent literary characters of her age, to Mr. Constable, the bookseller, who, we believe, is to select and publish two volumes of them annually. The remainder of her income, with the exception of some handsome legacies, she leaves to her relations by her father's side.

SUFFOLK.

Died.] Lately, aged 65, Mr. Thomas Tripp, of Lowestoft. The estimation in which he was justly held was shewn by the manner in which his funeral was attended. Youth and age—wealth and poverty, each shewed their respect for departed worth.—Above three-fourths of the whole of the population of Lowestoft followed him to his grave. It was not idle curiosity that influenced the multitude: the integrity, the piety, the benevolence of the deceased, were recollected by all: and the widow's tear—the orphan's cry—the indigent deprived of their benefactor—and the pious separated from their associate—gave an interest to the scene which will be long remembered. In the

evening a funeral sermon was preached to his memory in the Methodist chapel, being the founder of that sect in Lowestoft.

In Brook-street, London, the lady of Robert Sparrow, Esq. of Worlingham-hall, near Beccles, in this county.

In the 83d year of his age, Mr. John Frost, a respectable farmer at Monks' Eleigh in this county.

Sincerely lamented and regretted by his friends and acquaintance (especially a numerous list of objects of his charity) Mr. Edward Pugh, a respectable farmer of Hengrave.

WESTMORLAND.

The ladies of Kendal have lately commenced a very praiseworthy and philanthropic institution, for the relief of the sick poor in that town. In John Bull's usual good-humoured careless manner, they do not intrust their money to commissioners and agents, whose interest is too commonly confined to good dinners and dividends; but following the plan of the *Sisters of Charity* in Paris, these English ladies undertake to visit the families in each district, *personally*, and grant them such relief as they stand most in need of. They also pay particular attention to the domestic, moral, and religious conduct of the applicants, and make their reports accordingly.

YORKSHIRE.

The following are the particulars of the execution of Mary Bateman, [*alluded to in p. 284 of our last*] and John Brown:—Mary Bateman, the abandoned creature who was executed, was a follower of the principles of Joanna Southcote—only improving deception into robbery, barbarity, and murder! She affected the visions—the trances—the thumpings—the second sight of that wretched sect: large bodies of whom, from Leeds, attended the execution, on Monday se'nnight; the more simple part of whom imagined that a miracle would be worked in her favour, and that she would be saved by the interposition of Heaven! Notwithstanding all the prayers and exhortations of the clergyman, she obstinately persisted in denying that she had poisoned the woman, for whom she suffered, and died extremely hardened and unrepenting. Brown, the soldier of the York Rangers, and who was one of the worst-looking fellows ever seen, expired equally unaffected: denying, to the last, the murder he had before confessed, and which was clearly proved on his trial! At eleven o'clock, these two culprits were brought on the scaffold, and after praying a short time with the ordinary, were conducted to the drop, and were launched, by the instantaneous falling of it, into that state where repentance comes TOO LATE! It is a curious matter to state, that so ingrained and assimilated to her disposition had become Mary Bateman's taste for plunder and witchcraft, that from the poor woman who had attended on herself and child in the prison, she contrived to steal a guinea, by telling the woman's fortune, and making the stars favourable to her in a sweetheart. She carried on this religious mummery to the last. It is a dreadful thought, that this wretch, by the same means, and by a complete knowledge of poisons, had before destroyed the lives of two innocent women, whom she robbed of every thing they had; and that had Perigo died as well as his wife, this would have been the *fourth life* a victim to her infernal arts.

The child, which had been sucking for a year past, at her breast, was taken from her some little time before her execution. Strange to tell! she gave it up without a pang—she parted from it without one emotion! Brown was given to be dissected and anatomised at York: and Mary Bateman conveyed in a cart to the Infirmary at Leeds. The road from York to Leeds, on Monday, was thronged the whole of the afternoon with foot passengers, horses, and gigs, returning from the execution; and notwithstanding the lateness of the hour (eleven in the evening) when the cart, with her body, approached the town, it was met by a number of people. On the following day (Tuesday) the body was exhibited in the surgeons'-room at the infirmary, at 3d. each person, and an immense number of people were admitted to view her remains; the greater part of whom evinced predominant superstition, by touching part of the body be-

fore they left the room, to prevent her terrific interference with their nocturnal dreams.

IRELAND.

Died.] At Dublin, John Smith, a self-taught scholar, a private in the 7th Garrison Battalion, formerly a journeyman flax-dresser at Gateshead. He is supposed to have been murdered in crossing the bridge, on his return from the city to the barracks, his body being found in the river, shockingly mangled. He has left a family of six children, whose distresses arising from the difficulty in finding employment five years ago, drove him into the army. As a self-taught scholar, his acquirements in Mathematics, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, were very considerable. He read those languages with facility, and has left a curious and valuable collection of books, the only fund, it is said, from which his widow and children look for subsistence.

DEATH ABROAD.

At Vienna, Count Cobentzel, minister of state, &c. famous, in consequence of the treaties which he has signed, and the important negociations with which he was charged. His indifferent health had compelled him, since the month of December, 1805, to retire from public business. M. de Cobentzel died of a dropsy, at the age of 56 years. He was born at Brussels the 21st November, 1753, and commenced, in 1772, his political career under the Minister Count De-Persen; two years after he was named Minister Plenipotentiary Extraordinary to the Court of Denmark. In 1777, to that of Prussia.—He was recalled at the epoch of the war of the Bavarian Succession, and was destined to negociate the Peace of Teschen, but a sickness which he had prevented him.—The same year he was named Minister from Austria to Petersburgh. On his return to Vienna, after the signing of the Preliminaries of Leoben, he concluded, 1797, the Treaty of CampoFormio, and in the month of December, in the same year, the Military Convention at Radstock, with the Emperor of France. After the conferences of Selz, he returned to Petersburgh. On the 9th February, 1801, he concluded the Peace of Luneville, and filled, in the month of December following, the places of Directory Minister of State and Conferences, and Vice-Chancellor of State for Foreign Affairs.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Life, Liberty, or Love?" by our esteemed Correspondent, came too late for insertion this month. We take this opportunity of informing him also, that there is a packet lying for him at our publishers.

The Communication of "Robert Hone" is inadmissible: not from demerit, but the subject is trite.

"Benedict," who wishes to know why *horns* are emblematical of *kuckoldom*, deserves information which it is not in *our power* to give. Perhaps some of our initiated Correspondents can answer him.

The "Parody on the Converse of Souls" is declined. Other communications from the same pen will be attended to.

Several poetical pieces are omitted this month from want of room.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES.

March 21, to April 18, 1809, inclusive.

[*Extracted from the London Gazette.*]—*The Solicitors' Names are between Parentheses.*

AGG John, Bristol, printer, (Cardale and Co. Gray's-Inn). Austin J. Chester, inn-keeper, (Huxley, Temple). Allen J. Liverpool, oilman, (Bigg, Hatton-garden).

Burwell J. Union Street, near North Shields, upholsterer, (Meggison and Co. Hatton-garden). Bull J. Deptford, victualler, (Drake, Old Fish-street). Bailey J. Birmingham, victualler, (Constable, Symond's-Inn). Brothers J. P. and S. R. Birmingham, (Frowd and Co Temple). Brown J. and Jane, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, saddlers, (Flexney, Chancery-lane). Brown J. C. Stafford, hawker, (Ellis, Cursitor-street). Biggs P Gloucester-terrace, auctioneer, (Smith and Co. Leman-street). Brothers S. R. Birmingham, gilt toy-maker, (Constable, Symond's-Inn).

Clapson J. Henrietta-street, Hackney-road, carpenter, (Wasbrough, Warnford-court). Colton S. and W. Scawby, corn-merchants, (Leigh and Co. Bridge-street). Croton J. Drury-lane, linen-draper, (Tagg, Spread-eagle-court). Cropton E. Bishop-Wearmouth, miliner, (Wharton and Co. Lamb-buildings). Carter T Mason-street, Kent-road, dealer, (Walker, Old Jewry) Cunningham E. and J Davis-street, Hanover-square, livery-stable-keepers, (Fielder, Duke-street). Court J. Gloucester, timber-merchant, (James, Colford).

Davis J. Haverfordwest, mercer, (James, Gray's Inn-square). Davenport J. Manchester, baker, (Edmunds, Exchequer-Office of Pleas). Deane E. Liverpool, merchant, (Windle, John-street). Davies T. Birmingham, dealer in coals, (Egerton, Gray's-Inn-square). Darnell T. Billingham, Durham, brewer, (Sloper and Co. Montague-street). Dignum W. St. Martin's le Grand, cheesemonger, (Bryant, Copthall-court). Dunnelly J. Greek-street, miliner, (Cunningham, New North-street). Denny J. Barbican, stationer, (Blackstock, St. Mildred's-court). Deare E. Liverpool, merchant, (Windle, John-street).

Egler G. Portsea, miller, (Shelton, Sessions-house, Old Bailey).

Feather L. Nottingham, dealer and chapman, (Blakelock and Co Elm-court).

Guillod T Craven-street, wine-merchant, (Dunn and Co. Broad-street).

Haynes M. S. Queenhithe, insurance-broker, Allen, Old Jewry). Hall O. Stafford, banker, (Collins and Co Stafford). Horton S. Birmingham, draper, (Parton, Hare-court). Hitchcock J. otherwise James D Wellclose-square, white-lead-merchant, (Pearce and Son, St. Swithin's-lane). Hull T. Bath, carrier, (Sandy's and Co. Crane-court). Harrison S. Kent-road, bricklayer, (Marson, Church-row, Newington). Hunt T. York, money-scrivener, (Morton, Furnival's-Inn). Holland J. Cheapside, haberdasher, (Meadow-croft, Gray's-Inn).

Jenkins E. Twickenham, inn-keeper, (Griffith, Secondaries'-Office).

Leach J. Turnham-green, shop-keeper, (Saunders and Co. Clifford's-Inn). Law D. jun. Manchester, brewer, (Milne and Co. Temple). M'Leod W. Upper Crown-str. army agent, (Toulmin, Aldermanbury). Lee Mead F. and Lewis E. Hollis-street, miliners, (Mounsey, Charlotte-street).

Maund J. H. Coventry, grocer, (Punton, Hind court). Mason W. Back-street, victualler, (Hodson, Clement's-Inn). Morris J. W. Dunstable, printer, (Phillips and Co. Howard-street).

Neeve A. Strand, miliner, (Wrighr, Dowgate-hill). Newton J. J. Gray's-Inn-lane, ironmonger, (Freame, Great Queen-street). Norris T. Gosport, corn-merchant, (Bleasdale and Co New-Inn). Neale J. Chiswell-street, victualler, (Earnshaw, Red-cross street). Norris S. Sheffield, razor-smith, (Sykes and Co New-Inn). Norris P. Liverpool, iron-merchant, (Mangnall, Warwick-square).

Orams J. Stowmarket, iron-monger, (Kinderley and Co. Gray's-Inn).

Peat J. Wood-street, hosier, (Adams, Old Jewry). Patten T H Drury-lane, victualler, (Jeyes, Charlotte-street). Pyrke D. Bishopsgate-street, hatter, (Coote, Austen-Friars).

Royle J. Prestbury, tanner, (Ellis, Cursitor-street). Rylance J. Pilkington, cotton manufacturer, (Ellis, Cursitor-street). Richardson A St. Dunstan's-hill, victualler, (Rippon, Bermondsey-street).

Sherwood M. Doncaster, jeweller, (Dixon and Co. Paternoster-row) Slade T. M. Old Bond-street, picture-dealer, (Walls, East-street). Shevill W. Bury-street,

dealer and chapman, (Long and Co. Gray's-Inn). Sayer R. P. Essex-court, Middle-Temple, money-scrivener, (Blakelock and Co. Elm-court). Spencer J. Sherrard-street, jeweller, (Smart and Co. Staple-Inn). Swinden B. and Smallwood J. Holywell-street, toymen, (Johnson, Charlotte-street). Sunderland J. Lower Basker, York, corn-dealer, (Swale and Co. Staple-Inn).

Teather L. Nottingham, Dealer, (Blackstock and Co. Temple). Thompson T. Great Amwell, jobber, (Harding, Primrose-street). Tubb W. and Scott J. H. A. Pimlico, (Jones and Co. Covent-garden). Turner J. Blackheath, bricklayer, (Jennings and Co. Great Shire-lane).

Winhall, C. E. Claines, Worcestershire, miller, (Becke, Wardrobe-place). Wrangham W. Seething-lane, money-scrivener, (Parnther and Son, London-street). Williams W. Pentonville, factor, (Wilde, Warwick-square).

PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, WATER-WORKS, BREWERY SHARES, &c. &c.

April 21, 1809.

London Dock Stock, 121*l.* per cent.
West-India ditto, 174*l.* ditto.
East-India ditto, 130*l.* ditto.
Commercial ditto, 135*l.* ditto.
Grand Junction Canal Shares, 154*l.* per share.
Grand Surrey ditto, 80*l.* ditto.
Thames and Medway ditto, Old shares —*l.* —New —*l.* per share premium.
Kennett and Avon ditto, 4*l.* per share premium. [per cent.
Globe Fire and Life Assurance Shares, 117*l.*
Albion ditto, 58*l.* per share
Hope ditto, 6*s.* per share prem.
Eagle ditto, par.
Atlas ditto, par
Imperial Fire Assurance, 65*l.* per share
Kent ditto, 46*l.* per share, prem.
London Assurance Shipping, 21*l.* pr. share
Rock Life Assurance, 4*s.* to 5*s.* per share prem
Commercial Road Stock, 115*l.* per cent.
London Institution, 84*l.* per share
Surrey ditto, par [prem.
South London Water Works, 40*l* per share
East London ditto, 50*l.* ditto.
West Middlesex ditto, 12*l.* 12*s.* ditto.
Auction Mart, 30*l.* ditto
West Country Fire Office, 3*l.* ditto
Golden Lane Brewery, 77*l.* per share
Lancaster Canal, 17*l.* ditto

L. WOLFE and Co. *Canal, Dock, & Stock Brokers.*

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

NOTWITHSTANDING the late wet weather, the wheat crops and the early sowings seem likely to recover the check they have experienced. The same holds good, in a great measure, in respect to the Barleys, Ryes, Tares, &c. A little fine weather would, however, do great service to the Oats, Spring Wheats, and the great breadths of Potatoes that were set in the early part of last month.

By the bye, the culture of Potatoes deserves more attention than what farmers in general pay to it, not only as being a public benefit (for such the cultivation of them is considered by Arthur Young and others) but very productive to the agriculturist. Mr. W. Lucock, of Grundisburgh, in Suffolk, raised two hundred and fifty sacks of excellent Potatoes (Champions) from one acre and three quarters of land, last autumn.

Though a hundred thousand acres in Lincolnshire, Cambridgeshire, &c. continue inundated, which were mostly destined for soft corn crops, Hemp has been sown to a large extent in the Fen Counties; and the expected bounty of five shillings per bushel on Flax Seed has already brought in sufficient quantities of it to reduce the price of that article from twenty-five to six guineas per hogshead, and to insure a sufficiency for the demand of Ireland.

In our county (says a Lincolnshire Farmer), I have always found, if we steep the Wheat in sea-water, or fresh water salted to bear an egg, the weak grain floats; it is

then taken off, and dried up with lime; therefore in spring or winter Wheat, we have no smut. On the other hand, when I have neglected to do so, and sowed the Wheat dry, it has frequently had the smut. From this it is considered with us, that the weak grain, which we usually skim off, is the cause of the disease. I have myself had forty years' experience, and have always found the case to be as I have stated.

Lambing has been rather retarded by the cold.

Price of meat in Smithfield Market:—Beef, 5s. 6d. to 6s. 4d.;—Mutton, 6s. 4d. to 6s. 8d.;—Lamb, 7s. to 8s. 4d.;—Veal, 5s. 6d. to 6s.;—Pork, 6s. 6d. to 7s.

Middlesex, April 25.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140lbs. Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended Apr. 15, 1809.

INLAND COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d	s.	d.
Middsx.	94	0	60	9	43	9	37	1
Surrey	96	4	56	0	45	4	42	6
Hertford	89	8	49	0	47	8	36	8
Bedford	91	2	60	8	45	8	38	10
Huntin.	91	8	———		45	0	35	4
Northa.	91	4	64	0	46	10	36	2
Rutland	96	6	———		49	6	35	3
Leicest	93	6	54	7	49	1	33	6
Notting.	97	0	71	6	53	2	36	0
Derby	100	0	———		54	8	38	0
Stafford	98	9	———		51	2	36	6
Salop	95	4	67	4	50	4	35	2
Herefor.	88	1	48	0	42	9	34	5
Wor'st.	89	10	———		47	2	41	7
Warwic	98	6	———		53	1	38	8
Wilts	86	4	———		43	0	40	8
Berks	96	3	———		44	8	43	3
Oxford	93	6	———		42	11	37	11
Bucks	97	5	———		44	2	41	5
Brecon	80	6	64	0	48	9	28	8
Montgo.	93	4	———		45	0	32	4
Radnor.	91	1	———		41	0	29	7

MARITIME COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d	s.	d.	s.	d	s.	d.
Essex	89	8	48	6	44	8	38	8
Kent	84	0	62	0	43	0	36	5
Sussex	80	6	———		46	0	37	0
Suffolk	87	9	60	0	42	7	34	2
Cambridge	88	4	58	8	40	11	28	4
Norfolk	87	3	58	0	37	9	33	4
Lincoln	91	1	78	9	47	3	31	8
York	88	7	———		43	9	31	8
Durham	92	11	———		———		30	6
Northumberland	81	3	68	0	46	5	32	11
Cumberland ..	102	5	70	0	48	5	33	0
Westmorland ..	106	8	72	0	49	7	36	0
Lancaster	99	5	———		48	3	33	3
Chester	91	3	———		52	6	29	2
Flint	87	6	———		———		———	
Denbigh	100	8	———		50	0	33	2
Anglesea	———		———		50	0	24	0
Carnarvon	93	4	———		45	8	29	8
Merioneth	95	0	———		48	0	30	1
Cardigan	90	5	———		42	0	24	3
Pembroke	79	1	———		41	3	25	0
Carmarthen....	92	0	———		47	2	25	4
Glamorgan	91	9	———		47	10	26	1
Gloucester	98	7	———		49	6	41	3
Somerset.....	91	6	———		41	10	28	4
Monmouth	94	11	———		47	0	———	
Devon.....	90	7	———		40	3	29	3
Cornwall	91	10	———		41	9	29	5
Dorset.....	91	10	———		43	6	———	
Hants	87	2	———		48	3	38	6

Average of England and Wales.

Wheat 92s. 4d.; Rye 61s. 8d.; Barley 46s. 2d; Oats 38s 10d.; Beans 60s. 9d.; Pease 57s. 11d.; Oatmeal 50s. 9d.

BILL of MORTALITY, from MARCH 21, to APRIL 18, 1809.

CHRISTENED.			BURIED.		
Males 789	} 1595		Males, 707	} 1402	
Females 806			Females 695		
Whereof have died under two years old		394	Between	2 and 5 - 155	60 and 70 - 108
				5 and 10 - 69	70 and 80 - 81
				10 and 20 - 50	80 and 90 - 28
				20 and 30 - 112	90 and 100 - 4
				30 and 40 - 120	
				40 and 50 - 160	
				50 and 60 - 119	

Peck Loaf, 4s.11d. 4s.11d. 4s.11d. 4s.11d.
Salt, 20s. per bushel, 4½ per lb.

PRICE OF STOCKS, from MARCH 28, 1809, to APRIL 26, 1809, both inclusive.

Days 1808	Bank Stock.	3 p Cent Consols.	3 p. Cent. Reduc	4 p. Ct. Cons.	Navy 5 p. Cent.	N. 5 p.Ct	Long Anns.	4 p.Ct. Scrip.	Imperial 3 p. Cent	Imperial Anns.	Irish 5p.Ct	Irish Ann.	S. Sea Stock.	S. Sea Anns.	India Sto.	India Bonds.	Exche. Bills	Lottery Tickets	Cons. for Acct.
Mar.																			
27		67 1/8 3/8	Shut	Shut	98 1/2		Shut		66 1/2							7s. pm.	9s pm.	22 4	67 3/8 1/2
28		67 3/8 1/2	Do.	Do.	98 1/4		Do.		66 1/2	7 5/8						6s. pm.	8s. pm	22 4	67 3/8 1/4
29		67 3/8 1/2	Do.	Do.	98 3/8		Do.	1/2 pm.	66 3/4	7 5/8						6s. pm.	8s. pm	22 4	6 3/8 1/2
30		67 3/8 1/4	Do.	Do.	98 1/2		Do.			7 11-16th						9s. pm.	8s. pm	22 4	6 3/8 1/4
31	holiday																		
Apr.																			
1		67 3/8 1/2	Do.	Do.	98 1/4		Do.			7 11-16th						9s. pm.	8s. pm	22 4	67 1/4
3	holiday																		
4	holiday																		
5		67 1/2 3/8	Do.	Do.	98 3/8		Do.		66 7/8				78 3/8			10s pm	10s.pm	22 4	3/4
6	243	67 3/8 7/8	67 1/4	82 3/4	98 1/4		18 5-16ths	1 pm.								13s.pm	11s.pm	22 4	67 3/8 68
7		67 3/8 68	67 1/4	82 1/2	98 1/4		18 5-16ths									13s.pm	12s pm	22 4	68
8	243	67 3/8 68	67 1/4	82 3/4	98 1/4		18 5-16ths				94 1/8					16s.pm	16s.pm	22 4	67 3/8 68
10		68 1/8	67 3/8	82 1/2	98 3/8		18 5-16ths									15s.pm	13s pm	22 4	68 1/8
11	244	67 3/8 68	67 1/4	82 1/2	98 1/4		18 5-16ths				94 1/4					14s.pm	14s.pm	22 4	67 3/8 68
12		67 3/8 68	67 3/8	82 3/4	99		18 5-16ths									14s.pm	14s.pm	22 4	68 1/4
13	244 1/2	67 3/4 7/8	67 1/4	82 3/4	99		18 5-16ths				94 1/2				185 1/2	14s.pm	13s.pm	22 4	68 1/2
14	245	67 3/4 7/8	67 1/4	82 3/4	98 7/8		18 5-16ths								185 1/2	15s pm	12s.pm	22 4	68 1/4
15	245	67 3/8 68	67 1/4	82 3/4	98 3/8		18 3/4									14s pm	12s.pm	22 4	8
17		67 3/4 7/8		82 3/4	98 3/8		18 5-16ths										13s pm	22 4	68
18		67 3/8 7/8	67 1/4	82 1/4	98 3/8		18 3/4									13s.pm	12s pm	22 4	68 1/4
19		67 3/8 1/2	67	82	98 1/4		18 5-16ths								185	12s pm	12s.pm	22 4	67 1/4
20	245 1/2	67 3/8 1/2	66 3/4	82	98 1/2		18 5-16ths								184 1/2	13s.pm	12s.pm	22 4	67 1/2
21	244 1/2	67 3/8 1/2	66 7/8	82	98 3/8		18 5-16ths								184 1/2	12s.pm	14s.pm	22 4	67 1/2
22		67 3/8 3/8	66 7/8	82	98 1/4		18 5-16ths								184 1/2	14s.pm	14s pm	22 4	67 3/8
24		67 1/4 3/8	66 5/8	81 3/4	98 1/4		18 1/4									14s.pm	14s.pm	22 4	67 1/4
25	holiday																		

N.B. In the 3 per Cent Consols the *highest* and *lowest* Price of each day is given; in the other Stocks the *highest* only.

FORTUNE and Co. STOCK-BROKERS and GENERAL AGENTS, No. 19, Cornhill.